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OF
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EDITED BY
ALFRED E. T. WATSON

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THE CHÂTEAU OF RAMBOUILLET FROM THE AVENUE

The Badminton Magazine

ROYAL HOMES OF SPORT

X.—RAMBOUILLET

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

It has been a matter of considerable doubt with me whether Rambouillet should be described as a Royal Home of Sport or a Republican one, or merely as a famous one. In the five centuries and more of its existence it has laid ample claim to all of these designations. Its cypress-arched walks have been trodden by kings, emperors, and presidents; its massive battlements and crenulated towers have looked down on the beauty, the learning, and the chivalry of France. One great monarch died within its walls; another, not so great, signed his abdication there; one of the most beautiful of queens, little dreaming of her untimely end beneath the guillotine, idled away the happy hours beside its silver lake; in the oak-carved study of the old château the Great Emperor planned his great campaigns. Nor have the scenes always been those of peace, for on more than

one occasion the forest glades of Rambouillet have rung with sounds of battle and sudden death. Nearly five centuries ago its walls withstood the onslaught of English men-at-arms led by an English duke; during the wars of religion it formed a refuge for more than one sovereign of France; long years afterward it was the rallying spot for the army of him who was known as the tenth Charles, and almost the last engagement of the bloody conflict of '70 was fought on its domains. Rambouillet, it will thus be seen, has had its part in the making of history, and is not unworthy, either from the standpoint of beauty or historical interest, of being classed with the better known châteaux of Versailles, Chantilly, and Fontainebleau.

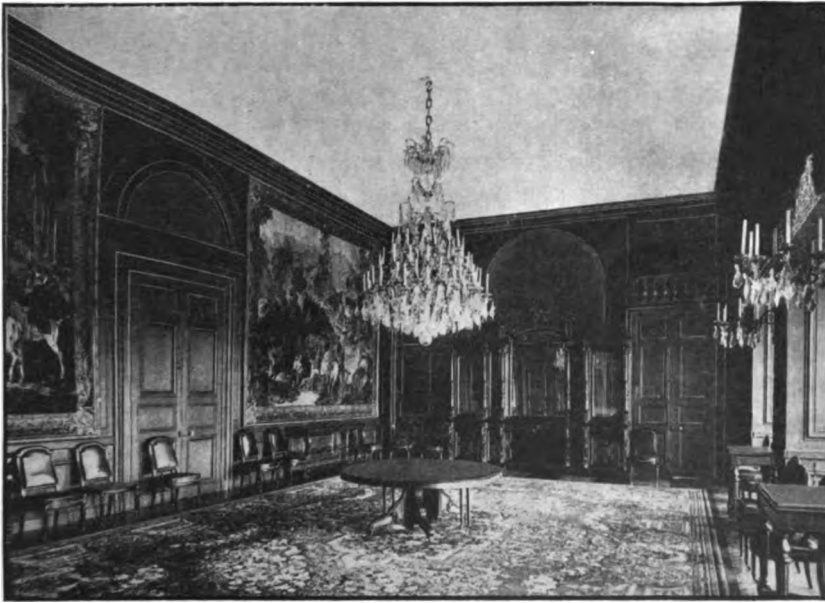
The quaint old town of Rambouillet, with its six thousand inhabitants, is exquisitely situated in the valley of the Chevreuse, forty-five kilomètres south-west from Paris on the railway line to Brest, and on the splendid high road that leads to the ancient cathedral town of Chartres. Rambouillet, like all of the outlying towns that form a chain of defence about the capital, is heavily garrisoned, and the officers of the cuirassier and infantry regiments stationed there take a prominent part in the sporting life of the neighbourhood.

In the immediate outskirts of the little town, almost within a stone's throw of its inevitable *place*, are the gates of the park surrounding the château. The building itself is not particularly imposing, this impression being heightened by the fact that it stands in a sheltered hollow, protected on all sides by forest or by artificial lakes. The château of Rambouillet is in no sense of the word a palace; it does not even convey the generally accepted idea of a Royal country residence. It is really nothing more or less than a shooting lodge, and as such it has been occupied by every ruler of France from Francis I. to the present chief magistrate of the Republic, M. Loubet.

The real beauty of Rambouillet lies not so much in the old château with its countless historic memories, as in the beautifully laid-out park, which, with the adjoining forest of the same name, forms perhaps the finest sporting estate in Europe. The park proper consists of 2,965 acres, about ninety of which are occupied by small lakes and artificial bodies of water arranged in ponds, lagoons, and canals, which are thickly dotted with wooded islets. The largest of these lagoons, in the form of a giant trapeze, lies directly in front of the château, the Italian gardens reaching to its very edge. The waters are stocked with carp of enormous size, and, walking along the banks on a warm and sunny afternoon, one is frequently startled by a succession of splashes as the big fish throw themselves sometimes a foot or more out of the water,

reminding one of salmon trout at play in Canadian rivers. The gardens of the park were laid out by the celebrated landscape architect Le Nôtre, and show ample proof of his great skill. They are partly in the English and partly in the French style, and while somewhat lacking in unity of plan, nevertheless harmonise admirably with the surrounding park and forest, into which they merge themselves almost imperceptibly. Chief feature of the gardens is a fine avenue of Louisiana cypress, a tree unique in Europe, whose overlapping branches are so tightly interwoven as to afford a dry promenade even during the heaviest rainfall.

Before going farther afield, the château itself will be found well



THE DINING-ROOM, CHÂTEAU OF RAMBOUILLET, SHOWING THE FAMOUS
GOBELINS TAPESTRIES

worthy of inspection, the more so as it is as typical a sporting residence as can be found in France. It was formerly sumptuously furnished, but many of its priceless art treasures have been transferred to the national museums, the present appearance of its interior being more consistent with its use as a hunting lodge. The most noticeable features of the interior are the magnificently carved walls, hangings and other wall coverings being conspicuous by their absence. Even the original ceilings remain, a unique and rather pleasing effect having been obtained in certain rooms by painting

them to represent a cloud-flecked sky, this exquisite work having been done, it is needless to say, by the greatest artists of the time.

The original château dates from very early in the fifteenth century, though numerous alterations have been made by its many famous occupants, each in the prevailing style of the period, the interior presenting consequently a strange though not unpleasing medley of the various periods of French art. It is to-day a building composed partly of brick, partly of stone, laid out on an irregular plan, and flanked by five great towers, its stone-paved courtyard being separated from the avenue by a fine iron grill. The interiors of the apartments are irregular in form, corresponding in this respect with the exterior. Entering through a lofty portal, the visitor is confronted by a finely mounted specimen of a bull moose, sent from the wilds of Canada by some French sportsman, as a gift to the President. Then follows a long succession of small *salons*, for the most part furnished quietly, comfortably, and in excellent taste. The *salle à manger*, with furniture and hangings in crimson brocade, is the largest apartment in the château, its windows commanding an exquisite view of the lagoons and Italian garden. One wall is occupied by two enormous tapestries from the Gobelin looms representing scenes of the chase at Fontainebleau, for which, it is said, a French monarch paid 250,000 francs apiece. To the sportsman, however, the billiard-room, or *fumoir*, is of the greatest interest. Its floor, walls, and ceiling are entirely of marble in various colours, the only decoration being sporting trophies, chief among them a magnificent elk's head from Montana, while the centre of the room is occupied by a billiard table so exquisitely carved as to be a work of art rather than an article of amusement.

The beauty of the home park is largely due to the first Duke of Penthièvre, who spent years of study and millions of francs upon its improvement. It includes a *laiterie*, a little pavilion known as The Hermitage—a favourite resort of Marie Antoinette—while close by, in a hollow of the rock, is a marble statue of Andromeda, two ancient stone sarcophagi standing in the edge of the wood serving to heighten the picturesque effect. Beyond the park are the *chasse*, the pheasantry, and the famous model farm, beyond which in turn extends the great forest of Rambouillet with a superficial area of 25,000 acres.

The game preserves, or *chasse*, are among the best-stocked and most extensive in France, being equalled, in fact, only by the other national estate of Compiègne. Pheasants, partridge, rabbits, and red deer abound, while now and then a herd of *sanglier*, or wild boar, are discovered in the inner recesses of the forest, on rare occasions even timber wolves being included in the day's drive.

Two splendid skins hanging on the walls of the billiard-room testify to the great size attained by these animals, which during the winter months are frequently of considerable annoyance to farmers living on the edge of the forest. So vast a preserve requires the services of a small army of keepers, for poaching is quite as general in France as in England. More than a hundred keepers are employed in patrolling the forest, the members of the force being distinguished by a uniform of blue corduroy trimmed with silver braid, their carbines slung military fashion across their backs. When in gala attire these keepers, like the custodians of the château and



THE MARBLE BILLIARD-ROOM, CHÂTEAU OF RAMBOUILLET

park, are literally covered with medals and decorations, innumerable sovereigns and Royal princes who have been entertained at Rambouillet having taken this method of expressing their appreciation of the excellent sport afforded them.

President Loubet, it should be mentioned, is one of the best shots and keenest sportsmen in France. He is, in fact, considerably more than a good shot—he is an expert with either gun or rifle, his love of shooting being second only to his love of horses. He is a typical country gentleman in all that the word implies, and is never so happy as when, clad in careless tweeds and a soft hat, with gun on shoulder, he is tramping over the preserves of

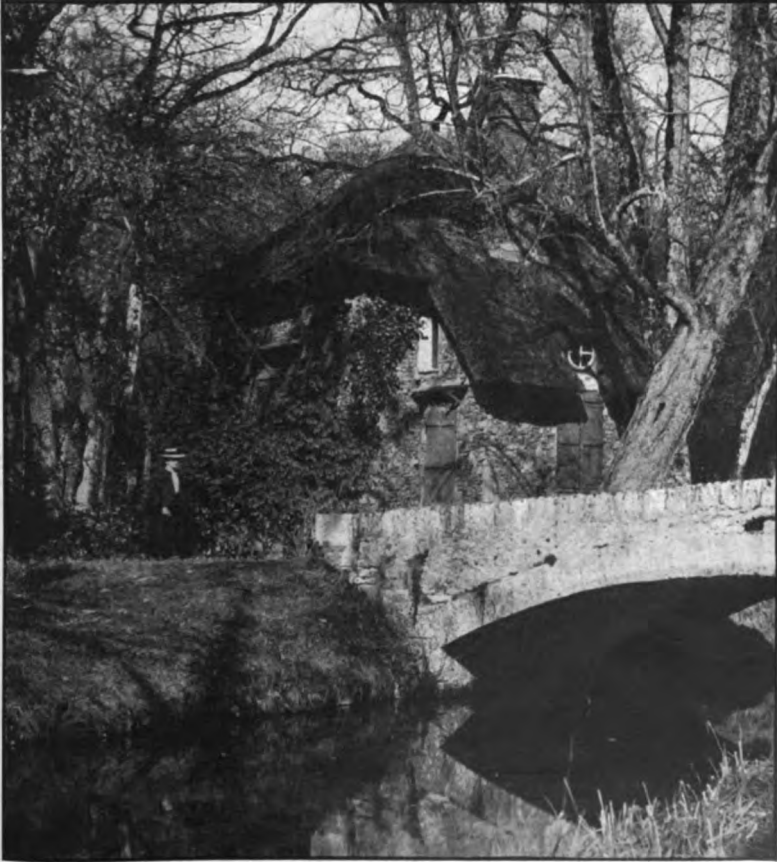
Rambouillet accompanied only by a single keeper, or when driving a phaeton and pair along its wooded avenues.

Eight hundred brace of birds is said to be about the average for a day's shooting over the Rambouillet preserves, though during the recent visit of the King of Portugal—who, by the way, the keepers say is the best shot among visiting Royalties—twelve hundred and odd brace of game, not including a considerable number of deer, were laid out on the lawn of the château at close of day. The peasantry of pretty much the whole countryside are employed as beaters on the occasion of a state shoot. The plan followed for deer-shooting on such days, as a large number of beaters is not employed, is exceedingly novel in its conception, to me at least. Shooting at live pigeons released from traps is, of course, a familiar business, but the idea of replacing the pigeons by live deer and releasing them from traps in much the same manner is at any rate a novelty.

The deer "traps" consist of stout wooden boxes, not unlike packing-cases in appearance, each just large enough to hold a deer. They are painted to harmonise with the surrounding forest—being quite indistinguishable a few rods away—the hinged lids, which are fitted with powerful springs, being thrown open automatically by means of an electric wire. A series of these traps are placed at irregular intervals through that part of the wood which is to be shot over, the connecting wires being in charge of keepers stationed some distance away. A few hours before the shoot live deer are procured from the deer paddocks by soldiers—for on these Government estates everything is done by soldiers—carried to the traps, and locked in them. As the "guns" advance through the forest the keepers in charge of the traps release the deer one by one, thus affording deer-shooting without the necessity of a great drive and its accompanying disturbance of birds. The shots afforded in this manner are far more difficult than those where the animals are driven against the line of guns by beaters. It is not for us to criticise the practices of our friends.

The stables are reached by an avenue half-a-mile in length, at the right of which stands a group of buildings of somewhat later date than the château, originally designed as quarters for workmen employed on the estate. This enormous building, containing accommodation for forty overseers and 1,100 labourers, is now used as a military school for the children of private soldiers—the first institution of its kind established in France. The battalion, or *enfant troupe* as it is called, consists of four hundred boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, who receive here a thorough scholastic and military training, those boys having the highest

standing at the end of the five years' course being rewarded with commissions in the army, I saw a company of the cadets engaged in the drill called *le boxe*, the sight striking me as one of the most peculiar I have ever seen. On a level piece of greensward the boys were lined up in two rows facing each other. The French form of boxing termed *la savate* is, it should be explained, wholly



THE HERMITAGE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

dissimilar to the sport as known in English-speaking countries, the feet being used instead of the fists, while the equilibrium of the body is maintained by clasping the hands behind the back. The quickness and agility shown by these boys in the use of their feet was little short of marvellous. Looking down the two lines of boxers one could distinguish little more than a mass of scarlet trousers and the incessant twinkle and flash of white-stockinged

feet, for the boys had discarded their heavy marching boots before taking part in this exercise. A man properly trained to use his feet has an infinitely greater reach than the orthodox boxer; a well-directed blow, straight from the hip, given with all the power of the leg muscles behind it, putting a man out of action quite as completely as a blow on the *solar plexus* straight from the shoulder. I remember that a year or two ago a match was held in London between a well-known professional boxer and an expert exponent of *la savate*, only a few rounds sufficing to demonstrate that a man who knows how to put up his hands stands but little chance before



THE LATE PRESIDENT FÉLIX FAURE SHOOTING AT RAMBOUILLET

one who knows how to put up his feet. Later in the afternoon I saw the boys returning to barracks. They had resumed their blue tunics and looked smart and soldierly. As they tramped along the winding roadway, under the budding trees, their officers struck up an old French marching song, and the whole company joined in the chorus, the fresh boyish voices roaring out the words until the forest fairly rang.

The ancient stables of the château are now used as the quarters of a cuirassier regiment, a smaller and more modernly arranged building having been constructed to accommodate the modest stable

which the President brings with him each summer from the Elysée Palace. The old stables are well worthy of inspection, however, having accommodation for 102 horses and a large number of vehicles. A peculiar effect is lent to the vast interior by a sort of dado of stags' heads—204 in all—carved from wood and coloured in the most lifelike fashion by the noted sculptor Desportes.

Half-a-mile beyond the stables, at the end of an imposing avenue of chestnuts and poplars, is the famous model farm founded by



PLACING DEER IN THE TRAPS BEFORE A SHOOT

Louis XIV. The main farm buildings are grouped about a large court or farmyard, entrance to which is gained through an imposing stone arch bearing the inscription—

TROUPEAUX ESPAGNOLS IMPORTES EN MDCCLXXXVI.

The farm buildings are typical of the French rural style of the early seventeenth century, constructed as much with a view to defence as for their adaptability to agricultural purposes. They were formerly surrounded by a moat, but this has been widened into

an artificial lake on which all manner of wildfowl disport themselves, while the ancient drawbridge has been replaced by a permanent passageway. Chief feature of the farm is the noted flock of merino sheep—probably the finest in the world—descendants of that famous flock imported from Spain in 1786 by the great naturalist Daubenton. Daubenton, who was a coadjutor of Buffon in his work on natural history, imported a flock of several hundred of the finest merinos to be found in Spain at the suggestion of Louis XIV., who established this model sheep-farm at Rambouillet for breeding them. The experiment has been eminently successful, and this Rambouillet flock was largely instrumental in founding the wool-raising industry of France. A flock of 800 of the purest-bred merinos is still maintained at Rambouillet under Government supervision, the receipts from the wool alone, the farm manager told me, being more than sufficient to maintain the farm. So heavy is the fleece of this breed that the flock shows an average of about 10 kilogrammes (21 pounds) at each shearing, and as the wool is disposed of at frs. 1.50, or thereabouts, per pound, the flock produces a revenue from wool alone of more than £1,000 a year.

In connection with the farm is the National School of Sheep Farming, a novel but thoroughly practical institution for affording instruction to farmers from France and the French colonies in the best and most scientific methods of sheep-raising. The school has proved a decided success, there now being in attendance young men representing nearly every department in France and most of the French colonies, including natives of Madagascar, Annam, Tonquin, Algeria, and French Guiana. Sheep dogs are also trained here for colonial use, the sagacity and intelligence displayed by these animals being little short of human. I saw three of these dogs sort out a flock of several hundred sheep for inspection, the lambs not only being separated from the older animals and the ewes from the rams, but the dogs actually selected and drove into different pens the one, the two, and the three year old animals, grading them according to size.

Bounding the park on three sides lies the great Forest of Rambouillet, a carefully preserved domain which is likewise the property of the State. The best stag-hunting in France is to be had here, half-a-dozen noted packs hunting the forest from early October until late in April. The best known of these hunts is that maintained by the Duchesse d'Uzes, a veteran sportswoman who recently killed her thousandth stag. The duchess's hunting seat of Cernay-la-Ville is close by Rambouillet, on the edge of the forest, and is the rendezvous for many of the most prominent sportsmen in France. Her stable of hunters is the finest in the country, and her

pack of staghounds is probably unsurpassed in the world. Although there is comparatively little jumping—at least as the term is understood in England—the going is so fast as to be all but a steeplechase, and it needs a hard rider and a right good horse to follow the pack of the Duchesse d'Uzes.

Her château at Cernay-la-Ville is noted for its many hunting trophies, more particularly for its remarkable *Salle des Morts*, an enormous room, the walls and ceiling of which are completely covered with the antlers of the thousand and odd stags which she



MEET OF M. LEBAUDY'S STAGHOUNDS IN THE FOREST OF RAMBOUILLET

has killed, this grey-haired sportswoman having in every case herself been in at the death. There is scarcely a shop in the valley of the Chevreuse that does not sell picture postcards illustrating some sporting feat of this remarkable woman, chief among which is a view of the duchess killing from a skiff a stag which had taken to the lake at Rambouillet and which she overtook only when close to the opposite bank, and another picture showing a stag which, pursued by the hounds, sprang from a cliff on to the thatched roof of a cottage beneath, where the duchess herself despatched it.

The visitor to Rambouillet during the spring or autumn months will be almost certain to hear the strains of the hunting horns in depths of the forest, and perhaps catch a glimpse of the hunt in full cry, the riders, clad in scarlet coats decked out in blue and silver, and with their high military boots, looking more like dragoons than hunting men.

Next to a Royal shooting party, with its four-horsed shooting brakes, its throngs of white-smocked beaters, and the other accessories of Continental sport, the most picturesque scene which Rambouillet can show is the quaint ceremony known as the blessing of the hounds—*bénédiction des chiens*—which takes place late in November on the festival known as St. Hubert's Day. St. Hubert was the patron saint of sportsmen—especially followers of the chase—and his *fête* day is observed in becoming fashion by the sportsmen of Catholic countries. Nowhere is this old-world festival celebrated with greater *éclat* than in the town of Rambouillet, the half-dozen or more packs that hunt the forest attending the religious ceremony in full force, and afterwards joining in a grand hunt.

Early on the morning of the day in question the hunts meet at their respective kennels and ride in procession to Rambouillet, headed by the masters and hunt servants in full uniform, every rider carrying a winding hunting horn over his shoulder and a short sword at his belt. As the head of the brilliant cavalcade approaches the town it is met by a beadle—for I can think of no better term for this church dignitary—mounted on an ancient and docile screw, and wearing a strange combination of costume—the high boots and white breeches of a hunting man forming a ludicrous contrast to his cocked hat, fur-trimmed robe, and mace of office. He turns his horse and heads the procession to the square before the village church, where he marshals the riders into a great semi-circle, the hounds, in charge of hunt servants, in the centre. When all is in readiness the clergy appear in procession, preceded by choir boys bearing candles and burning incense, and followed by the bishop of the diocese. The hounds are whipped into a semblance of order, hunters and peasants bare their heads, and the solemn service of St. Hubert's mass proceeds, at the conclusion of which the hounds are sprinkled with holy water, the bishop pronounces the benediction, recommending huntsmen and hounds alike to the favourable notice of their patron saint, and one of the quaintest of all religious ceremonies concludes with a grand chorus of hunting horns sounding the "Hallali."

The Emperor Napoleon frequently used Rambouillet as a country seat, and in its study he planned several of his most famous campaigns. In 1830 Charles X., driven from Paris by the Revolution,

fled from Saint Cloud to Rambouillet, and there gathered about him an army of 12,000 men, but learning that 15,000 revolutionists were marching against him he signed his abdication and precipitately fled to Cherbourg, where he embarked for England. The last episode in the romantic history of Rambouillet occurred on 4th October, 1870, when there took place a fierce engagement between French and German troops, the latter retaining possession of the town and château until after the preliminaries of peace.

Since the fall of the Empire Rambouillet has been used as the autumn residence of the French Chiefs of State, and has frequently



KEEPERS AND BEATERS AT A STATE SHOOT AT RAMBOUILLET

been in the public eye as a place of entertainment for visiting Royalties, nearly half the sovereigns of Europe having shot over its magnificent preserves, or cast a fly upon the surface of its lakes. Among the crowned heads which the old château has sheltered in recent years may be mentioned King Edward—who also visited there while Prince of Wales—Don Carlos of Portugal, Victor Emanuel of Italy, Nicholas of Russia, Francis Joseph of Austria, the King of the Belgians, the King of the Hellenes, and the Shah of Persia. There are few sporting residences whose visitors' books can show such a list of famous names as this.

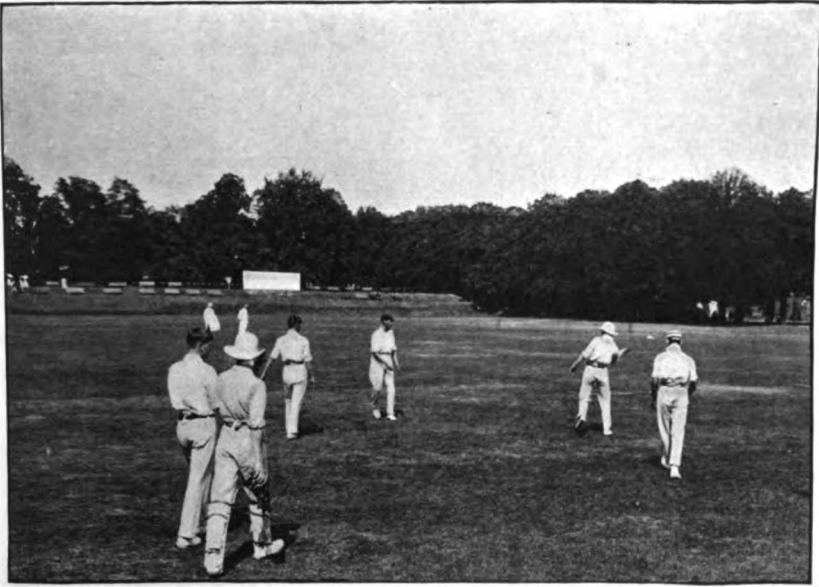
The visitor to Rambouillet, be he sportsman, farmer, artist, or traveller, will be well repaid for his time and trouble. Hidden away in the forest, all but forgotten by the outside world except at such times as a visiting sovereign shoots over its well-stocked coverts, it is one of the most exquisitely beautiful domains in all Europe. Sandringham, Laeken, Schönbrunn, Castel Porziano, I know them all, but no one of them can equal in natural beauty nor in historic interest this old, grey-walled château of Rambouillet, where for



THE CHÂTEAU OF RAMBOUILLET FROM THE LAKE

nearly five hundred years the rulers of France have spent their autumn days.

And in the rambling high street that wanders through the little town there is an old French hostelry, with raftered ceilings and leaded windows, where mine host, a jovial soul of the true Boniface type, will welcome you and your puffing, many horse-powered motor, with all the native courtesy with which his great-great-grandfather, perhaps, bowed to the haughty gentlemen of the Court in the days when Louis le Grand came to Rambouillet.



CRICKET AS A CAREER

BY TOM HAYWARD

THOUGH all professions have their risks—the “failures” being relatively frequent and the “successes” scarce—it is safe to say that few occupations are more uncertain than that of the professional cricketer. In saying this I do not mean that no man should run the risk involved in making his occupation that of a first-class cricketer. Far from it; cricket is a splendid profession, particularly for those whose love of the game is so great that they would play on every available opportunity and, if they could get no other or better form of the game, would “be at it” on waste ground with a composite ball and some old broken-down bat rather than not play at all. Happily all those who take up cricket as a profession are keen cricketers, and hence they have the pleasure of playing even if it be their misfortune to fail to reach, or having reached are unable to maintain, a regular place in some county team.

There is always a risk that even the steadiest of youngsters may fail. He may be a keen cricketer of great natural abilities, he may be imbued with a determination to succeed and may make that serious study of the game which is essential to success; yet for all that he may fail in his earlier trials, and having failed may never

again be given an opportunity of proving his worth. It would be easy to quote instances of really fine young players who have the makings, both in point of character and skill, of great players, yet have been relegated to obscurity and "sickened" of their ambition by reason of a sequence of failures under conditions that would try the most iron-nerved and experienced of men, if they were placed in the same position and "went in" in the knowledge that their cheap dismissal meant failure to go further in their profession, exclusion from the side, and hence practically involved the closing of their career. To mention instances might be easy, but would be impolitic, especially as there is no assurance that lads whose careers have thus been closed would ever have come prominently to the front.

It is easy, on the other hand (one need have no delicacy in giving instances), to quote cases of players who failed not merely in their first trials, but during their first two or three seasons, yet ultimately became not merely good cricketers but giants at the game—men of world-wide reputation, whose names will remain long after they themselves lie under the turf which they adorned. Take, for example, the case of my friend and colleague Robert Abel, the best batsman of his type the world has ever seen, and the most consistent run-getter in the whole history of English cricket. Yet when "Bobbie" first came up to the Oval it would be flattery to say that he was even a good batsman. He was a smart field and was naturally gifted with the ability to bowl a good-length slow ball and to get a little work on the same. But he was not a great cricketer, and on his merits might well have failed to get an engagement, much less a trial. Yet "the Gov'nor" had "character." By sheer determination to succeed, Abel succeeded. He made all things subservient to the game, and once having adopted cricket as his profession he made it his profession; he "scorned delights and lived laborious days," studying his own weaknesses and eliminating them. Conjoined with this process of elimination was a process of cultivation. He strengthened his strong points by practice, and in season and out of season "thought cricket" until he gradually became one of the best bats in the world and an historic figure in the game for all time.

Now, Abel's career was most instructive. His example seems to me to afford the most striking object lesson both as to risks of failure and the road to success which the story of cricket can furnish. Let me illustrate my meaning by an appeal to the facts of Bobbie's career. Turning to Wisden for 1882, I find that Abel scored only 17 runs in five innings that he played for Surrey in 1881, and did little with the ball; while in 1882 he batted in 16 matches, played 21 innings, and scored 176 runs with a best innings of 31 (v. Notts at Trent Bridge), while his twelve wickets cost nearly 25 runs each. In the course of

that season he was bowled thirteen times and caught on nine occasions. His success, it will be observed, was very moderate, and a committee who failed to make a study of the man and regarded only his performances would probably have dropped Bobbie in 1883 as one of those who had received a long trial and had "failed." Happily for Surrey, wiser counsels prevailed, while the circumstances of the county—Surrey was then under a cloud—were in Abel's favour. He was given another chance in 1883, and before the season was far advanced had made his place secure. He had an average of 20, and from this season onward he became a greater and greater player, until he reached the very top of the tree and prove the finest professional batsman of the day. The moral of all this is pretty obvious. Abel's cricket career was in serious danger of being abruptly terminated at the end of his second season with Surrey. As it happened, he got another chance, but that does not affect his case as the best possible example of the uncertain and risky nature of cricket as a career. In the second place Abel's success is the most splendid example in history of how to succeed at cricket.

In the case of a batsman at least there is no royal road to prominence and pride of place. Now and then a Jessop may arise, but most batsmen are more "made than born." Some have, of course, a greater natural aptitude for the game than others, but even those most gifted by nature will never attain or maintain a place in the front rank except by diligent practice, by studying the game, and, speaking generally, by taking their profession seriously. The young player who is tempted to adopt cricket as a career simply because he thinks that cricketers have "a good time of it," and because there is no profession which seems so fully to unite business of a sort with assured pleasure, is not the kind of cricketer whose career can be regarded as likely to prove a march of triumph from "goodness" to greatness at the game. If Abel had been content with his powers as they were and had jogged along in a mechanical way, he might always have been good enough for the county, though even that is doubtful; but he would never have become the great cricketer he has been these many seasons. And the same is true of us all, each in his degree. What are called physical advantages vary. It is not given to every man to have William Gunn's reach. Gunn can do things with safety which I dare not attempt without risk. We have all got to study our weaknesses with a view to their elimination, and to develop our strong points. That way safety lies, and safety is the passport to success.

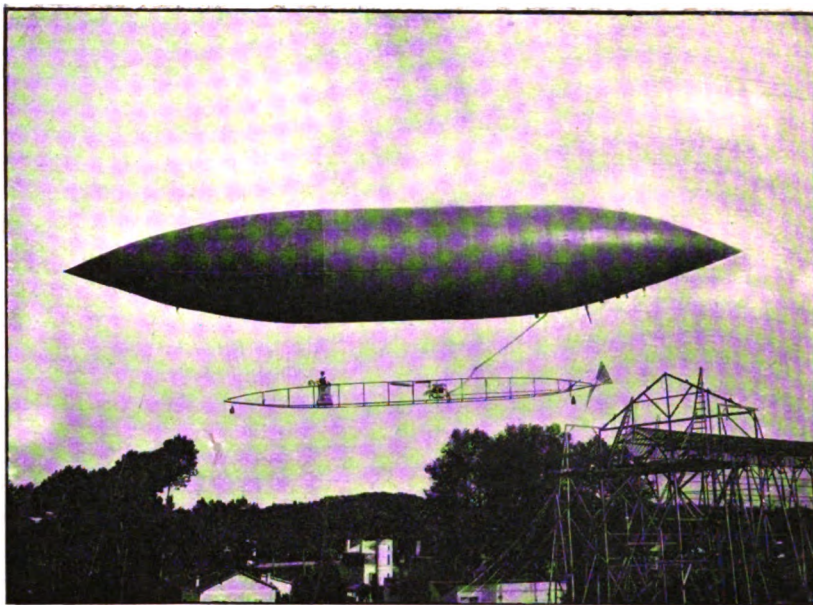
Self-study is essential in a cricketer who is determined to make a name; and though the outside world may regard all in the first rank as gifted by the gods, much of our success is due to our environ-

ment and the way we have studied to adapt ourselves to its necessities. Bowlers are in a slightly different position from batsmen. A man may have a great natural gift for batting—a keen eye, quickness on his feet, some measure of athletic suppleness in the general sense, of self-confidence, acquired or natural or both, are the chief gifts—but without study of the game and constant practice, particularly “in the middle,” he can never be a great bat. Your great bowler, on the other hand, is generally born. A man who has “bowling in him” cannot help bowling well. I do not mean by this that all our great bowlers past and present owe nothing to practice and experience. That would be an absurd position to take up. What I do mean is that the number of “made” bowlers is comparatively small—I could name none of them who is first-class—compared with the number of batsmen who have become *first class* by playing *first-class* cricket and by taking their profession seriously in every way.

Yet, after all, the difference between batsmen and bowlers is only one of degree. The great natural bowler who does not study his art, who fails to treat cricket as a profession as it deserves to be treated, is ever in serious danger of degenerating into a mechanical bowler—a mere ballistic machine. Every one of our great bowlers who have met with sustained success over many seasons has devoted the same attention to studying the art of bowling and his own powers and peculiarities, as those of us who have made our name as run-getters have devoted to batting, to studying our aptitudes and the opposite. There is no royal road, I repeat, to success at cricket. Sustained success in first-class cricket is assuredly impossible unless we are prepared to make everything else subservient to the one great end. Lads come “up,” come “out,” attain some success, and are described as “promising young players”; but many of them run only a meteoric course—their career is brief and bright. The truth is that by temperament they do not happen to be suited to the environment of first-class cricket. Character counts in the cricket world, and everybody can’t get to the cricket Corinth. Many fall by the road, which for some is beset with dangers, for all with difficulties. Those most likely to succeed conjoin optimism with determination and steadiness, both in its moral and mental aspects, with studious and ambitious tendencies. For these are the rewards of the profession. They get the plums which are not to be had merely for the picking.

And those rewards? Well, a first-class professional, even if he does not attain representative honours, has no great reason to grumble nowadays at his rate of remuneration. It is true that in his character of a public performer he is under-paid, relatively to the salaries earned on the stage and at the halls; but he leads a healthy

sort of life, and with due care ought to be in a fairly comfortable position when his active career comes to an end, especially if he is lucky in his "benefit." In the matter of benefits there is doubtless room for reform: some means might be taken to equalise the profits. As a rule North of England players get very much bigger benefits than South of England players, yet a player in the South has to work just as hard and maintain the same high standard of proficiency as in the North. Possibly in the future the rate of remuneration for professionals may be higher, while they may also escape certain expenses which at present they have to meet out of the sum paid for the match. This, however, is a matter for the public rather than the clubs. With bigger gates "wages" will rise. With better payment the standard of skill will also rise, for more men and hence more "talent" will be attracted. We are much better off as it is than our cricket forefathers; for one thing, we have more matches, and the increase of fixtures is a good thing for the player and also for the game. One is kept constantly "at it," and hence must always be in condition. This counts for much, for there is no loafing, and sides are happier families, while the whole cricket community is not only a bigger but a better brotherhood than in the old days. Some folks not in touch with the cricket world believe that we players think only of our averages and ourselves. As a matter of fact, we are all as keen on the game and as anxious for our side to win as ever was a public school boy when his school's oldest foes had to be faced.



THE AIRSHIP LEAVING THE GROUNDS—MODEL OF RACING AIRSHIP

THE PLEASURES OF BALLOONING

BY A. SANTOS-DUMONT

I SHALL never forget the unalloyed pleasures of my first balloon ascension. Though scarcely more than a youth I had long dreamed of the adventure—for in those days, before the founding of the Aero Club, it was an adventure, even in Paris. Everything was still in the hands of the professional aeronauts; and it was with one of the kindest and best of these, the late M. Machuron, that I was to make my initiation. To-day even ladies of Paris society like the young Duchesse d'Uzes think nothing of starting off from the Parc de Saint-Cloud for an afternoon floating over the map of France.

It was a beautiful morning in late spring. The basket rocked coquettishly beneath the immense sphere. I stood in my corner and heard the last word given: "Let go all!"

The wind ceased. All seemed instantly motionless around us. We were off, without feeling it, at the speed of the air-current in which we must live and move and have all our sensations—without having any sensation of its existence. Infinitely gentle is the unfelt movement upward and onward. The illusion is complete: it seems to be not we who move, but the earth itself that is sinking down and away from us!

In the emptiness that had already opened 1,500 yards below us almost before I could realise it, the earth looked no longer the same. No, it did not look like an orange flattened at the poles—we were not far enough away for that; but by a phenomenon of refraction it showed concave like a bowl, the effect being to lift up constantly to the aeronaut's eye the circle of the horizon. Villages and woods, châteaux and gardens slip and glide far, far below. Faint piercing sounds, like locomotive whistles and the yelping of



THE AUTHOR

stray dogs, are the only ones which penetrate to us. The human voice cannot mount up to these solitudes. Human beings look like ants along white lines that are highways.

While my gaze was still held fascinated a cloud masked the sun. It cooled and contracted the gas of our balloon, which obviously wrinkled and began descending, gently at first and then with accelerated speed, against which we struggled by

throwing out ballast. I think that I was frightened for a moment—automatically frightened. I did not feel myself falling, but I could see the earth coming swiftly up to us, and I knew what that meant.

It was an idle emotion. A few pounds of ballast overboard not only stopped the mad career of the earth in our direction, but sent it down, down, down again away from us; and we found our equilibrium this time above a plateau of clouds at about 3,000 yards. It was a wonderful sight. On the dazzlingly white cloud-screen below us the sun cast shadows of the balloon and ourselves magnified to giant size; and in the exact centre of a magnificent rainbow. As we could no longer see the earth by reason of this cloud-screen, all sight-sensation, even of movement, ceased. Were we standing still? Were we travelling at storm-speed? We knew nothing. To learn the direction we were taking we had to drop below the clouds.

At the moment we began to see the earth again a gay peal of bells mounted up to us. It was the noon Angelus from some village belfry. I had brought up a little pannier of hard-boiled eggs, cold meats, cheese, ice-cream, fruits, cakes, champagne, coffee, and liqueurs; and I now experienced how delightful it is to lunch above the clouds in the *nacelle* of a spherical balloon.

No earthly dining-room could possibly have such a decoration. The sun's heat sets the clouds in ebullition, making them throw up rainbow jets of frozen vapour like fireworks all around the table. Lace-like spangles of the most delicate ice formation scatter themselves here and there, appearing out of nothing; and film-like flakes pop into existence, under our very eyes, in our very drinking-glasses!

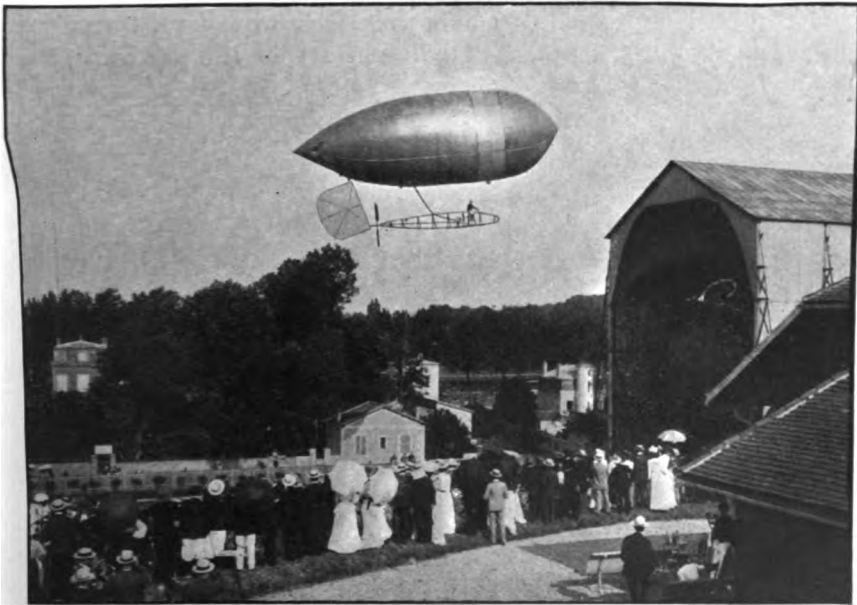
Then suddenly all changed like a trick in the pantomime, and a sombre drop-scene fell on the fairy setting of sunlight, cloud-billows, and azure. The barometer rose rapidly five millimeters, showing a sudden rupture of equilibrium and a swift descent. Doubtless the balloon had become overweighted with some pounds of snow, and it was certainly falling into a cloud.

We passed into the dim darkness of the fog. We still saw our basket, instruments, and the parts of the rigging nearest us; but the balloon had completely disappeared. So we had the strange and delightful sensation of hanging in the void without support either above or below, of having lost our weight, of being nowhere! Really, it was strange beyond description. We slackened the fall, as usual, by throwing ballast, and came to equilibrium far, far below the clouds at scarcely more than 300 yards altitude. A village fled beneath us. We were scudding fast. We compared our route map with the immense natural

map unfolding below us, and soon we could identify roads, railways, villages, and forests—all hurrying towards us from the horizon with the swiftness of the wind itself.

The storm which had sent us down marked a change in the weather. Little gusts pushed the balloon from one side to the other and up and down. Again and again the guide-rope, dangling 100 yards below our basket, touched earth; and soon even the basket began to graze the tops of trees.

What is called "guide-roping" thus began for me. M. Machuron and I each held a sack of ballast, and when some special obstacle rose in our path—a tree or house—one of us would throw out a few



LANDING IN THE LITTLE "NO. 9" AT THE AERO CLUB'S GROUND ON A
LADIES' RACE DAY

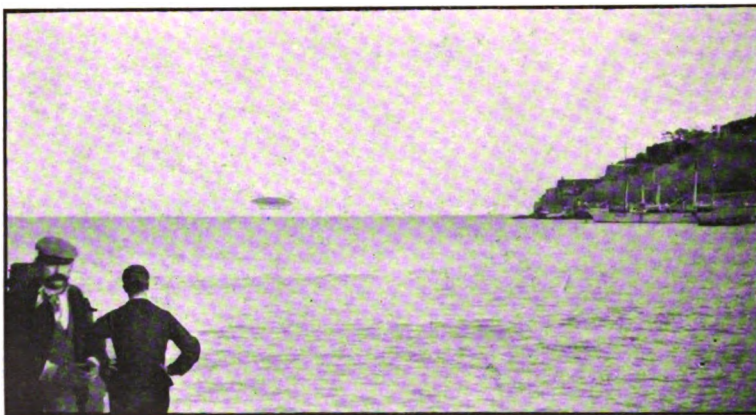
handfuls of sand to make the balloon leap up and pass over it. More than half the guide-rope dragged behind us, and so we scudded comparatively close to earth at a wonderfully even altitude. You see, the moment the balloon begins descending, more and more of the guide-rope rests upon the earth and lightens the balloon that much—so that the balloon rises just that much again; or if the balloon seeks to rise, it lifts the guide-rope from the earth and becomes heavier by just so much. It is automatic ballasting and unballasting.

But shortly, as we passed over a little group of trees, a shock threw us backward into the basket. The balloon had stopped short

and was swaying in the gusts at the end of its guide-rope—which had curled itself around the head of an oak. For fifteen minutes it kept us shaking tremendously, and it was only by throwing out a quantity of ballast that we were able to get ourselves loose. The lightened balloon immediately made a terrifying leap upward, piercing some low clouds like a cannon ball.

That was a sensation. We were still shooting up, up; and it was time to have recourse to effective means, to open the manœuvre-valve and let out a portion of our gas. It was done in a moment. The balloon began descending until its guide-rope again dragged on the ground. There was nothing but to bring the trip to an end, because only a little sand remained in the ballast bags.

I watched my captain's manœuvres. He who would navigate an air-ship should first practise landing in a spherical balloon, take

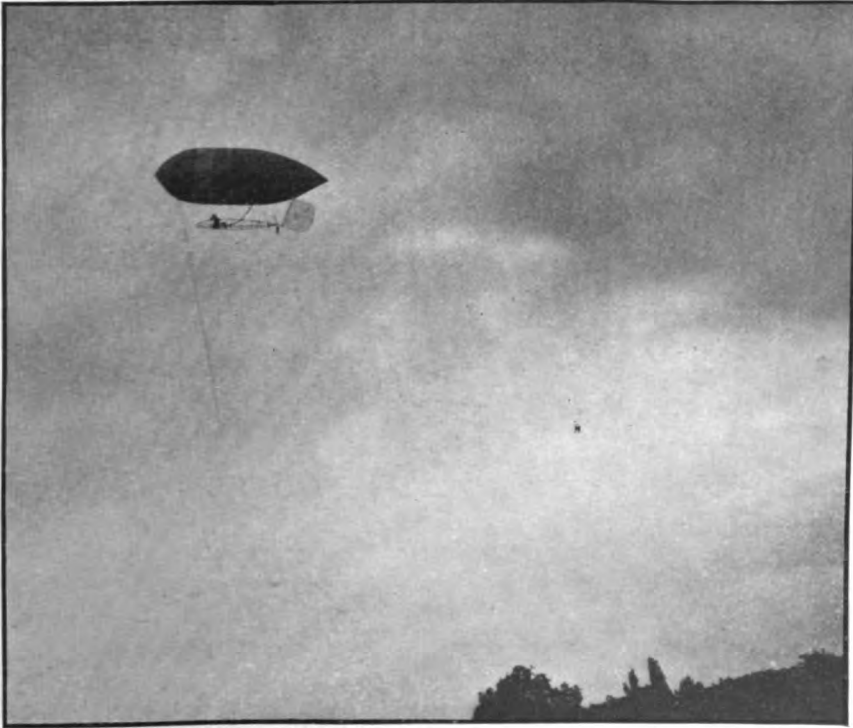


FLYING DOWN THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST

my word for it. The wind being strong enough, it was necessary to seek shelter for this last crowning act of air-captainship. A corner of the forest of Fontainebleau was coming toward us. We turned the extremity of the wood, sacrificing our last ounce of ballast. Here the trees protected us from the violence of the wind, and we cast anchor, at the same time opening wide the emergency-valve for the wholesale escape of the gas. And so we landed—plump!—without dragging, and stood watching the balloon die. It was almost a pitiful sight. Sprawling in the field it was losing the remains of its gas in convulsive movements, like a great bird that dies beating its wings. Then we packed the silk envelope, anchor, rope, and utensils, in the basket and hired a man to haul it to the nearest railway station.

After two more such personally-conducted trips, in which I

sought to do all the manœuvring with my own hands under M. Machuron's kind instruction, I ventured in a spherical balloon; and during this early period I made very many trips, landing in all parts of France. Often they were prolonged into the night, and no sporting sensations are more diversified and agreeable than those of night ballooning. One is alone in the black void—yes, in a murky limbo; but one seems to float there without weight, without dimensions, without a surrounding world—a soul freed from the trammels of matter!



OVER THE GREENERY OF THE POIS WHICH ALWAYS REASSURED ME

Now and again there comes the light of earth to cheer you. You see a point, far below, ahead. It slowly expands until where there came to be a blaze there are countless bright spots. They run in lines, with here and there a cluster. It is a city.

Then it is out again over the lone land. When the moon rises you see, perhaps, a faint curling line of grey. It is a river, with moonlight or starlight falling on its waters. There comes a flash and a faint roar. It is a railway train, the locomotive's fires illuminating for a moment its smoke as it rises. Then you throw out

ballast and rise through the dank black clouds to a soul-lifting burst of starlight ; and there, alone with the constellations, you await the dawn.

When the dawn comes, red and gold and purple, one is almost loth to seek the cheery, busy earth again, although the novelty of landing in who knows what part of Europe affords still another unique pleasure. For many the greatest charm of spherical ballooning lies here. The spherical balloonist becomes an explorer. Are you young? Would you roam and tempt adventures? And are you tied down? You may still penetrate the unknown and deal with the unexpected. Take to spherical ballooning, as do the youth and



ONCE I MET TWO SAILING YACHTS

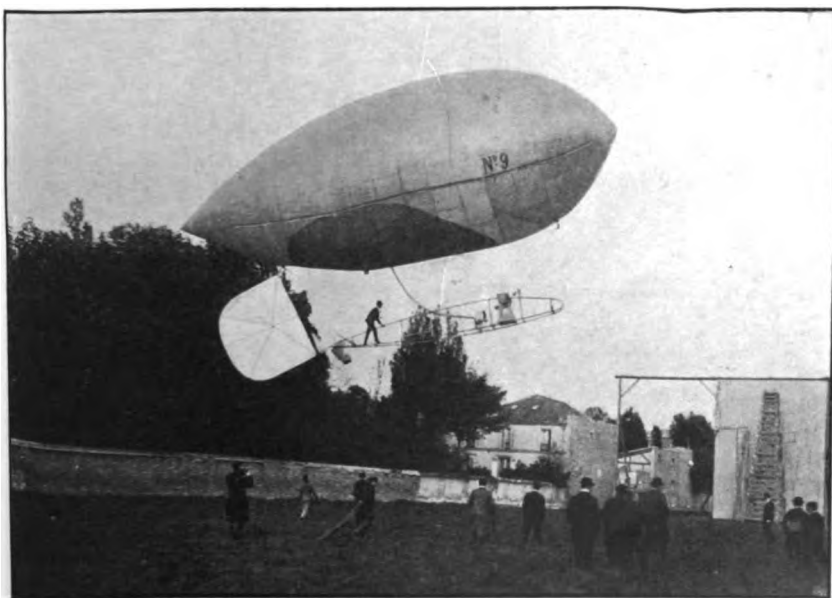
beauty of the Paris Aero Club. At noon you lunch peaceably with your family. At 2 p.m. you dart into the air. Ten minutes later you are no longer a commonplace law-abiding citizen, you are an explorer in unknown seas of light! You know but vaguely where you are; and you do *not* know where you are going to bring up. Something depends on your skill and experience. The choice of altitude and air-currents is yours; but when the moment comes to land you have the true explorer's zest of coming on unknown peoples who are not expecting you—a god from a machine!

“What country is this?” Will the answer come in French,

German, Italian, Norwegian—or even Russian? Paris Aero Club members have actually been shot at crossing European frontiers!

Yes, the air is still for most people an unknown element; and I who know it remain astonished at the world of different sensations one experiences in it as one goes as a spherical or dirigible balloonist. The realisation of this wonderful difference flashed on me, at a moment I recall well as I was steering a straight swift course along the Mediterranean coast in my "No. 6" during the memorable winter of 1902.

I was by this time an experienced dirigible balloon captain—it was the winter following my winning of the Deutsch Prize in Paris.



RETURNING FROM MAKING A REPAIR TO THE PROPELLER WHILE IN THE AIR

(I had to do something similar on my return from the Eiffel Tower.)

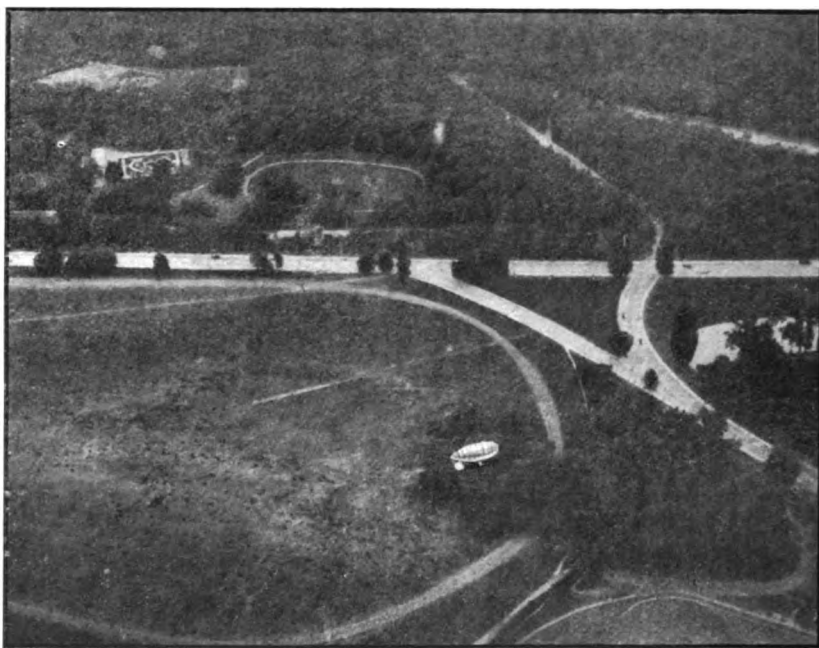
I had no task to perform, nothing to prove, and I could give myself up to the pleasures of aerial navigation in by far the swiftest air-ship I had yet constructed. As I steered my course I remember saying to myself:

"How different are these from the sensations of the spherical balloonist! It is true that he has the earth flying backward beneath him at a great speed; but he knows that he is powerless. The sphere of gas above him is the plaything of the air-current in which it finds itself, and he cannot change its direction!"

In my dirigible balloon I could see myself flying over the sea, and I had my hand on a helm that made me master of my

direction in the splendid course I was making. Once or twice, merely to test its power, I shoved the helm around while going at full speed. Delightfully obedient, the air-ship's helm swung to the other side, and I was speeding in a new diagonal course that would have brought me to shore in a few minutes had I continued it. But these manœuvres only occupied a few instants each, and each time I swung myself back on a straight line to the entrance of the Bay of Monaco, from which I had come and to which I must return to the balloon-house built for me by the Prince of Monaco, for I was flying homeward like an eagle.

To those watching my return from the terraces of Monte Carlo

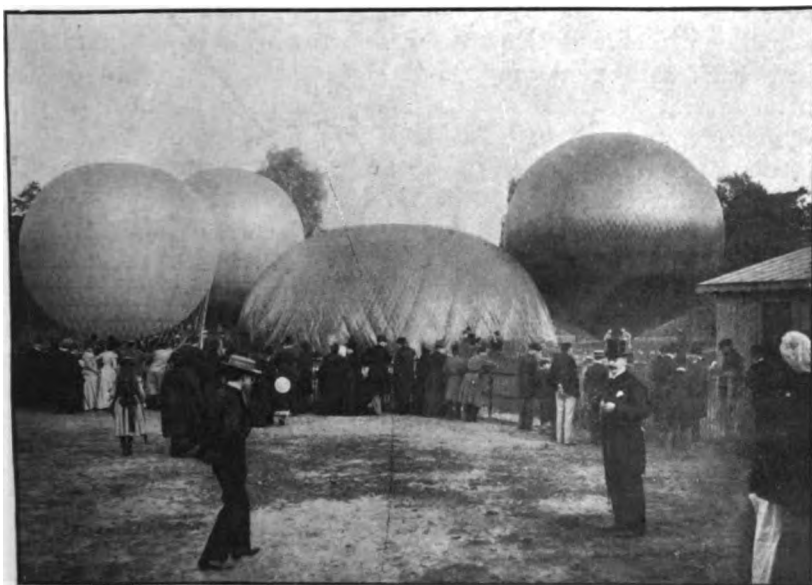


MY DIRIGIBLE BALLOON "NO. 9" HOPPING OVER THE TREES OF THE
BOIS DE BOULOGNE

and Monaco town (as they told me afterwards) the airship increased in size at each moment like a veritable eagle bearing down on them. As the wind was coming toward them they could hear the low, crackling buzz of my motor a long distance away. Faintly now their own shouts of encouragement came to me. They grew louder. Around the bay a thousand handkerchiefs were fluttering. I gave a sharp turn to the helm, and the airship leaped into the bay to slow down and be caught and conducted to its "stable."

Here in these azure solitudes there were no chimney-pots of Paris—no cruelly threatening roof-corners. I had plenty of leisure

to look about me and enjoy my position. One of my impressions was that I was still isolated in spite of my ability to direct the airship's course. I remember once meeting two beautiful sailing yachts scudding toward me down the coast. Their sails were full-bellied. As I darted over them and they beneath me I heard a faint cheer, and a graceful feminine figure on the foremost yacht waved a red foulard. As I turned to answer their politeness I perceived with astonishment that we were already far, far apart. I was now well up the coast, about half-way between Monaco and Cap Saint-Martin. Above was the limitless blue void. Below was the solitude of the white-capped waves; and a sudden squall



THE BALLOON PARK OF THE AERO CLUB—NINE SPHERICAL BALLOONS READY FOR A LADIES' RACE

was coming up. Well, I had the fierce pleasure of depending on myself, with every sense alert and a growing curiosity to learn the power of my motor and propeller to get me out of the scrape. I had never turned in a storm. Porting my helm I held the rudder tight. The dirigible swung round like a boat, and as the wind now aided to send me flying down the coast, my only work was to maintain my steady course and enjoy the reflections I have already described.

Pleasures like these—the triumphs of personal effort from minute to minute—the spherical balloonist may not know. I recall a similar moment of fierce enjoyment on my return from the Eiffel Tower, when I won the Deutsch Prize of aerial navigation

in October 1901. On my way to the tower the motor had worked fairly well. Now, after I had left it some five hundred yards behind me, the motor was actually on the point of stopping. I had an instant of great uncertainty. I must make a quick decision. It was to abandon the steering-wheel for a moment, at the risk of being torn from my course, in order to give my attention to the carburating lever and the lever controlling the electric spark.

The motor began to work again. I had almost reached the Bois de Boulogne, where, by a phenomenon known to all aeronauts, the cool air from the trees began making the balloon heavier and heavier, *i.e.* smaller by condensation; and, by an unlucky coincidence, the motor began slowing again. Thus the airship was descending while its motive force was decreasing. I had instantly to throw back both guide rope and shifting-weights, changing my centre of gravity considerably. This caused the balloon to point diagonally upward, so that the remaining propeller-force caused me to remount continually into the air by jerks, so to speak.

I was directly over the crowd of the Auteuil race-track. I heard the applause of the mighty throng, when suddenly my capricious motor started working like a *beau diable*. The suddenly-accelerated propeller being almost under the up-pointing air-ship caused an exaggeration of the inclination, so that the applause of the crowd changed to cries of alarm as I darted for a moment almost vertically upward. As for myself I had no fear, knowing the circumstances and feeling doubly safe over the trees of the Bois de Boulogne, whose soft greenery always reassured me in spite of its having played me many a trick in my earlier experiments. I might have checked the sensational upward shoot by simply slowing the motor that was causing it; but I was doing a race that I actually did win, so I went on, soon righting myself by shifting guide rope and weights forward again. All the same, this is why I passed so high over the judges' heads that my guide rope could not be caught—a detail that caused some hair-splitting at the time, as may be remembered.

If I were asked what were my very first sensations of aerial navigation, I would have to confess surprise to feel the air-ship going straight ahead. It was astonishing to feel the wind in my face. As a spherical balloonist I had always gone *in* the wind, becoming part of it and not feeling it. As my air-ship ploughed ahead the wind fluttered my coat violently as on the deck of an Atlantic liner, though in all other respects it is more like river navigation with a steamboat. It is not at all like sail navigation, and all talk about "tacking" is meaningless. Imagine the air current to be a river running ten miles per hour. If you go against

the current, making twenty miles per hour, your net progress will be but ten miles per hour. If your propeller makes you twenty miles per hour with the current, your net speed becomes thirty miles per hour. Well, it is just so in an air-ship. In a calm it makes its own speed unaffected by wind-current. The navigator of the air, however, has one great pleasure unknown to the navigator of a river. He can seek to change one air-current for another. The air is full of varying currents. Mounting, I have often sought and found either a calm or an advantageous breeze, even in a spherical balloon, and this is one of the ever-changing delights of the aerial realm.

Before going on my first air-ship experiment I really wondered if I should be seasick. I imagined that the sensation of mounting



ROUNDING THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE ON MY RETURN TO NEUILLY

and descending *obliquely* (with my shifting-weights) might prove queerish. And I looked forward to a deal of pitching—not rolling—another novelty in ballooning. For, remember always, the spherical balloon gives no sensation of movement at all.

In my first air-ship, however, the suspension was so long that it approximated that of a spherical balloon. For this reason there was very little pitching; and speaking generally, since that time, though I have been told that on this or that trip I pitched considerably, I have never been seasick in the air. You see, in the air-ship there is no smell; all is pure and clean. And the pitching itself has none of those shocks and hesitations of the boat at sea. The movement is suave and flowing, owing to the immensely lesser

resistance of the air. The pitches are less rapid than at sea; the dip is not brusquely arrested, so the mind can anticipate the curve to its very end and be prepared. There is no shock to give that "empty" feeling as the giant trans-Atlantic construction rises out of the water, first its fore part then its aft, with its propeller churning the air so viciously, to sink the next moment and churn the water.

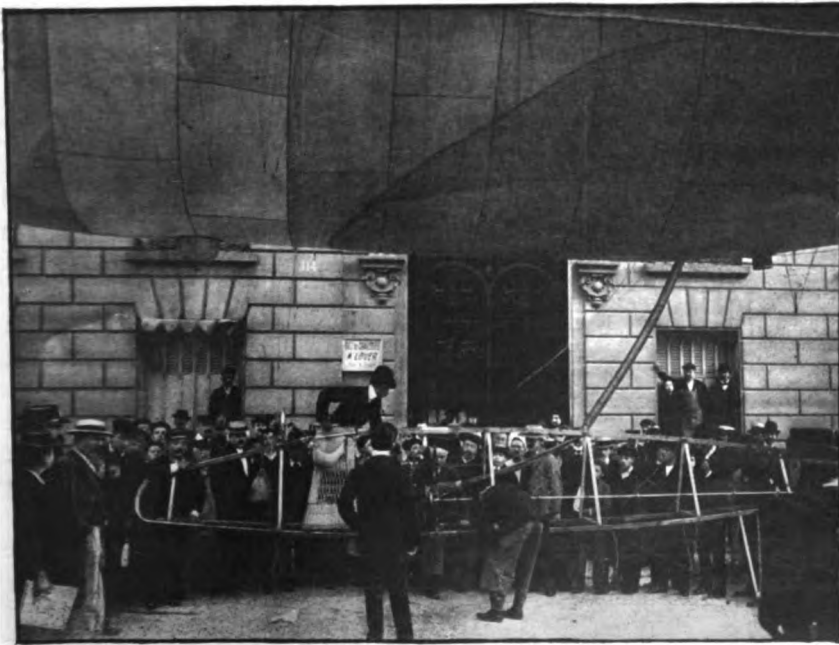
All this brings me to the most remarkable of all the sensations of aerial navigation. This is the wonderful diagonal flight. On my first trip it actually shocked me! Man has never known anything like free vertical existence. Held to the plane of the earth, his movement "down" has scarcely been more than a return after a short excursion "up," our mind always remaining on the plane surface even while our bodies may be mounting; and this is so much true that the spherical balloonist as he rises has no sense of movement, but gains the impression on which I have insisted, that the earth is descending below him. With respect to combinations of vertical and horizontal movement man is quite without experience. Indeed, I cannot describe the delight, the wonder, and intoxication of that free diagonal movement onward and upward, or onward and downward, combined at will with changes of direction horizontally when the air-ship answers to the touch of the rudder! The birds have this sensation when they spread their wings and go tobogganning in curves and spirals through the sky!

Of course, when I look back, it is not always easy for me to separate the pleasures of successful effort, the satisfactions of *amour propre*, and the anticipations of triumphs to come from the natural and innate pleasures of dirigible ballooning. The time, nevertheless, came when I tired of the former and leaned towards the latter; and I made this comparison: Once I was enamoured of high-power petroleum automobiles—they can go at wonderful speed to any part of Europe, finding their fuel in any village; but when I discovered that I did not want to go to Moscow or to Lisbon, the small and handy electric "run-about," in which I do my errands about Paris, proved more satisfactory.

From the standpoint of my pleasure and convenience as a Parisian my experience has been similar. Because, you understand, I do this for my pleasure, I have no mission to labour and risk my life merely to demonstrate things to the public. So I built my little "No. 9 run-about," the smallest of possible dirigibles, which I am, in one sense, copying again on a larger scale this summer. Indeed, it was so small that its original motor was a three-horse-power Clement weighing 26 lb., while its ballast capacity was only 66 lb. Yet with it I went careering over the Bois at as much as fifteen miles per hour, notwithstanding its egg-shaped form,

which was seemingly little calculated for cutting the air. The balloon of my air-ship for this summer will be much more cigar-shaped, slender and pointed, because I have hit on a new stiffening device, and no longer fear doubling up like a jack-knife.

How practical this little "run-about" proved itself was shown when I landed with it the first time in the grounds of the Aero Club at Saint-Cloud in the midst of nine fully inflated spherical balloons, there held ready to be let off on a ladies' race. After a short call, I prepared to start away again to my own balloon-house at Neuilly Saint-James.



LANDING AT MY OWN DOOR, CHAMPS ELYSEES

"Can we give you some gas?" politely asked my fellow-clubmen.

"You saw me coming all the way from Neuilly," I replied. "Did I appear to be throwing any ballast?"

"You threw no ballast," they admitted; and it was obvious I could only have started with some 66 lb. of it.

"Then why should I be in need of gas?" I asked. As a matter of curiosity I may relate that I did not lose or sacrifice a cubic foot of gas or a single kilogram of ballast that whole afternoon.

After leaving my friends at Saint-Cloud I made a typically peaceful "Parisian" air trip—because you must not imagine that

the pleasures of dirigible ballooning have all to do with fierce and palpitating effort in blue solitudes. No, there is also the aerial park-saunter, absolutely devoid of risk and danger.

To go from Neuilly Saint-James to the Aero Club's park I had already passed the Seine. Now, crossing it again I made for the café-restaurant of the "Cascade," where I descended for refreshment and a chat. It was 5 p.m. Not yet wishing to quit the amusing little voyage, I left the sylvan café, crossed the river for a third time, and went straight as close to Mont Valérien as delicacy permitted. (It is an important fort, defending Paris and guarding its own secrets jealously.) Then, returning, I crossed the river for a last time and came to earth in my own grounds at Neuilly. During my whole trip my highest altitude was 346 ft.! Taking into consideration that my guide rope hangs 130 ft. below me, and that the tops of the Bois trees extend up some 70 feet from the ground, I had enjoyed but 140 ft. of clear space for vertical manœuvring.

It was enough; and the proof is that I have amused myself guide-roping round the Arc de Triomphe and down the Avenue des Champs Elysées at as low an altitude as the housetops on either side, fearing no ill and finding no difficulty.

Knowing that the feat must be accomplished at an hour when the pleasure promenade of all Paris would be the least encumbered, I had instructed my men to sleep through the early part of the night at the Neuilly station. Arriving at 3 a.m. I climbed the wall, soothed the dog, waked the men, brought out the air-ship, and crossed the Seine as I rose diagonally a little after dawn. Turning to the left I made my way over the Bois, picking out the open spaces. When I came to trees, I jumped over them. So, navigating through the cool air of dawn, I reached the Porte Dauphine and the beginning of the Avenue of the Bois which leads to the Arc de Triomphe.

The carriage promenade of Tout-Paris was empty; and I might actually have threaded the Arc de Triomphe had I deemed myself worthy. Instead, I rounded the national monument to the right, as the law directs. Like the Avenue of the Bois, the Avenue of the Champs Elysées was deserted. Far down its length I saw a solitary cab. As I guide-roped along to my house at the corner of the Rue Washington, I thought of the time, sure to come, when the navigators of handy little air-ships will not be obliged to land in the street, but will have their guide ropes caught by their domestics on their own roof-gardens.

So I reached my street corner, to which I pointed downward my stem and descended very gently. Two servants caught, steadied, and held the air-ship while I mounted to my apartment for a cup of coffee. That is another kind of dirigible ballooning!



STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

V.—THE GHOSTLY POACHER.

BY H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD

EARLY in January I found a letter upon my breakfast table. I read it casually and threw it amidst the *débris* of my other correspondence. It was the kind of letter one often receives, and comes to regard rather as a nuisance, involving as it does an immediate reply and the need of inventing more or less plausible excuses; in brief, an invitation to be declined. It was an invitation from a man whom I had known and shot with abroad, a certain Colonel Gilroy, and he asked me to stay with him, for a week's shooting, at the great red-brick Georgian monstrosity which formed the residence on his family estate, in the East Riding of York. I had seen the hard, forbidding face of the house, set in low-lying and uninteresting surroundings, many times from the railway-carriage window, and I had never felt in the least tempted to take up even a temporary abode there. In addition, I had never quite liked the man. He was subject to moods, to long fits of what seemed to be a morose silence; moreover, he was a bachelor living practically alone. So that, on the whole, with other and more entertaining engagements on hand, I had no leaning to a six days' *tête-à-tête* with a host so little congenial.

Still, as I reflected upon the form of my reply, I found that something in the wording of his letter stuck in my mind. It worried me. The opening sentences were cold and formal enough: a brief reminder that we had shot together before, an equally brief hope that the acquaintanceship might be renewed; then the stiff handwriting had changed. In hurried, sprawling characters he had written the word, "Come." Below the signature, isolated from the text, he had written it, doubly underlined.

My mind went back to a sandy nullah in Somaliland. Around, the great prairie rolled in endless undulation. A few trees fringed the nullah, their great leaves drooping motionless in the heat. Gilroy was stretched lazily on the sand, availing himself of the bare shelter. At his feet a blesbok was lying, the white blaze on its forehead snowily pure against the darker ground. There was no need for the *coup de grâce*; it had clearly been *in extremis* when we came up. Gilroy was watching it intently. A shudder like a gentle wind flowed through its slender limbs, stirred in its breast, and passed from its mouth in a sigh. Gilroy leapt up. "Man," he exclaimed, "I—I saw something go!" I was lighting my pipe at the time. I thought he had a touch of the sun, and did not reply. He made no reference to the matter again, in fact for two days he barely opened his lips. Now this incident came back to me. I saw him again in the desert, a sudden wave of emotion breaking down for a moment the wall of icy taciturnity which usually hemmed him in. And it seemed to me that such a wave had swept across his soul when he had written that one word "Come." As I looked at it, it became more than a mere word; it became a cry—almost a command.

So I decided to set aside the chance of some 400-head days, with Bridge and bright eyes and laughter to follow, and to immure myself for a week in the red-brick monstrosity, with its grim array of flat windows, and with a hard-faced, silent man for a gaoler, in the hope that it might be counted to me for righteousness. After all, I reflected, we spent months together in the waste places of the earth without any serious difference—there must have been some bond of sympathy between us. Perhaps we were both a little superstitious; some common taint in our blood, it might be, derived from a savage, fetish-loving ancestry, which had survived even to these radiant days of School Boards and County Councils. In any case, I decided to go, and I wrote my acceptance in the properly accredited formula; yet all the while I felt deep down in my heart that I was being called to a man in need.

* * * * *

It was a cold, black night when I drove up the long carriage sweep. The blank face of the house, unrelieved by creeper or any

growing thing, looked strangely inhospitable. Gilroy received me as genially as his nature would permit, but a sense of gloom still pervaded the place. Certainly the personality of my host did little to dispel it. Always thin and hard-featured, he appeared to have grown more cadaverous; yet when I made some reference to his health he waved the matter aside with almost petulant impatience. On my arrival Gilroy had been engaged with a florid, clean-shaven man, to whom he introduced me, if the bare indication of his companion's existence could be called an introduction, but I had failed to catch the name. The man was plainly not a retainer, but it was equally clear that he was not a guest in any ordinary sense. His manner was deferential, yet he moved about the room, examined the papers and so on, with the air of one whose position was assured. Soon after my coming he quietly withdrew, leaving me with my host.

The thought occurred to me here that the man was present in the capacity of a medical attendant, but in this I was wrong. Gilroy and I dined together alone, and I tried to the best of a somewhat poor ability, for I felt flat and depressed, to enliven the proceedings with reminiscences of the olden days. Still the evening dragged its slow length wearily along. As soon as I decently could, I called attention to the hour, and suggested that I should turn in. Then it was that Gilroy spoke. He had been silent for quite a long time, but now I noticed a curious flickering of his eyelids, and he waved me back to my seat.

"You were surprised to hear from me?" he said, abruptly.

I admitted it, throwing in a few civil commonplaces.

"The fact is," he went on, "I wanted you—wanted you badly. You are the one person I know whose assistance may be of great use to me."

I bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment, feeling at the same time not altogether comfortable in regard to the honour about to be thrust upon me.

"You saw that man," Gilroy proceeded. "He is a detective—a clever one, I am told. I asked for the best procurable. But he will approach my problem from one direction only—the material. He will probably find the solution there; I hope he may. But if he fails there is another point of view—the immaterial, psychical, supernatural, what you will. And you are the man to deal with that." He passed his hand with a distressed movement across his brow. "I will spare no trouble, no thought, no money, to sift this matter to the very bottom," he added, almost fiercely.

It did not seem to occur to him that he was also likely to be lavish of the trouble of his friends, but I did not refer to this.

"But you have not told me yet what the question is," I said; "I am quite in the dark."

I again noticed the curious flickering movement of the eyelids. He seemed to have difficulty in speaking.

"There is something going on here," he said at last, "something which evades every solution I can suggest. I admit that the thing is getting on my nerves. Night by night we have a poacher in the woods. No common poacher."

"What have your keepers to say?" I asked.

He made a quick, angry gesture. "This is no common poacher, I tell you. In the dead of night a figure appears, armed, clad in white. It has been seen, time after time, by a number of men, upon all of whom I can rely. They say it moves down the rides in the covert, slowly and deliberately. It makes no attempt at concealment or escape; then it abruptly disappears. Whatever it may be, it has some quality which demoralises the watchers. They refuse to enter the woods."

"You have not chanced to encounter it yourself?"

"No; I have been out several times, but I have had no luck. I should like to meet it. The 'material' question should be settled finally. I should shoot at sight."

I remembered that the Colonel had a reputation for drastic methods where poachers were concerned. Ignoring the law, his keepers had strict injunctions to carry their guns when engaged in night watching. "I decline to submit for one moment to the absurd sentimentalism of our law-givers," he had once said to me. "An armed man, or, it may be, a gang of armed men, enter upon my property. There are three courses open to me: I may permit them to rob my coverts unmolested; I may send out my men unarmed to cope with murderous ruffians, able, and in most cases ready, to drop them at twenty paces; or I may instruct my servants always to carry firearms, and to use them freely if there is reason to fear that their life or limb is in danger. I choose the last course, notwithstanding the law. My keepers are engaged in a lawful duty. They have wives and families to consider as well as their own safety. In the event of a fatality on his side, the poacher has no cause for complaint; the risk is incident to his calling. For us it is a mere choice of evils. I prefer to risk the puny terrors of the law. The punishment, if any, which an English judge would dare to mete out to an honest man defending, to the best of his ability, his own life and his employer's property, is scarcely likely to equal the loss of an eye or a limb."

I remembered this ethical code of the Colonel's as he spoke. His opinions were well known in the district, and it occurred to me

that if any local humourist was playing the ghostly part for his amusement, he was indeed a bold man.

"Have you no solution which will at all meet the case?" I asked at length.

I noticed that Gilroy's flickering eyelids drooped. He looked tired and ill, and his head was bent.

"No," he said, wearily. "The detective suggests that it is the prank of some village idiot. He even hints at the servants here, but I will answer personally for every man on the place. No; the thing goes deeper than that. You know how the world is mainly divided: into fools who believe everything, and fools who believe nothing. There is another class to which you and I may fairly claim to belong. There are facts in this strange world of ours which only the man with the brain of the scientist and the heart of the poet can hope to grasp truly. You—oh, I am not going to flatter you—are an indifferent enough example of this latter class; but you may serve. This visitant in the woods has some reference to me. I feel it. I can't tell you how, any more than Huxley or Tennyson could have told you how the music of the moon comes to be hidden in the plain eggs of the nightingale. Anyhow, the feeling is there. What do you make of it?"

I remained silent, trying to think.

"You know the legend of the place, that when the ghost comes three times the owner or one of his kin—some known person, anyhow—goes mad or dies. Rot, of course, but with some residue of truth in it. What is that residue? Put your brain to work on it. All hope for me, all real discovery in the mystery of life, lies that way."

I looked at him attentively. His pale face was strained. Some faint theories were moving, trying to uplift their heads in the sluggish waters of my mind.

"I want to go to bed," I said. "When your keepers go into the coverts again, forbid them to take their guns."

* * * * *

On the morrow I interviewed the detective. He was a cheery, companionable man. We talked, of course, about the ghost.

"You're a bit of a spiritualist yourself, sir, like the gov'nor," indicating the Colonel, who was standing apart. "Well, I think we shall get at the truth of this without the help of either Mrs. Piper or Maskelyne and Cooke. You see," he went on, confidentially, seeing that he had no rival to fear in me, "it is as well to begin at the beginning. The head-keeper now is a decent man, so is the under-keeper; we needn't count the boy who looks after the dogs, he's too little. Then we come to the butler, to the coachman, and to the stable

helper. The stable helper is a nice lad, not very keen-witted, but no fool."

"No," I said, not seeing very clearly where these remarks tended.

"No. Now, what I'm looking for just now is a fool."

"Really," I said; "that seems rather a strange lack."

"Well, who but a fool would risk his place, and his life even—for that old fire-eater would shoot him as soon as he would a rabbit—to go poaching, and then leave the dead pheasants where they fall in the woods?"

"Does our ghost do this?" I asked.

"Of course it does. Shots are heard in the woods, the ghost is seen walking calmly down the rides like a duke, and the dead pheasants are found where they fall. No man other than a fool or a lunatic would act in such a way."

"You appear to believe that the culprit is a member of the household. How is that?"

He winked impressively. "I'll tell you later," he said.

* * * * *

I spent the morning trying for rabbits in a long bank near the house, but the ferrets were lazy, and the short January day soon closed in. In a little while I found myself again with Gilroy, alone in the dim lamp-lighted room. He did not refer to the ghost. He looked tired and ill. Soon after dinner he asked to be excused, took his candle, and went to bed, and I am bound to admit that I found his absence a relief. Then I lighted a pipe and sat by the fire to think. When it had grown quite late the detective came in.

"I think something may happen to-night," he said. "May I sit down?"

I indicated the opposite chair, which he took, and I handed my pouch, from which he filled his pipe.

"Have you noticed anything to-day, sir?" he asked.

I reflected. I had seen the stableman cleaning some harness. I had seen the spectacled housekeeper on the stairway, and the maid, a girl with rather prominent blue eyes, dusting the large glazed gun-case in the hall, in which were many fowling-pieces of present and bygone dates. These observations did not appear to amount to much; still, I named them, not knowing what chance material might prove meat for my friend's professional acumen to feed upon.

"I looked through the guns this morning, sir. One of them had been recently used. It had been replaced uncleaned."

"Indeed!" I said, in some surprise, knowing that Gilroy was most particular about his guns.

"Yes—a 20-bore. A nice, handy little weapon, sir. Who is likely to have access to the hall, and to use a 20-bore?"

I had no means of knowing. I paused. My meditations were cut short by two shots, fired in quick succession, in the covert close to the house.

The detective rose quietly. "The ghost walks," he said. "Come with me. We'll settle this matter to-night."

So together, armed only with sticks, we passed out into the night. As we went through the hall the detective glanced at the gun-case in the dim lamp-light.

"The 20-bore has gone," he whispered; "as I thought."

The night was perfectly still, and the stars were shining brightly. A slight snowfall had touched the leafless trees with a film of white. Without speaking, we traversed the long rides within the covert, stopping at intervals to listen. The shots were not repeated. No sound or sight unusual greeted us, and the hour of midnight went by. Thinking that our ghostly visitant had got wind of us, and had sought safety in flight, we were about to return. A cluster of fir trees edged the ride for a little way, and their plumed branches cast a heavy gloom below. Beyond, the trees were thinner, and the path, whitened by the driven snow, became clearly visible. In the shadow of the firs I paused, and feeling that the time for circumspection had gone by, I struck a match, and proceeded to ignite a pipe. Suddenly the light was dashed from my shading hands, and the strong grip of my companion forced me into the brushwood.

"It is coming," he whispered, almost inaudibly. "Look!"

Peering through the dim vista I saw a figure moving. It was clad in white, or what seemed to be white, for, chameleon-like, it appeared to take its hue from its surroundings, and save for the faint moving outline it might have been part of the wintry scene. It showed no haste, and gave no furtive sign, as a man might who walks by night upon forbidden ground. On the contrary, it advanced in the leisurely fashion of one without a fear or a care, and as it bore down straight upon us I saw a stray star-beam glint on the barrel of its gun.

I admit that my heart quickened and my breathing stopped. In a moment more it would be upon us, and the time for action would have come. Then, when barely two yards away, the hand which had tightened on my club fell to my side. For the first time I saw the face clearly, strangely transfigured, wide-eyed, open-lipped, yet still the face of my friend and host—the face of Gilroy.

* * * * *

In a little over twelve hours I was in Harley Street, and the great specialist in mental complications—the small gentleman with the

spectacles and the manners of a dancing master—had listened to my tale. If I had any thought to surprise him I had reckoned without my specialist.

“Duplex personality,” he said. “Interesting, of course, but by no means uncommon. Let me see. A case on all fours. Ah!” turning to a well-filled bookcase, “‘Journal of Medical Association—Dr. Mason.’ We will see what Mason has to say: ‘In another patient of my own a second personality assumed absolute control of the physical organisation. During the stay of the second personality the primary or original self was entirely blotted out, and the time so occupied was a blank. Primary self no knowledge of second personality except from report of others.’ Ah! yes. I had better see Colonel Gilroy. No cause for anxiety; treatment—care. Of course we all pass normally into a second phase of personality, alternating with the first, when we go to bed and sleep. Yes. I had better see your friend Colonel Gilbert—I beg your pardon, Gilroy. Good day to you. Wretched weather, isn’t it?”

* * * *

So I passed out into the bitter street. Why, I wondered, did this strange, wandering other self of poor Gilroy select the old greyish-white khaki and sun helmet—the garb we had worn in Somaliland—for his mid-winterly wanderings? Why? But there are so many whys in this strange world. And the specialists are not so explicit as they might be.





A NEW SEAT FOR RACE-RIDING

BY P. A. VAILE

ALL great reformers or discoverers must be prepared to be laughed at. It may be a small matter of telepathy with a dead dog, or a new way of sitting on a horse's back. The result is much the same. There is in many minds a peculiar quality which inclines the owners of those minds to treat as ridiculous anything which is beyond the scope thereof. I must plead guilty to having a small dab of the same tar-brush. I well remember the first time I saw a safety bicycle ridden in a race. How the crowd laughed as the little man on the little machine threaded his way amongst his gaunt competitors, his head scarce more than saddle-high on their wheels! But they did not laugh when all was over. They went and bought new machines. So no doubt will many of my readers now laugh; later they will go and order new saddles.

The relative merits of the American and English seats have been so thoroughly thrashed out that I have no intention of wearying my readers with a dissertation on that subject. Those who **considered this matter** addressed themselves to the question of the superiority of one of these two. They did not look for a better seat than either of them. I have endeavoured to find such a seat, and I must try to explain as clearly as I can its points of superiority over either the English or American.

Fig. 1 represents a horse ridden in the American style. The drawing is after a photograph of War Wolf, taken during the progress of the Great Ebor Handicap Plate, so the position may be accepted as perfectly correct in so far as it represents a galloping horse. Here the jockey may be seen with knees almost in a line

with the withers, reins across and bearing on the horse's neck, and his head but little behind the ears of his mount.

I have had many an argument as to the distribution of weight in this seat. Innumerable people declare that the jockey's weight is really exerting its force at the stirrups although he is bending far forward. Of course this is quite a fallacy, for every pound is doing its work straight downwards from where it is, irrespective of the place of junction. I elucidate this very clearly in the second illustration. Let us consider that the rigidly fixed right-angled connection on top of the weight-scale is included in the regulation of the weight of the scales. The upright and beam of the scales now represent respectively the hind leg in contact with the ground and the back of the horse in the first illustration. If the weight be put at the figure 1 it will represent one pound, but for every inch it is put forward along the beam towards the other end it increases its leverage. Putting it on the horizontal portion of the right-angled connection, at the point above 5, has practically the same effect as putting it at 5 on the beam below. The upright of the right-angled connection represents that portion of the jockey which rises from the last point of contact with his mount, and the bar of such connection represents that portion of him which extends forwardly beyond such point of contact, and every pound increases in leverage power as it gets further from the upright of the scales, or the hind leg in contact with the ground.

Mr. Belmont Purdy, the author of the interesting article which lately went the round of the world's press, proved by actual experiment with a horse's fore-feet on a scale that a boy's weight on the fore-legs American style was nearly double that of the English style; for in the English style the weight was distributed between the legs, whereas in the American style the fore-legs practically get it all. He clearly showed, too, that the American seat speedily breaks down a horse, on account of the increased weight which comes down on the fore-legs every time the horse's hoofs strike the ground. This increased weight is, of course, due to the forward seat, as explained above. Now I am getting to the gist of my contention. If the weight is heavier to come down it must be heavier to go up. This means that the strain on the muscles of the back and quarters of a horse must necessarily be greater to enable him to lift his load up so as to use his fore-legs than it would be were his rider sitting closer to his quarters.

There cannot be the least shadow of doubt that every inch a rider gets away from the point of contact of hoof with ground, as shown in the first illustration, increases the strain on the muscles which furnish the propelling power of his horse. Doubtless I shall

be told that a horse is not a weighing machine. I know all about that; but I also know that from a mechanical point one set of laws was not made for the weighing machine and another for the horse, and even after allowing for momentum and the upward force of the fore-legs, the illustration of the scales will, I think, be found to hold good.

I have had several talks with Maher, the celebrated American jockey, on this subject, but I totally failed to convince him that notwithstanding the American seat the jockey's weight must still be



FIG. I.—THE AMERICAN SEAT

on the horse's back, or in a worse place, namely, farther forward. The American seat may possibly, as Maher says, allow a horse greater freedom in galloping, and also possibly the position may reduce the "jar" of the rider's weight to less than that which accompanies a longer stirrup; but the weight is there nevertheless, otherwise Baron Munchausen's feat of lifting himself across the river by his hair is not without the region of practical politics.

We are very much inclined to accept without question some of these American notions. I always want to know why anything is better than the existing state of affairs. I am sometimes told that

the weight of scientific opinion is against me, and in some cases I am content to let it be so. I did not discover radium, but I am sure that if I had done so, and had read a paper on it before demonstrating its wonders, the weight of scientific opinion would have been against me.

I am not going to argue that the seat suggested by me is infallibly correct; but from the experiments which I have conducted, and information which I have collected, I venture to say that equally satisfactory results will be obtained if, instead of swarming up a horse's neck, his jockey sits on his horse's back, so that the rider's shoulders are hanging over his withers. To do this will require a special saddle, but I have little doubt some enterprising owner or trainer will want to try this idea out, and I shall be happy to assist anyone who does.

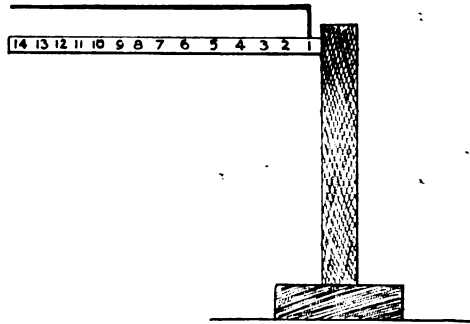


FIG. 2

I contend that the weight the horse is carrying can be best dealt with by being placed as nearly as conveniently may be to the portions which furnish the power of propelling that weight. I cannot conceive it possible that any advantage can arise from putting the weight as far from the power as possible.

The chief advantage of the American seat, in my opinion, is the saving of wind-friction. This can be got better by crouching over the withers than by swarming up the horse's neck.

I thrashed the matter out very fully with Mr. Belmont Purdy when in New York, and he expressed his conviction that my theory was correct, and wound up by saying: "The only difference is that you have dealt with the matter from the hind-leg and I from the fore-leg." It may possibly be remembered that his interesting experiments were directed to showing how much greater the weight and jar on the fore-legs were with the American seat than is the case with the English; and, as I have pointed out, if the weight does come

down more heavily than with the English seat, it must be correspondingly heavy to lift.

Following the same line of reasoning, I think it will be found that with the longer saddle the strain will be less than with the old seat, and that the horse, having the weight nearer the propelling muscles, can get better results.

I am aware that there is a considerable weight of "scientific authority" against me on this subject, but I have never failed to fill in an hour or so when once my idea was dropped amongst a group



FIG. 3.—THE PROPOSED NEW SEAT

of "horsey" men, and I have no doubt it will prove interesting to some who will not give it time enough to analyse it, while to others who do consider it, and who are not contented to say, "Whatever is, is best," it may possibly be time profitably spent to conduct farther back on the horse the same experiments which Mr. Belmont Purdy did in such an interesting manner with its fore-legs.

I know that I shall have American results hurled at me. These will not disturb my equanimity. They do not relate to the new seat; moreover, I have in more sports than one seen ideas which were totally wrong accepted as facts, because in many cases nobody took

sufficient interest in the particular cases referred to to analyse causes.

I have been blessed, or otherwise, with a mind of an inquiring nature, and I have never yet been satisfied that the American seat is right; in fact, mechanically it seems to me all wrong. My idea of a horse and its rider is that they should be one. I cannot think of a wobbling, independent unit perched on a horse's withers as being the summit of science in race-riding.

The first race I saw in England in which the American seat was used was the Rous Memorial Stakes in 1903. M. Cannon was on Duke of Westminster, the outsider of the three starters, and Maher on the favourite, Flotsam. When it came to a finish, I saw Cannon sitting like a statue on his horse, "driving him home before him," while Maher became all wings and wobbles. I mean no disrespect to the popular jockey when I say this. I do not think the human frame is adapted for riding graceful or effective finishes with one's knee-caps in one's mouth. Also an inverted V-shape on a cone is not, mechanically speaking, good for grip, and a section of the horse's withers and the American jockey's knees gives just this.

I have not space to analyse the reasons for the success of American jockeys in England, nor can I now go fully into the question of the various results established by the leading exponents of American and English styles. There is much instruction to be derived from a consideration of these matters.

I may, perhaps, later on, if the subject in its new aspect should prove of sufficient interest, indicate the nature of the experiments which I have made in this matter. In the meantime, I think it will be plain to my readers that the nearer the weight is to the power of propulsion the more does it resemble the figure 1 in the second illustration—that is, there is a minimum of leverage on the upright and beam of the scales; on the other hand, when the weight is moved right forward and away from the horse's hind-leg, the effect then is similar to that produced by sliding the weight out to 14 on the beam.

To sum it all up, when the weight is at 1 it represents the suggested seat; slide it forward to 7 and you have the English seat; slide it right away to 14 and you have the American seat—yet the little weight is the same in each case. It is simply a question of leverage, and, revolutionary as the idea seems, it is, I believe, worthy of a little consideration.



THE LANCE WINS

THE SWORD OF JAPAN

BY F. J. NORMAN

PERHAPS in no other country has the sword had so much attention and honour paid it as in Japan; for regarded as being of divine origin, it has been worshipped as such. But then on the other hand, viewed from a European standpoint, few swordsmen in other lands have so defiled their blades as those of Japan. For instance, it was quite a common occurrence, even so lately as the seventies, for a *samurai*, or gentleman soldier of old Japan, to pay a small fee to the public executioner for the privilege of being allowed to test his blade upon the carcase of a criminal, and even at times upon the living body of one. And some Japanese swordsmen, with the same object in view, went further than this, and hesitated not to resort to what they so expressively termed "cross-road cutting," the victims in such a case being generally a beggar—man, woman, or child, it mattered not which to them.

Among the many good sword stories told me by my old fencing master, the following is not only interesting but thoroughly illustrative of Japanese humour and of the weakness above mentioned with regard to the testing of sword blades. According to him, there lived in days gone by a certain great *daimyo*, or feudal lord, who was a great patron of swordsmiths and swordsmen. One day

a swordsmith in his service presented him with a beautiful blade he had but just lately finished. Desirous of seeing it tested the *daimyo* sent for the best swordsman among his retainers, and when he arrived ordered him to test it upon the body of a fish hawker who happened to be passing along a road lying within the precincts of the castle. Putting the sword in his girdle, in the place of his own which he left behind him in the charge of a friend, the famous swordsman strutted off down the road, met and passed the fish-hawker, and returned to his feudal lord by another and shorter road. Furious with him the *daimyo* asked why he had not obeyed his instructions? Begging his feudal lord to have patience, the swordsman asked him to watch the fish-hawker carefully when he came to a certain sharp turning in the road. This he did, and to his surprise saw him collapse all of a sudden, for while the upper portion of his body toppled over one way the lower fell another. The moral attached to the tale is, of course, that not only was the sword such an exceptionally fine one, but the swordsman who wielded it so dexterous, and with so true an edge had he made his cut, that it only required the twisting swing of the fish-baskets to finish his job.

Up to 1876 all *samurai* wore two swords, that being their particular mark of distinction, and the different ways of carrying the weapon indicated the rank of the wearer. Men of high birth wore theirs with the hilt pointing straight upwards; the common people, who were only allowed to wear one sword, and then, too, only when on a journey, wore theirs stuck horizontally in the *obi* or girdle-like sash of the Japanese; while ordinary *samurai* wore theirs in a position about half-way between the other two. To clash the sheath of one's sword against that belonging to another person was held to be a grave breach of etiquette; to turn the sheath in the belt, as though about to draw, was tantamount to a challenge; while to lay one's weapon on the floor of a room, and to kick the guard with the foot, in the direction of anyone else, was a deadly insult that generally resulted in a combat to the death. It was not even thought polite to draw a sword from its sheath without begging the permission of any other person present. A Japanese gentleman of the old school calling on another, even though he might be his most intimate friend, invariably left his sword with the door-keeper of the house, so little did such men, apparently, trust each other.

As I believe that I was the first Occidental to make a study of Japanese swordsmanship, it may be of interest if I here describe my experiences in the fencing schools of Tokyo; and so to begin: The summer of 1889 found me established in Tokyo, and as the sedentary

nature of my duties commenced to tell on my health, I decided to take up the study of *kenjutsu*, or Japanese fencing. Getting into touch with the authorities at the *Keishicho*, or head police station of Tokyo, I soon secured an introduction to Umezawa-san, the fencing master of the Takanawa Police Station, and then quite one of the best swordsmen in Japan. Never did a *maître d'armes* take more interest and pride in a pupil than Umezawa did in me, and this was all the more commendable on his part because the majority of the fencing masters in Tokyo looked upon his teaching me Japanese swordsmanship as a renegade act. The first dozen lessons or so were given me



ILL-TIMED POINT AND RESULT

on the little lawn in front of my house, but after a while I used to attend daily at the Takanawa police fencing room, and for a couple of months or so fenced with, or rather took instructions from, the best fencers attending there. When he thought I was sufficiently advanced, Umezawa set me to fence with some of the more indifferent and harder hitting swordsmen, but was always close at hand to give instructions and correct faults. Writing as an old cavalryman, with plenty of experience of regimental drill grounds and gymnasiums, I can safely say the Japanese system of teaching fencing is far and away superior to that in vogue in the British army, and that for

D 2

rough dismounted work the Japanese system of two-handed swordsmanship is much superior to any of the systems of Europe. A first class French or Italian duellist would, more than probably, beat a first-class Japanese swordsman, but only so if fighting on ground thoroughly suitable to his own peculiar style of sword-play. On rough ground, on a hill-side, or on ground covered with impedimenta, the Japanese swordsman would more than likely have the advantage; or in other words, in positions where a rough-and-tumble fight is going on, and where men want to kill and kill quickly without attending too much to details of form over it.



A SIDE SLIP AND WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

As a weapon of offence and defence a *katana* is an infinitely superior one to the absurd thirty-six inches bladed, single-handed sword with which British infantry officers are armed, and with slight modifications in its make and use it could be rendered still more effective. In the first place its blade is considerably shorter—from ten to fifteen inches—thus allowing for the majority of men greater freedom of movement; for nobody can deny that to a dismounted man a long scabbard is a horrible nuisance, and that to a shortish-inclined man it is an absolute incumbrance. But though

shorter in the blade the *katana* has a longer grip, and when one has learnt to use it aright it is truly wonderful what little length of reach is lost. This great length of grip permits of the use of both hands for the purpose of delivering a crushing blow or cut ; and, moreover, after practising the Japanese style of fencing a swordsman becomes quite ambidextrous. How very disconcerting this last is to an opponent all swordsmen are fully aware, and when to this is added the fact that *katana* play is a closer play than that of the cut-and-thrust sword of the Occident, it must be admitted it is an infinitely



JAPANESE WRESTLING

superior one to it for the one and great purpose of a fight to the death. It certainly is not so taking to the eye as—let us say—a French or Italian swordsman's play ; but while there is less ostentatious art and ceremony about it, there certainly is just as much science, and it may also be added as much, if not more, deadly intent.

Among the many swordsmen who used to put in their daily attendance at the Takanawa fencing-room was one who very early attracted my attention. He was an elderly man, and in some

respects a finer swordsman than Umezawa, who introduced him to me one day as his *sensei* or teacher. Onoda was his name, and though he was exceedingly tall for a Japanese he was quite the best built one I have come across. For a long time I could gather nothing more about him than that he did not like foreigners, and that it would be just as well if I did not thrust my acquaintanceship upon him. Later on I learnt he was, or had been, the hereditary fencing master to the late Shogun or "generalissimo" of Japan. All this of course helped to arouse my curiosity, but a grimmer or more forbidding old man never lived than Onoda-sensei, and so what was my surprise when some six months after I had begun learning *kenjutsu*, he came up to me one afternoon and presenting his card, as here shown, offered to take me on for a bout. Delighted at

Onoda
J. Onoda

Lately you became greatly disciplined in fencing. I admire you very much

the thought, I was soon ready, but no sooner did the other fencers in the room see what was going to happen than they stopped fencing; and, making quite a ring round us, stood looking on with what I could not but help thinking were quite troubled faces. They knew well that Onoda-san had highly disapproved of my being admitted to the fencing-room, and I am not sure but that some of them did not think my days were about to be numbered. They were quite wrong, and Onoda-san and myself got on so well after this that instead of keeping aloof from me any longer he rather sought than otherwise my company. In his way he was a most peculiar old fellow, a sort of Buddhist puritan, and when he found out I had spent some years in India he was for ever asking me questions about it, its people and their religions, etc. He did a thing one day I never knew another Japanese man to do, and that was to reprove a fellow-countryman of his for being rude to me and calling out after me in the streets. Being an old *samurai*, with an exceptionally fine presence and manner, he did this in a way that sent the erring indi-

vidual literally grovelling in the dust of the road. With such a man as my friend and instructor I soon was more than able to hold my own with the average good swordsmen of Tokyo, and remarkably useful I found the being able to do so, for it brought me into contact with a class of Japanese few, if any, other foreigners have ever had the chance of becoming acquainted with. However, to revert to the *kenjutsu*.

The *kabuto*, or helmet, though it is undoubtedly superior as a



THE AUTHOR AND UMEZAWA-SAN

er's mask to that used by the sabre players of Europe, yet on the other hand it has certain defects about it. For while giving ample protection to the face, neck, and throat, it does not sufficiently protect the sides of the head, nor yet its top or crown. It sits firmer, however, than do any of our fencing helmets or masks, being tied, or rather lashed, on to the head. Under it is invariably worn a *tenagui*, or small native towel, wrapped round the head in turban-like fashion as shown in the photograph in which I

am seen standing by the side of Umezawa-san. The reason for this is of a purely cleanly or sanitary nature, and the result is that no Japanese helmets ever have an unpleasant odour.

The *dō*, or corselet, is a lighter, cooler, and in every way a far superior chest and body protector to the leather jerkins of European sabre-players. It is made of slips of the very best and soundest of bamboos, strung perpendicularly together in the required shape, and trimmed and strengthened with fastenings of leather, silk, or hemp. The best *dō* are lacquered with the *mon* or crest of the owner, and remarkably handsome some of them are. They are



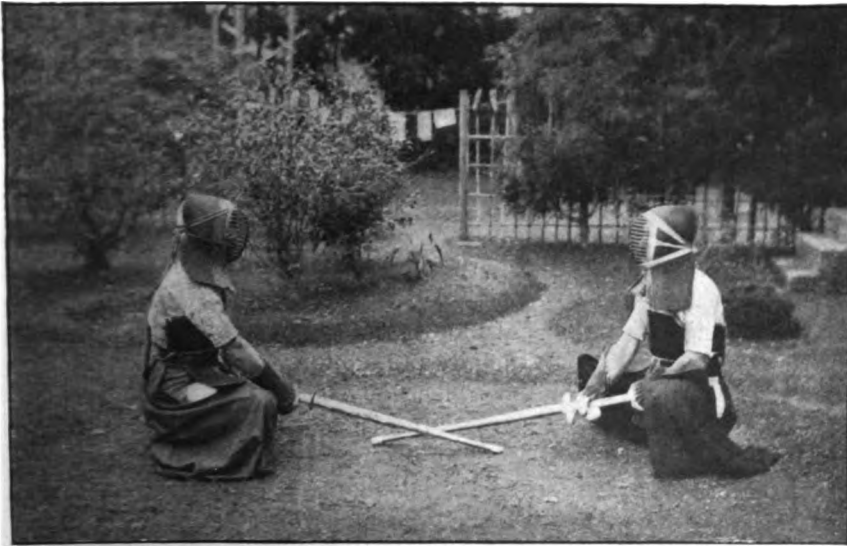
MEMBERS OF THE TAKANAWA FENCING SCHOOL

worn hanging somewhat loosely, being suspended from the shoulders by soft cords of cotton or silk, but never so loosely as to prove a nuisance to the swordsman.

The *kusadzuri*, or taces, is a light and efficient enough protector for the lower part of the body, but hardly as good as those in use in British gymnasiums. These are generally made of a tough cotton or hempen canvas, cut in five strips of about nine inches in length and four in width, two strips lying under, and three outside, as shown in sketch, and each strip is well quilted. Though

hanging loose the strips are fastened to a band that encircles the waist of the fencer, but in a way that does not impede his movements in the slightest degree.

The *kote*, or gauntlet, is a hand, wrist, and forearm guard much superior to anything to be seen in our gymnasiums. A *kote* is made of strong cotton or hempen canvas, lined with bamboo shavings or horse-hair, and trimmed and strengthened with a soft kid-like leather. One great advantage the Japanese *kote* has over our gauntlets is that its size can be regulated up to quite an appreciable degree by the loosening or tightening of the lacing running along and inside its forearm portion.



PRIOR TO THE SALUTE

The *shinai*, or practice sword, is made from four strips of bamboo, and though it undoubtedly looks clumsy enough at first it is not so by any means. The length and weight of *shinai* vary according to the taste of fencers, there being no rules laid down about this—surely a fairer method than ours, which forces all men to use the same-sized practice sword irrespective of their stature and strength. The four strips of bamboo being cut to fit each other are then brought together, and over the grip or handle end of the *shinai* is drawn a strong leather covering. The grip may be of any length, say from eight to fourteen inches. From the guard end of this covering runs a leather or gut strand to the point of the *shinai*, and is there fastened to a leather cup-like covering that keeps together

the ends of the four bamboos and forms a button over their points. The line along which the gut runs is considered the back of the sword, and as the *shinai* is strengthened and kept together by a fastening of leather at its cutting point, advantage is taken of this to run the gut through it and so help to keep it all the tauter in its place. The *tsuba* or guard is a circular piece of stout leather with a hole in its centre to permit of its being passed up and over the grip until it reaches the hilt, where it forms a circular guard standing out from the *shinai* an inch or a little more. Sometimes, but not often, a fencer will use a secondary *tsuba*, made of thin leather and padded like a cushion. This will lie between his hand and the ordinary *tsuba*. The measurements of my favourite *shinai* are—blade, twenty-six inches, and grip, eleven inches. But it must be pointed out here that I stand but a trifle over five feet six inches and have somewhat small hands.

The *hakama*, or divided skirt of the *samurai*, is a most comfortable article of clothing, which, while it affords a certain amount of protection to the legs and lower parts of the body, does not in the least impede a fencer's movements. It is light, airy, and cool, and might with very great advantage be introduced into England.

Japanese fencing-rooms are all built on more or less the same plan, and the Takanawa fencing-room was no exception to this. It was about thirty feet in length and about half that in width. Two of its sides were opened to the air, and along its other two sides ran a raised platform, a couple of feet or so above the floor of the fencing arena. The platform was furnished with mats, and on cold days with fire-boxes, and was used indiscriminately as galleries for spectators or dressing and resting-rooms for the fencers. Such men as liked to keep their fencing gear there could do so, hanging the same up on pegs along the side of the gallery. Here it must be pointed out that all Japanese fencers have their own special kit, the fencing-room supplying nothing.

Two men agreeing to have a bout will, after donning their kit, step into the arena, and squatting down in front of each other, at about six feet apart, will then proceed to salute one another by a bow. Rising slowly, they will put themselves into position with *shinai*, crossing at engage, as shown in the illustration.

To go into details over all the cuts, guards, and points of a Japanese fencer's *répertoire* is not the object of this article, but it is well to point out here that during a fifteen years' experience of *kenjutsu* I remember seeing only one man make use of a back-handed stroke, and he was one of the best swordsmen in Japan. Another remarkable point about the Japanese system of swordsmanship is that its native votaries never deliver a point except at the

throat ; but this is, perhaps, explainable by the fact that until the seventies armour was largely used by them. This point even is more of a job than a lunging thrust, and is delivered from below upwards, with the very evident object of getting it in between the gorget and the upper part of the breast-plate. Though highly scientific, *kenjutsu* is a very rough-and-tumble sort of sword-play, absolutely free from parade and all theatrical touches, but wonderfully practical withal. As Japanese chivalry is most uncompromisingly based upon the idea that all is fair in war, so Japanese swordsmen resort to certain methods which are highly reprehensible from our point of view. Such a thing as giving another man a chance never appears



THE ENGAGE

to enter their heads ; and so, should a fencer lose his *shinai*, or fail in any way, his adversary immediately takes advantage of this to push home his attack with all the greater vigour.

The cuts most in favour with Japanese swordsmen are mainly of the chopping order, and mostly delivered at the head and right wrist. Some few, however, pay considerable attention to their adversary's stomach, and, if skilful swordsmen, these are the most difficult to tackle. The cuts at the head and wrist can be delivered from the engage position, and in the case of the former this is done by slightly raising the *shinai*, stepping sharply forward, and as sharply bringing the *shinai* down upon the adversary's head with a

chop that carries on. The wrist cut is made by a disengaging cut-over, with, if necessary, a sharp side tap against the adversary's *shinai* to throw it out of line. Both these cuts can be parried by a slight raising of the *shinai*, and an outward twist of the wrist, and from both parries return cuts can be made at either head or wrist. Ordinarily Japanese fencers stand much closer to each other than do those of Europe, and it is truly remarkable what little space a couple of good native swordsmen require for a fight to the death. Some on the contrary are very fond of keeping well away, and, if not followed up and brought to close quarters, resort to a totally different



CORPS À CORPS À LA JAPONAISE

mode of attack, consisting mainly of slashing cuts, first with one hand and then with the other, the changes being carried out with wonderful rapidity. The principal swinging cut can be delivered for either side of an opponent's head, but if he is a good swordsman it is a somewhat risky one to resort to, for he can reply to it by either a stop thrust or a stop cut at the head. The guard for it is a mere raising of the sword to a sufficient height and in the right line. There is only one form of hanging guard known to Japanese swordsmen, and it is seldom resorted to, for it makes a smart return a matter of great difficulty.

A good swordsman is held in high repute among the Japanese, but curiously enough a good swordsmith is perhaps more so; and the names of such men as Amakuni, Kamigé, Shinsoku, and Amaza of the very olden days, and Munéchika, Yasutsuna, Sanémori, Yuki-hira, and Yoshimitsu of the Middle Ages, are known to all educated subjects of the Mikado; and then as for Masamune, Yoshihiro, and Muramasa, their names are household words in every homestead of the land. The two best swordsmen I have met in Japan were Sakakibara and Henmi. The first was a tall, rather slightly-built man; but though a grand swordsman, somewhat inclined to play to the gallery. Henmi-san, on the other hand, was a most unobtrusive individual, standing about five feet one, and quite the most graceful man that I have ever seen; but though Sakakibara had a greater



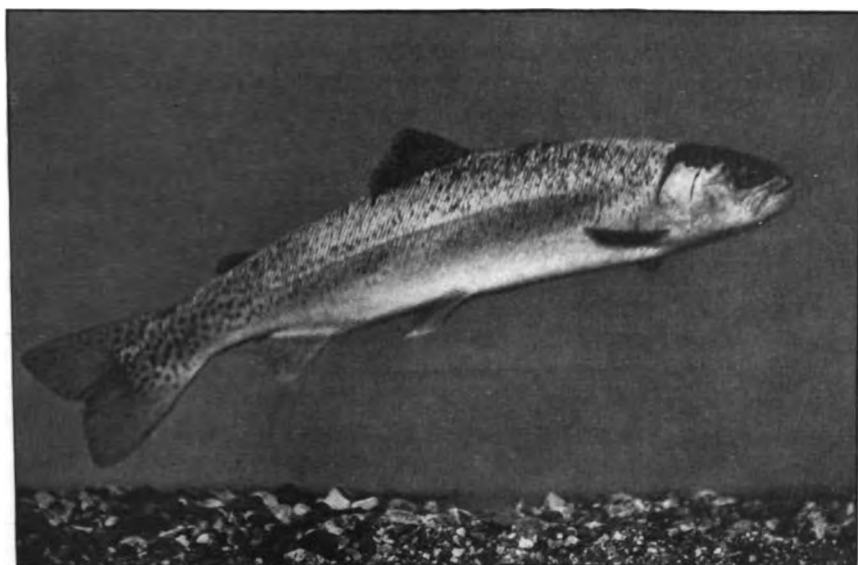
A FIGHT TO THE DEATH

following among the general public of Tokyo, there is little doubt Henmi was the better swordsman of the two. I have seen him, while fencing with a first-class swordsman, stop all of a sudden, drop his *shinai*, and then invite the other to attack him. But try as this other might, he could seldom get a cut into him, for where Henmi was the fraction of a second before the spot would be vacant.

The Japanese have always been very fond of giving names to their swords, such names being usually derived from some circumstance connected with their career. The "Grass-mowing sword,"

for instance, was so called because when a brushwood fire threatened to destroy his army Yamato Také mowed down the intervening brushwood with it, and so stopped the flames and saved his troops. The "Higékiri" and "Hizamaru" were two famous swords belonging to the Minamoto family, and owe their names to the fact that when they were tested on a couple of criminals sentenced to decapitation, one cut through the *higé* or beard of the victim, after severing the head from the body, while the second cut through the *hiza* or knee of the other luckless wretch as he sat or squatted to receive his death blow.





RAINBOW TROUT

THE RAINBOW TROUT

BY W. B. BOULTON

It is now nearly twenty years since the first attempt was made to introduce the rainbow trout into British waters. This very attractive member of the *salmo* family had already been the object of much interest in the United States, where American fish breeders, official and other, had for some years been trying to extend his limited range beyond the streams of some four hundred and fifty miles of the Pacific coast, which appear to comprise his natural habitat. With this object he had been regularly planted in the streams of the Eastern States from 1878 onwards. It was in 1885, during the Fisheries Exhibition in London, that the United States Commissioners of Fisheries, who had conducted these experiments in America, made presents of the eyed ova of the rainbow to certain fish-breeders on this side of the Atlantic, and so introduced the fish into Great Britain. In that year some thousands of the eggs arrived in good condition at Sir James Gibson Maitland's hatcheries at Howietoun, and a smaller consignment at Delaford Park, the establishment of the National Fish Culture Association, a body since dissolved. Three years later, young fish resulting from these ova were for sale at several fish-breeding establishments about the

country, and since then there have been continuous dealings on a commercial scale between breeders of rainbow trout and owners of fishings.

Salmo irideus has thus a history of at least sixteen years in this country, and it seems, therefore, that the time has arrived to look into his record, and to produce, perhaps, something in the nature of a *dossier* which may be useful to his friends and his critics alike.

The superb appearance of the rainbow, his capacity for rapid growth, and his great sporting qualities, all render the extension of the range of this fine fish desirable, and the interest he has excited among fishermen has certainly not been diminished by the mystery which surrounded, and indeed continues to surround, his origin and his habits. It seems to be still uncertain whether he is a migratory fish, though the fishermen of the west contended with vehemence that the *irideus* was but the immature young of another fish altogether—the steelhead salmon of the Pacific, a true migrant. This theory, however, is quite discredited, though much remains uncertain about the rainbow's natural history and habits.

In view of a lack of fixed opinion among the American naturalists who have examined the fish in his natural surroundings, it seems hopeless at present to come to any definite conclusion as to the rainbow's origin. Authorities like Mr. Jordan and Mr. Everman, for example, writing so late as 1902, have no definite opinion upon the matter. Mr. Jordan places *irideus* among a large family, which he calls the Rainbow Series, having a general resemblance to each other, but with many and important points of difference, but all of which are found in the streams of the Pacific Slope. Of this family he says: "The present classification can be regarded as provisional only, as in some part of their range these series are inextricably mixed," *i.e.* the rainbow "resembles in many particulars the Cut-throat Trout Series" on the one hand, and the migratory steelhead (*Gardnerii*) on the other. The rainbow shares with these species the habit of spring or early summer spawning, and if unacceptable as a migrant, he has certainly in most waters a pronounced habit of shifting his quarters after that process. Mr. Jordan is of opinion, that, with others of the Pacific Slope trout, he has an Asiatic origin, a theory which seems plausible at least, from the fact that similar species are found in the rivers of Kamskatcha, Manchuria, and Japan. Sir James Maitland, too, has expressed an opinion which is quite in harmony with that of Mr. Jordan. He suggests that the existence of several imperfectly specialised forms of trout and charr in those western waters points to a relatively recent distribution from the north southwards, and that the rainbow family is still in a plastic state. It is certain that even

in his natural home in the brooks of the Californian coast ranges the rainbow is subject to large local variations both in habit and appearance and in his capacity for growth. In California, in the majority of the streams he affects, the rainbow reaches an average weight of about three pounds; in a smaller number of favoured streams he grows to five or six; while in others he reaches a bare half-pound. In some land-locked waters in the same district he has so changed with his environment as to be popularly regarded as a distinct species. When we add that in New Zealand he has so adapted himself to his surroundings as to grow quickly to very large weights, and to be in the way of displacing the brown trout



THE LAKE AT LYONS, KILDARE—A TYPICAL RAINBOW-TROUT LAKE FED BY
SPRINGS AND SURFACE WATER AND WITHOUT EXIT

(Photographed by permission of Lord Cloncurry)

previously introduced in those waters, it is obvious that Sir James Maitland's description of his tribe as being in a plastic state is a very happy one. It is clear, too, that there were great possibilities for such a fish in the variety of streams to be found in Great Britain and Ireland.

Up to the advent of the rainbow in 1885 experience with foreign fishes in England had not been very encouraging. The black bass, for example, had not answered expectations, and there were already doubts about the suitability of a near relation of the rainbow, the American brook trout, or *fontinalis*, which have since been amply

justified by his behaviour in British waters. The rainbow nevertheless was received with enthusiasm, and from the early 'nineties until the present he has been the object of great care both by breeders and by those anxious to induce him to adapt himself to their waters. The hope that this handsome and game fish might be added to the rather scanty list of the British *Salmonidæ* led to the stocking of streams of very different characteristics in many parts of the country; the belief too that the rainbow would thrive in still water induced many owners of ponds and lakes where trout had never been seen to experiment for the first time with the rainbow. By a comparison of the experience of those gentlemen who have thus dealt with him in stream and pond, it is now possible, as the writer believes, to arrive at a more or less accurate estimate of his value.

With the very best will in the world to come to an opposite conclusion, it is to be feared that the rainbow must at last be abandoned as a trout suitable for British streams. There is a continuous record during nine years of his reluctance to establish himself in running water, and the list of streams from which he has disappeared is a tolerably comprehensive one. This includes the Wyre, Hull, Coquet, Nidd, Lunn, and Dove; the Windrush, Kennet, Thames, and Lea; the Test, Itchen, Taw, and Torridge. All these streams have been planted at various times with rainbow, and with the same result. Yearling or two-year-old fish will remain near the place where they are liberated until they are old enough to spawn; there will be some attempt at that operation, after which they will disappear, though sterile fish may haunt the place for a year longer. If the fish are mature when turned in their disappearance will but be the earlier. On the famous Houghton Club water at Stockbridge, on the Test, a number of large rainbow were liberated in April of 1899. Just two months later an *irideus* of one foot six inches in length was taken near Romsey, which must have travelled some ten or twelve miles down stream at least. Nothing has been seen of the others in the Houghton water since the summer they were turned in. In 1900 the Piscatorial Society placed 150 large two-year-olds in the Kennet at Newbury. Two were caught with the fly a day later and returned, but the fish have not been seen since. In 1901 Major Terry and Mr. Corrie placed a number of large two-year-old rainbows in the Thames near Weybridge and at Reading. A few days later two were taken at Sonning and a little below Reading respectively, but rainbows have not again shown themselves in the Thames. In many other rivers they have not been seen since they were emptied out of the carriers. This was the case in the Windrush, the Coquet, the Taw, and Torridge. In others again they have remained for periods which seem to depend upon the age at which they are planted. The writer

has watched them grow from fry to pound fish in the little Dun at Hungerford, and has noted their disappearance in the third year, a disappearance followed by the usual report of a capture lower down, in the Kennet. He has seen the same thing in the Lea above Hatfield, and similar instances could probably be multiplied indefinitely by inquiry. A quite typical case of the behaviour of rainbow in English streams may perhaps be quoted in conclusion. In the winter of 1896-7 Mr. Capel Cure placed 500 yearling fish in the little Worfe, a short stream which joins the Severn below Bridgnorth. In the following summer they rose freely and were often caught and returned. In 1898 rainbow of half a pound were caught at Stableford, two and a half miles below, by Mr. Cecil



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LAKE AT LYONS, KILDARE

Corbett, who owns a fishing there. Since then no rainbow have been seen in the river until last year, 1903, when a two-year-old was taken at Stableford. There is a remote chance that this fish may have been a descendant of Mr. Capel Cure's original stock, but it is much more likely that it has escaped from some pond communicating with the upper waters of the river.

Thus the accumulated experience of British experiments with rainbow in running water seems to point to absolute failure, and authorities like Mr. Valentine Corrie of the Chilland fishery on the Itchen, who, as having had much to do with the hatching, rearing, and planting of *irideus* from the first, is a very competent judge, have

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at last abandoned the rainbow as a fish suitable for English streams. It is worthy of note also that the experience of American fish culturists has been very similar. Mr. Cheney, an American naturalist much interested in the subject, thus writes of his experiments: "I planted them and they disappeared, and friends planted them and they disappeared, and it was generally supposed that they found their way to the sea and never returned. They have been consistently planted in the streams of the Eastern States, but although there have been some reports of a few of the fish remaining in the deeper reaches of the lower waters, and in lakes through which the streams pass, the experiments have been quite unsuccessful, and their invariable tendency, as in England, is to work down stream and disappear."

It remains, nevertheless, to record that in one small stream in England the fish, as if to emphasize their inconstant qualities, seem to have reversed their usual habits in strange waters, and to have shown a disposition to adapt themselves to their surroundings. Some years ago rainbow trout were placed in the Meon, a little stream in South Hants containing indigenous trout, and there they have since remained. They spawn freely on natural redds, and the fry grow to maturity. Instead of disappearing down stream, the fish, like the indigenous trout, show a preference for the upper waters of the river. In the Meon they display their usual superiority to the common trout in the same surroundings, they are freer risers, and thrive better on the same food supply. Thus the indigenous trout reach an average of 8 oz., while the rainbow grow to just double that weight. The future of these fish in the Meon will be of interest to many fishermen and naturalists; but the writer believes that the owner of the water does not rely altogether upon a natural increase of his stock, but at intervals sets free a few hundreds of two-year-old rainbow in the river.

The rainbow's record in properly fenced ponds is much better, and it seems possible to hope that, with proper care in the selection of water, including the all-important question of food supply, he may yet become an interesting if exotic addition to the fish of such waters in this country. That he will live and thrive in most unpromising surroundings is certain. He has been kept for months in an eighty-gallon tank of stagnant water in a greenhouse with a plebeian carp and has grown and thriven. Rainbows have lived in a tank at the Zoological Gardens for years, where a rather pathetic effort at spawning may be witnessed each spring. No place seems too mean for *irideus* provided there is a natural food supply and that he is not overcrowded; though he bears close quarters better than other trout. The writer knows a mere puddle of a clay pond surrounded by oak

trees in Sussex, in which some half-dozen yearlings were placed five years ago. In summer the pond, which is fed by surface water only, shrinks to the most scanty of proportions. Yet five of the original stock are still to be seen and have attained a goodly growth of some 3 lb. each. There is good weed in the pond, but its bottom is full of mud and decayed oak leaves; and yet the fish are apparently in fine condition, though in summer their back fins are often out of water. Such instances of rainbow doing well in the most adverse circumstances are common throughout the country, and have been frequently recorded in the sporting papers.

In ponds, then, and such waters as have a natural food supply and can be securely fenced, the rainbow appears to be a success. He has the great merit of being the least cannibalistic of trout, as appears quite convincingly from Mr. Moreton Frewen's experience with him at the Inver fishery in Galway. Here, upon emptying a small pond, numbers of very small fry which had come down from another pond through the screen were found in the company of several hundred large yearlings. In another, 600 two-year-olds were found dwelling together in amity with yearlings of less than half their size. Another of his merits is that the rainbow grows much faster than ordinary brown or leven trout in the same surroundings, and rises more freely at the fly. The ideal water for the rainbow is one where there is a small feeder entering the pond over shallows and such an outflow as can be screened with absolute security. The shallow is desirable, apart from all considerations of an increase of stock, as a means of inducing the fish to shed their spawn. The security of the fencing is fundamental to the success of rainbow in ponds, where the slightest encouragement will infallibly lead to the fish indulging in his propensity for wandering. Thus Mr. Grey, of Brimpton in Berkshire, discovered that nearly two thousand yearlings passed through a rat-hole in the bank of one of his ponds during a single night.

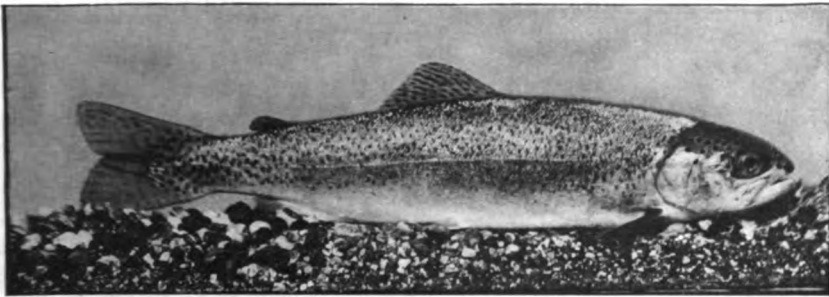
The most valuable experience with rainbow in ponds known to the writer is that of Mr. Richard Ramsden, who was one of the first to experiment with the fish, and had them under observation at Chadwick Manor in Warwickshire for nearly ten years. This so far is a rare experience in this country, and Mr. Ramsden's notes, which he has kindly placed at the disposal of the writer, have thus a peculiar value. In February of 1890 Mr. Ramsden placed 100 rainbow yearlings with 300 leven and 200 fario in a pond of two-thirds of an acre in extent, shallow on the whole, but with a few square yards of a depth of some six feet. The pond maintained a fairly equable temperature, was supplied by a small spring, had a sluice for emptying, and a thoroughly fenced storm outlet. In 1891 he caught with the fly rainbow up to $12\frac{1}{2}$ oz., the largest leven

taken reaching only 9 oz. In the following year the rainbows caught had attained 1 lb. 5½ oz., the levens 1 lb. 2 oz., and the fario 8 oz. only. This proportion of increase was maintained during the nine years Mr. Ramsden remained at Chadwick. He found that excessive heat in summer and cold in winter were fatal to a certain proportion of all the species, which died impartially of white fungus in the summer and of want of aeration under ice in very cold weather like the winter of 1895. Further experience suggested the advisability of emptying the pond every third year and of re-stocking with fish of the same age. Mr. Ramsden is of opinion that the fish attain their maximum growth of about 2 lb. 2 oz. in that period, and that such as had not been caught became shy and would not rise at the fly. Under this treatment all the trout did well, and Mr. Ramsden always accounted for a large proportion of the fish turned in. Rainbow invariably headed the others in growth, and in one year yearling fish placed in the water in March had grown to a pound weight in October. Mr. Ramsden sums up his experience by saying that the rainbow is quite as hardy as leven or fario, grows faster than either, rises more freely, plays better, and is the prettier fish. He is of opinion that in such shallow waters as his the fish should be provided with shelter, such as large drainpipes, and that thick and fast growing weed in which the fish are apt to get entangled and killed should be kept down. He also notes incidentally that even in absolutely secure water like his own, *fontinalis* disappear completely in the third year after being turned in.

Lord Cloncurry's experience with rainbow at Lyons, in co. Kildare, is also of great interest. Some seven years since a quantity of ova were hatched in a "floating box," and about 1,200 fry which resulted were turned into the lake in Lyons Park in June. The water is large, covering forty-three acres, and at that time contained other fish; but it is accurately fenced, is fed by springs and surface water only, and the storm water is under perfect control by screens and sluices. In the second spring following, that is twenty-one months after the fry were liberated, the lake was emptied. Eighteen rainbow trout were then found, no fish weighing less than four pounds, and two females scaling five and a quarter pounds each. This is perhaps the quickest growth of rainbow in Great Britain yet recorded, apart from hand-fed fish. A year later Lord Cloncurry decided to devote the water entirely to rainbow. The lake was completely drained and its bottom allowed to lie fallow and open to the sun for a whole summer. Beds of gravel, too, enclosed in crescent-shaped structures of masonry without mortar, were disposed at intervals about the bottom with the hope of inducing the fish to spawn. By June of 1902 the lake had

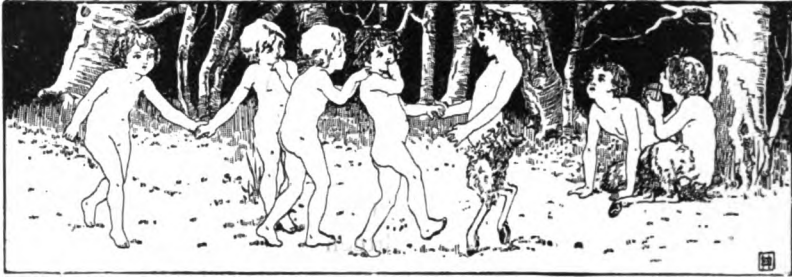
refilled, and in that month was stocked with 16,000 rainbow fry without fish life of any other sort. It is now full of fish, and is probably the finest rainbow water in these islands. There is a close growth of bottom weed which provides a plentiful food supply, chiefly snail, as well as vast numbers of a large olive dun. The trout are doing amazingly well, though none have been caught equalling the weights of the eighteen which had the forty-three acres to themselves.

It would seem, then, that the experience of those who have dealt with the rainbow on this side of the Atlantic points generally to the same conclusion, that the fish is of uncertain habits and can only be profitably adopted in waters where he can be watched and kept under strict control. Thus it is found that the date of the spawning season varies very considerably according to locality. In certain northern waters this arrives as early as December, which has led to a hope, at present unfulfilled, that the rainbow might be



RAINBOW TROUT

classed with the common trout. In the south of England, on the other hand, the fish commonly spawn as late as May, but hand feeding may hasten the process by two or three months. The great mystery of the rainbow's propensity to wander down stream and to disappear in the sea remains unexplained. That he should seek the salt water is not surprising. It is well established that in many British streams the common trout visit regularly the brackish waters of the estuaries, and return much improved in condition, while in New Zealand the habit has become so confirmed in certain waters as to convert the common trout into a migrant. But there seems no instance known of the rainbow retracing his way to the fresh water, and his disappearance in the sea seems to point to some instinct connected with a development which is at present incomplete. In any case the moral for the fish breeder is to keep him only in water where his propensity to wander may be prevented, and fortunately he suffers nothing from such discipline.



A YEAR OF WOMEN'S GOLF

BY MRS. R. BOYS

WHEN it is possible to point to progress the task of recording the events of a golfing year is a pleasant one, and this season's diary shows no retrograde step.

When golf first appeared in the "Anglo-Saxon" world, the man golfer prated scoffingly of its ever becoming a woman's game. But now we have changed all that. The standard of play attained to by women has placed them beyond the lash of the golfing critic. Indeed it is generally acknowledged that a "scratch woman" and a man with a handicap of four are equal in strength over links of three miles length, though not on longer links where holes run to 450 yards. On such a course a man of four can still give a third when on the top of his game to a woman playing from scratch. Of course it is equally absurd to go to the other extreme and declare that women may some day be on a par with scratch men. Obviously, from want of physical strength, they can never attain to the same length off the tee or through the green, and it is improbable that their long game will develop further than now attained. But in the short game, their approach play and putting can be, and frequently are, on an equality with, if not superior to, that of the average man. One can only generalise in making such statements; there are always exceptions which give the lie to all theoretical arguments.

One of the disappointments of this season has been the absence of Miss Rhona Adair from all the important competitions. Miss Adair gave up golf for several months after the Troon Championship, it being apparent then that she was thoroughly overstrained. It was, however, hoped that a long rest would be sufficient, and that the Championship of 1905 would see her entirely restored to health, and able to play her usual perfect game. But though practically well, Miss Adair was dissuaded from attending the big events of this season, and doubtless the severe mental and physical strain would have

been inadvisable. A Championship without Miss Adair unquestionably lacks some of its interest, but a new feature was forthcoming to make up for the disappointment caused by her absence. It was rumoured early in the year that the Championship would be given an international interest by the invasion of American golfers. The rumour at first gained no credence, until Miss Dod returned from the States and announced with the voice of authority that several American golfers intended competing in our Open Championship.

With their laurels in danger, our British players were given a fresh stimulus, and doubtless with a view of testing their skill against a large field, Ranelagh drew the *élite* of the golfing world from Ireland, Scotland, and the North of England, the entry reaching the phenomenal total of 250. From Ireland came Mrs. Hezlet and her two daughters, Miss May and Miss F. Hezlet; while Scotland sent of its best, Miss Glover; and the North of England was represented by Miss E. C. Neville. But neither the Scottish nor English player achieved glory. That fell to Miss May Hezlet "in full measure running over." Her sojourn in England was a series of golfing triumphs.

At the Barnehurst meeting on the day before Ranelagh, against a field of strong opponents, Miss May Hezlet secured the scratch prize, and also the prize for the best aggregate of two drives. Miss Hezlet's drives measured (carry and run) an average of 171 yards, Miss Glover's aggregate being only half a yard less. On both days of the Ranelagh meeting, Miss Hezlet returned the lowest scratch score—80 on the first and 76 on the second day. From Ranelagh she went north to Lytham and St. Anne's; and again meeting with deserved success, she returned to Ireland laden with silver trophies.



MISS B. THOMPSON (CHAMPION 1905) PUTTING

What wonder, then, that the finger of prophecy during the succeeding weeks was pointed persistently towards Miss May Hezlet as the undoubted Irish Champion and the probable Open Champion for 1905. The first part of this prognostication was speedily verified, as in the beginning of May the Irish Championship took place at Portsalon, and Miss M. Hezlet again secured the gold medal. From this championship Miss Rhona Adair and Miss Walker Leigh were the most noticeable absentees. The semi-finalists were the three Miss Hezlets and Miss Murray. Miss M. Hezlet easily defeated Miss Murray, but Miss V. and Miss F. Hezlet had a keen struggle, the latter eventually winning. In the final between Miss May Hezlet and her youngest sister, who is only seventeen, some excellent golf was played, the elder only winning on the seventeenth green.

When writing of the important events of the year, county golf must not be forgotten. The season has been a most successful one, and the four divisions have evolved the following winners: for the south-east, Middlesex after a tie with Sussex; for the south-west, Gloucestershire; for the Midlands, Worcestershire; and for the north, Yorkshire. Special mention must be made of Sussex, which from being quite one of the minor counties, developed during the season by careful pilotage under the command of a most energetic and capable captain, Miss Starkie Bence, into one of the strongest counties in the south-eastern division, and only lost the tie with Middlesex for the position of divisional winner by one point.

Ignorant people have declared that the duties of a golf captain are neither so arduous nor so important as those of the captain of a hockey team. The success attained by Sussex proves how erroneous is this theory. The duties of a county captain are multitudinous. First, she has in many instances to discover her team, as frequently a county possesses players of exceptional merit who, like the modest violet, have been hidden in some unknown corner. These a county captain brings forward and places with discretion in her team. Another important point is the arrangement of the team in order of merit. She may be so fortunate as to captain a team of players of equal merit, and if so, much tact is required to prevent "A" being offended by "B" taking precedence of her. Care must also be exercised to prevent "A" guessing the reason of "B's" exaltation. No wise captain would dream of letting "A" know that she thinks "B" is less nervous in a difficult match, or is not so prone to lose heart, or possesses a calmer temperament. It is a captain who studies all the varied attributes of her team who steers them to victory, and the duties of such a captain are unceasing and often most thankless.

By the third week in May the eyes of all golfing ladies were turned towards Cromer, where, on May 28th, 137 competitors intended doing battle for the Open Blue Ribbon.

Never has the title "Open" been of such significance as this year, for by its generous decree nine American ladies were able to enter and compete for our national trophy. The most prominent of these United States representatives were Miss Bishop, the present American Champion, and Miss Griscom, the ex-Champion of 1899 and 1900. The others were Miss Adams, Miss E. Lockwood, Miss E. Burnett, Miss M. and Miss H. Curtis, Mrs. Battle, and Mrs. J. Martin. These nine ardent and most capable golfers were to be seen on the links some ten days prior to the Championship



MISS GLOVER DRIVING

(Photograph by Mr. A. Dod)

assiduously practising. They had come to emulate if possible the feat of their countryman, Mr. Travis, who last year carried away across the "Herring Pond" our Amateur Challenge Cup. They were delightfully modest over their prospect of success, frankly allowing that their chance of "lifting" the Cup was but a "slim" one. "We are out of practice," Miss Bishop said, sadly, "and cannot even show you our best; but you must remember in our defence that we play little serious golf after the fall." Then with a gleam of American humour she added, drily, "But I reckon we are all triers."

With true national grit they sportingly challenged a team of

British players, a challenge which was gladly accepted. With the fear engendered by the prospect of meeting an unknown quantity our team was drawn from the best material. Each member had been a medallist in either the Open, Scottish, or Irish Championships. Miss Dod, playing at the top, suffered defeat at the hands of the American Champion, but the match had to go to the nineteenth green before Miss Bishop won. None of the other Americans was successful: Miss M. Hezlet and Miss M. Graham defeated Miss M. Curtis and Miss M. Adams; Miss E. C. Nevile, playing a remarkably strong game, gave Miss H. Curtis no opportunities. Miss F. Hezlet was too good for Miss Lockwood, and Miss Glover and Miss Dorothy Campbell helped to increase Britain's total by defeating Miss Griscom and Mrs. Martin. The Americans wore no national emblems, but it was reported that each player came on the first tee humming the same tune. No one appeared to recognise the air, but it was assumed that it had some national significance.

With regard to their play. Miss Bishop, the Champion, obviously holds her position by merit. She is a very long player with a full swing and with considerable follow through. Her drives are immense, and her iron play equally strong. The eighteenth hole at Cromer, which is played from a high hill down on to a green in the hollow in front of the club-house, a distance of 230 yards, Miss Bishop drove with a cleek. She is seldom in difficulties, owing to the straightness of her shots and her practical common sense in attempting no hazards which she doubts her ability to make.

Miss Griscom, who was one of the first American women to take up golf, is remarkably steady both off the tee and through the green, but rarely competes in score competitions—and did not do so at Cromer—as she has an objection to score play. She has wisely devoted much time to attaining proficiency with her iron clubs, and the result justifies the labour, as this ex-champion is celebrated for her uniformly accurate approach play and putting.

Of the Misses Curtis, Miss Margaret was preceded by the reputation of being a “a phenomenal driver,” and this she has fully corroborated. She was runner-up to Miss Griscom in the Championship of 1899, and each year her golf has gained in brilliancy and power.

Miss Lockwood is also very steady, and in both the Medal competitions at Sheringham and Cromer returned good scores.

But, alas for the hopes of Miss Griscom, Miss Lockwood, and Mrs. Bettel! The second heat of the Championship, which was played off on Monday afternoon, saw them all three defeated. Miss Lockwood fell before Miss Steel (Huddersfield), who is an extremely strong member of the Yorkshire county team. Miss Griscom, after

a determined fight which lasted to the eighteenth green, was defeated by Mrs. G. Hunter, the captain of the Middlesex County Club, who is reputed to be the most tenacious of match players; while Mrs. Bettie, who is not so fine a player as either Miss Lockwood or Miss Griscom, succumbed more easily to Miss N. Evans (Woolton).

But in speaking of the Americans we have advanced too far and have not mentioned the preliminary stages of the great golfing carnival, the matches between teams of English, Irish, and Scottish players. Last year at Troon Scotland proved triumphant, a victory the uncharitable accounted for by the victors being on their



MRS. J. N. MARTIN (AMERICAN) DRIVING FROM FIRST TEE

(Photograph by Mr. A. Dod)

native heath, and, in consequence, having more material from which to select. But at Cromer, Scotland playing over strange lands again achieved victory and accomplished the difficult task by superior merit, though both matches were only won by the narrow margin of one point. The new rule which decrees that the sole qualification for an international player must be birth in the country represented has been productive of several surprises and much disappointment. Mrs. Hezlet, who has hitherto always played for Ireland, could not continue to do so as she is by birth an Englishwoman. Mrs. Willock, one of England's strong representatives, had to stand aside as she

was born in Scotland; while Miss Lloyd Roberts, who had been selected to play for England, was discovered at the last moment to be of the nationality her name portends—Welsh.

In the Medal competition, organised by the Sheringham Club on the Saturday before the Championship, the unexpected happened. The best scratch score, 88, was returned by Miss Morant, a member of the Devonshire county team; Miss M. Hezlet, Miss E. C. Neville, and Miss D. Campbell being all 93.

The preliminary score competition on the day before the actual Championship began saw Miss Dorothy Campbell, Bronze Medallist of 1904, in the van, with an excellent score of 82, which represented practically faultless golf. Miss F. Hezlet and Miss Glover tied for



MISS CAMPBELL DRIVING V. MISS E. C. NEVILLE

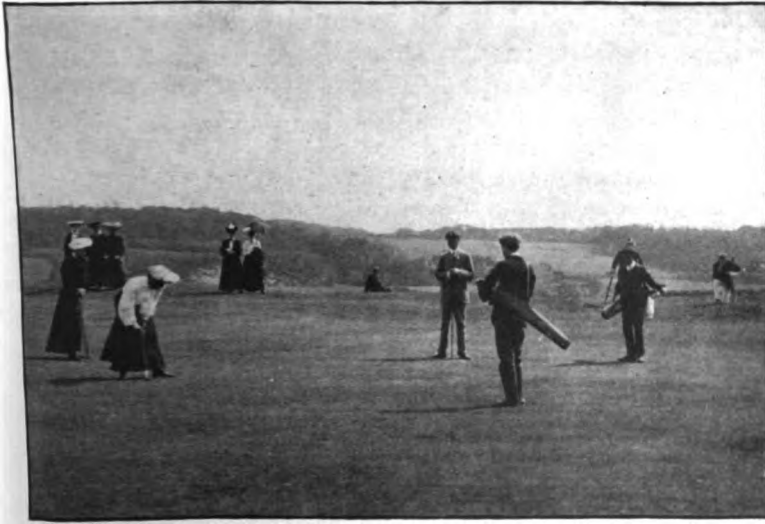
(*Photograph by Mr. A. Dod*)

second place with 86. On playing off this tie Miss F. Hezlet won with an 84, Miss Glover taking 2 more.

The first two heats of the Championship consisted, as someone sarcastically remarked, "in weeding out the players who had no qualifications to be there"; but though this was practically true, several were beaten who were most qualified to compete. Among these were the three Americans already mentioned—Miss Lockwood, Miss Griscom, and Mrs. Bettle.

Of the 137 entrants—a record entry—only eighteen played in the first heat, the others passing into the second heat, thus leaving sixty-four competitors in the tournament at the end of the first day.

In addition to the three Americans, the only other important competitors who were defeated on the first day were Miss V. Hezlet, who fell before Miss M. Graham, the Scottish Champion; Miss K. Moeller, Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, the Hon. Lois Yarde Buller, and Miss E. L. Kennedy. Wednesday, the second day of the tournament, was a day of startling surprises. Miss May Hezlet's defeat by Miss Stuart of the same club (Portrush) came as a severe shock. Miss Stuart played a brilliant game, allowing the Irish Champion, who was rather wild in her direction, no opportunities for recovery. In the morning the two Misses Curtis (U.S.A.) met, and the elder, as she has always done on previous occasions, defeated the younger. Another American also fell—Miss Burnet, of Misquamant—before



MRS. BROWN PUTTING V. MISS ADAMS ON FIRST GREEN.

(Photograph by Mr. A. Dod)

Miss Issette Pearson, the Hon. Sec. of the Ladies' Golf Union. The same afternoon saw the defeat of the Champion, Miss L. Dod. But that did not cause so much consternation as Miss M. Hezlet's fall, as Miss Dod was known to be playing weakly with her wooden clubs, and under these conditions there was no hope of her going far. And yet another favourite fell in Miss Glover, who was beaten by Miss Titterton (Musselburgh), a Bronze Medallist of 1897. Miss E. C. Nevile and Miss Dorothy Campbell, two medallists of previous Championships, had a keen match, but the Scottish player proved the stronger.

By the end of the second day's play sixteen remained, including two Americans, Miss M. Adams and Miss M. Curtis. The British

players were Miss D. Evans, Mrs. F. W. Brown, Mrs. Willock, Mrs. Boys, Miss E. Steel, Miss Bertha Thompson, Miss Titterton, Miss D. Campbell, Miss Lloyd Roberts (who had defeated the American Champion, Miss Bishop, on the eighteenth green), Miss F. Hezlet, Miss Stuart, Miss Maitland, Miss Fennette Smith, and Miss M. Graham. Truly the mortality among the favourites had been great. The strongest players in the remaining sixteen were thought to be Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss M. Graham, Miss F. Hezlet, and Miss B. Thompson; but Thursday evening saw only two of the four successful, Miss F. Hezlet and Miss M. Graham having succumbed.

In the last eight there was only one American, Miss Adams, Miss M. Curtis being beaten by Miss B. Thompson, though not until the match had been taken to the nineteenth green. Later in the same day, however, Miss Adams fell before Mrs. F. Brown.

The semi-finals on the last day were between Mrs. F. Brown and Miss Thompson, and Miss Dorothy Campbell and Miss Stuart. The latter match again illustrated the beautiful uncertainty of golf, as Miss Dorothy Campbell, the favourite, was beaten with startling ease. Miss Campbell was not playing well, while Miss Stuart's golf was faultless. Mrs. Brown's defeat by Miss B. Thompson was more or less anticipated.

The final drew a most orderly "gallery" of about one thousand spectators, and they were rewarded by "exhibition" golf for the first nine holes, both players going out in 39. Coming home the golf deteriorated, and Miss Thompson, gradually drawing ahead, won by 3 up and 2 to play. Miss B. Thompson's win is a most popular one. She has played in several Championships, but has never previously reached the semi-final. Miss Thompson has an extremely pretty, graceful, and yet most effective, style. A full swing with a good follow through enables her to get away long balls, and her iron play and putting are equally excellent.

There are several lessons to be learnt from this year's Championship. First in importance is the obvious folly of holding so many events in the week prior to the Championship. The strain of the international matches is a most severe one, and on the top of these there were the Open Medal competition at Sherringham and a similar event at Cromer. The international matches are delightful and no one could wish to abandon them, but all preliminary score competitions should be avoided. They only exhaust the strength of the competitors.

Another lesson to be deducted is the undesirability of allowing players to compete in the Championship who rejoice in long handicaps. At the meeting which was held at Cromer to decide on the links for the Championship of 1906, some stringent remarks were

made on the necessity for passing some rule which would reduce the numbers entering for the Championship. It was suggested that competitors should be limited to those who had handicaps of six and under in their own clubs; but in opposition to this it was pointed out that handicaps in clubs could not always be accepted as the hall-mark of a player's form, as frequently a player with a handicap of scratch in a small club, where the other members are poor performers, is really only on a par with a player in a large club with a handicap of ten. Another speaker rather wittily suggested that the entrance fee for the Championship should be regulated by the handicaps—thus a scratch player would pay nothing, a player with a handicap of one,



MISS E. C. NEVILLE DRIVING TO SIXTH HOLE

(Photograph by Mr. A. Dod)

on the shilling, and so on. The lady who made this suggestion added, amid much laughter, that judging by this year's entry the Ladies' Golf Union would find this scheme of some pecuniary benefit. But surely the simplest way out of the difficulty is to allow all those who are conscious of their limitations—and indeed there are many such righteous ones—to have the privilege of playing on the Championship links after the competitors have started and the entrée of the club-house. That concession would remove the greater number of the superfluous ones, who have hitherto only entered for "the fun of the thing" or to obtain the privileges just mentioned.

But it should be remembered that it was not the number of matches which had to be played in the Championship which was directly responsible for the jaded condition of our best players. That was practically accomplished before the Championship commenced—several being tired out by the strain of what they had gone through during the previous week.

Miss M. Hezlet, who during the spring had been on the top of her game with indeed no rival, had, however, evidently overplayed before she arrived at Cromer, as from the first her game was not up to her standard.

The Championship alone is a severe strain on any woman's physique. Two matches a day entail between eight and nine miles walking, and in addition to the play there is the mental wear and tear of a keen match, it being no unusual thing for a match to be carried to the eighteenth or even nineteenth and twentieth greens. The white, drawn faces of the competitors when they reach the eighteenth green in a hard-fought match are a sufficient indication of their mental and physical exhaustion. The Champion, Miss Bertha Thompson, in the fifth and sixth heats took her match with Miss M. Curtis (U.S.A.) to the nineteenth green, and her match with Miss Steel to the twentieth green. Miss Thompson is famed for always having the stiffest matches in the Championships; in fact, when she is out and a match is noticed from a distance going to the nineteenth green for settlement, the onlookers listlessly turn their heads away with the remark, "Oh, it's only Miss Thompson." This want of interest when Miss Thompson ties with her opponents on the last green is solely due to her extraordinary knack of pulling off a win after a tie. "Oh, Bertha will win now!" her friends joyfully exclaim on these occasions, and their confidence is rarely, if ever, misplaced.

The Americans avoid the severe strain of a long tournament by holding a qualifying score competition for which all may compete, but only the first thirty-two are allowed to enter for the championship. Against this score qualifying competition it is argued that a really fine player may have bad luck at one hole and so ruin her score. But fozzling at one hole does not accomplish so much disaster as the opposers to the qualifying competition try to make out. This was conclusively proved at Cromer, when Miss Glover, in playing off her tie with Miss F. Hezlet for the second prize in the Medal competition, took 9 to the first hole, and yet was able to return a card of 86, which was only four points more than Miss Dorothy Campbell's winning score.

The length of the Troon course and the length of the Cromer course are within 127 yards of each other, Troon being the longer.

The competitors were, however, very emphatic in declaring that Troon was infinitely more difficult and much longer than Cromer. Certainly at Troon last year Miss Glover's score of 81 was considered "marvellous" and no one was able to lower her record, while at Cromer Miss Dorothy Campbell's score of 82 was not thought more than "excellent," as several others, including Miss E. C. Nevile and Miss M. Hezlet, had been round previously in 78.

It is said that a Championship played over a short course invariably evolves a winner who is not quite in the first flight. Miss B. Thompson, judging by the opinion of the Championship Committee who selected the British team to meet the American team, cannot be regarded as in the first seven. Yet the exclusion of Miss



MISS THOMPSON DRIVING TO SEVENTH HOLE IN FINALS

Thompson from the British team appeared by subsequent results as a mistake in the judgment of the Selection Committee.

From the outset of the tournament, Miss Thompson played a most consistently steady game. Possibly she was never playing as faultlessly as did Mrs. Brown in her match with Mrs. Durlacher, or Miss M. Graham when playing Miss V. Hezlet and Miss Morant, or Miss Glover, Miss Dorothy Campbell, and Miss Stuart in several of their matches; but the play of these ladies deteriorated, while Miss B. Thompson played as fine a game in her last match as she did in her first. Many will, however, agree that Miss M. Hezlet, Miss E. C. Nevile, Miss Glover, Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss Dod, and Miss M. Graham are more "brilliant" golfers than Miss Thompson when playing at the top of their form, but for the moment

Miss Thompson was their superior, and during that moment she was fortunate enough to win the much-coveted Gold Medal.

Some regret was expressed that none of the Americans passed into the semi-finals. It was thought that the play of Miss Bishop, the American Champion, and that of Miss M. Curtis quite justified their being medallists. It is a sad reflection that it was rumoured the Americans were disappointed in our standard of play. We, on the other hand, willingly admit their standard is considerably higher than we were given to expect. Indeed their long game could not be finer. It is only in their approaching and putting that they show any weakness. As one of them pithily remarked, "I say, you English make us look like 30 cents when we get near the green." Then she added with cheerful optimism, "Ah! but we're young yet."

What the result will be after they have concentrated their attention on their approach play, and putting—as they announced their intention of doing—is alarming to contemplate. Probably a repetition of Mr. Travis's exploit of last year.

Not only as golfers did these ladies win golden opinions, but from all sides one heard the same tale: "They are real good sorts, sporting to their finger-tips, and whether they win or lose they are equally cheerful." The bond of close fellowship between the two nationalities could not have been more cordial, and Americans and British parted with unfeigned regret and with many promises of future meetings.

The last dramatic little scene which took place at the termination of the final is a fitting example of the delightful spirit of cordiality which prevailed at Cromer. When Miss Thompson won she was surrounded by the applauding spectators, and at one time seemed in danger of being overwhelmed by friendly congratulations from English, Irish, Scottish, and Americans. Finally, in their exuberant delight, two well-known Scottish players picked the English Gold Medallist up and carried her on their shoulders for some yards, in spite of her laughing protests. Then, as she reached the ground, an American seized her hand and exclaimed heartily: "Let me give you a shake from Amurrika!"



LIVING FOR SPORT ON £156 PER YEAR

BY ALEX W. PERRY

PEOPLE who are fairly well off make it a kind of daily gospel to get more, and men who are absolutely rich slave like blackmen in their endeavours to become more wealthy. But are either of them really happy, free from worry, and unknown to a doctor in his professional capacity? I think not. The searcher after wealth is never in a happy state of mind, and his brain acting on his body makes him irritable and imaginative. If people would only be satisfied with moderate incomes and live an active country life, and indulge in its sporting pleasures (and by "sporting" I do not mean horse-racing), there would be far more happiness in the world and much less poverty amongst the really deserving poor.

Now, I am a bachelor of thirty-eight years of age, and possess a net private income of £156 per annum. My relatives call me selfish because I will not marry, and because some years ago I withdrew all my capital from a city business in which I took an active part, and out of which I was drawing something like £500 per annum. I do not dislike business or work, but, as most men know to their cost, a city life is not conducive to good health, and, to put it quite plainly, I much prefer an active outdoor life of pleasurable sport to commercial worry. "So does everyone else!" you will naturally mentally remark, "but you can't do it on £3 per week." I do "do it" on sixty shillings per week, and I guarantee that I get more golf, cricket, lawn tennis, beagle and otter hunting and fishing than many of you who possess an income of a thousand pounds per annum.

If you only manage your expense account upon some well-worked-out basis, it is surprising how far £156 can be made to go even when spread over twelve months. Then, again, I am to-day in perfect health, happy, contented, and without a single worry; whereas, when I was in the city, what with its everlasting whisky-and-soda, its big dinners, and its general high-pressure brain work, I was never free for a single day from taking some kind of medicine or other.

Now, I suppose you are anxious to see my balance-sheet. Before producing it, however, let me write one or two explanatory notes. My present home is situated in a little seaside town noted for its golf links and its fishing, and is within convenient distance of the kennels of both the otter and beagle packs. In every seaside town, be it large or small, there are more boarding houses than are really required for the accommodation demanded. Some of these places are very good, and some very bad. It is only with the good ones we need to deal, and the house I am at present living in often during the season sits down as many as one hundred people to meals. So, you see, my home is not a small one. If you only stay a week or so in these places the proprietors make you pay fairly high for your accommodation; but if you fix up some arrangement with them to spend, as I do, ten months out of the year at their establishment, they will take you at an inclusive charge of 25s. per week—and by “inclusive” I mean you are found in food, lights, rooms, and attendance.

The price I have named seems at a first glance somewhat absurd, but just reason it out and see what it means to the proprietor of the establishment, who is only really busy for the two summer months of the general holiday season. In my present home there are nine of us who are all-the-year-round residents, and our total payment amounts to £11 5s. per week. In addition to this the proprietor reaps a rich harvest from week-end golfers who come to our “place,” as they know they are sure to get a match with one of us residents, and they also assure themselves of some society for the evening.

Then, again, you may think that the class of food we receive must be very poor and badly cooked. Nothing of the kind; and, gentle reader, I do not want to brag, but if you are an ordinary British householder, I guarantee that I live better and have greater variety of food than you do in *your* castle. Here is a sample day:—

For Breakfast.—Fish, bacon and eggs, ham, tea, coffee, preserves, and toast.

Lunch.—A hot joint or a stew, cold meats, vegetables, pastry, biscuit and cheese.

Tea.—Tea, bread and butter, and cake.

Dinner.—Soup or fish, joints or poultry, sweets, cheese, biscuits, etc.

Now, that is not a bad menu, is it? And all for twenty-five shillings per week! Mind you, we are not stinted in our food, we can eat just as much or just as little as we please. There is nothing swagger about the food, but, to use an Essexism, "It's good plain English grub." Now, my honest householder and city man, with all your thousand pounds per annum, do you live much better than I do?

My "home" is not a specially low-priced one, nor is it unique. There are hundreds upon hundreds of similar establishments dotted around our coast-line. One word of warning, however: if you ever make up your mind to follow my example, be sure you do not select any of the smaller fry of boarding-houses, for they nearly all do you very badly.

Now, here is my balance-sheet covering a year's expenses. You will notice I have only charged ten months against the board-residence item. The odd two months I spend away from my "home," visiting friends and relations. As I have to do some little entertaining in return, I have, you will see, placed a lump sum to cover that expense.

	£	s.	d.
By Board-Residence, 44 weeks at 25s. per week	55	0	0
„ Entertaining friends, etc. - - - -	10	0	0
„ Golf club subscription - - - -	2	2	0
„ Cricket „ „ - - - -	0	10	6
„ Tennis „ „ - - - -	0	10	6
„ Golf expenses (averaged over the year) -	20	0	0
„ 1 doz. beer per week at 2s. 6d. - -	6	10	0
„ 1 bottle whisky „ at 3s. 6d. - -	9	2	0
„ 3 suits of clothes per year - - -	9	9	0
„ Hosiery, etc. - - - -	3	0	0
„ Washing bill, 6s. per month - -	3	12	0
„ Beagle and otter hounds subscription -	1	1	0
„ Railway fares, tips, and presents - -	6	0	0
Total expenditure - - -	£126	17	0
By Income per annum - - -	156	0	0
„ Expenditure - - -	126	17	0
By Balance - - -	29	3	0

It will be perfectly clear to you from the above figures that after paying my living and enjoyment expenses I have left over a sum

above ten shillings per week to pay for any extras I may require. I think there is only one item in my list that needs any explanation—the £20 charged for golf expenses. As a matter of fact, last year my golf expenses came to only £13 5s., but as I want to give a general average I have taken in the previous year's total. The money was spent in golf balls, a club or two, and the other general items so necessary to a golfer.

As you see, I have stinted myself in nothing. I live well, dress well, have heaps of friends, and live an outdoor life in pure air. Could a man with ten thousand a year do more? Of course he could not, and in addition he would have all the worries attendant on wealth.

I know a small certain income spells happiness, whereas a large one means anxiety and worry, and consequently bad health. Therefore I say, if you want to be really happy, take this advice and follow my lead, and get away from the big town into the country.





THE TANA RIVER

RHINOCEROS-SHOOTING ON THE EQUATOR

BY MRS. S. L. HINDE

IT is almost invariably the keenest desire of sportsmen to hunt and shoot dangerous animals, not because they are more difficult to kill, but because anything short of straight shooting lays the odds on brute strength and cunning against human wits. Curiously enough, certain of the antelopes become dangerous when wounded—bush-buck frequently charge, and charge home—and among all “harmless” animals there have been individual cases where the hunted becomes the hunter, and from the unexpectedness of the attack turns the tables upon him. All African natives are greatly afraid of zebra, and believe the bite to be fatal. If a zebra is down, and almost at his last gasp, a native will only approach him with the greatest caution; and though zebra meat is a coveted delicacy (no true Mahomedan may eat meat unless it has been orthodoxly killed, *i.e.* the throat must be cut whilst the animal is living) he will rather see the zebra die, and forego his feast, than run the remotest risk of a

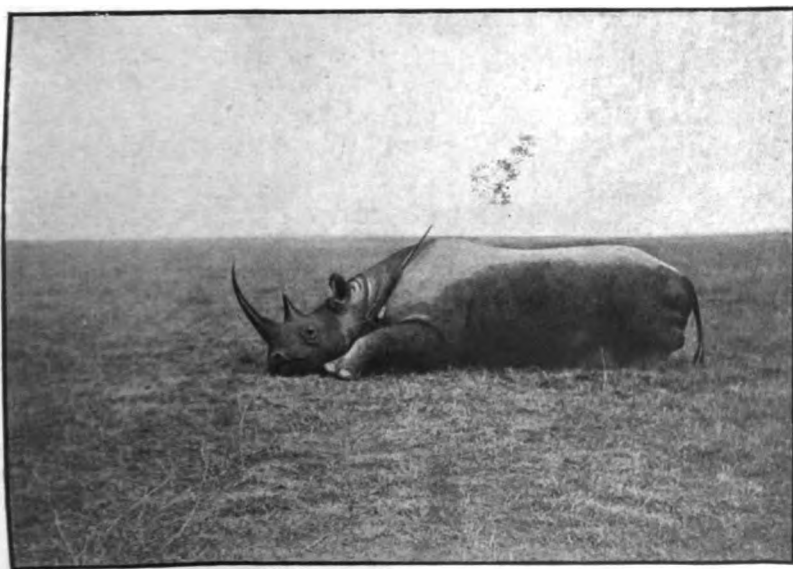
bite. This is the greatest mortification of the flesh, and could only be caused by genuine fear, as the native lives more for his meals than the veriest gourmand.

The number of women in the wild parts of Africa is fortunately not great, and the few who are there are compelled, if they wish to be anything but a burden to themselves and others, very materially to alter their previous methods of living. It is impossible for them to continue the kind of life they have been accustomed to, and only those who can readjust their ideas and habits have any chance of comfort. If a woman is able to take to sport (hunting and collecting), she keeps herself sound and interested. In an uncivilised land it is essential to have an occupation of this sort, for it means exercise, fresh air, employment, and skill, and the taste expands with the practice. To make a really good shot after a careful stalk, and see your beast fall dead without ever knowing he has been hit; to hunt a beast who knows you are after him, and to outwit and kill him in spite of his cunning—these are a sportsman's delights, and surely they are natural and wholesome.

In June 1903 I took out a game licence with the object of shooting a rhinoceros, though it was not until the following March that I succeeded in doing so. Sportsmen are not agreed on the subject of the dangerous character of rhino—some maintain that they are merely stupid; but if a deficient animal charges and digs his horn through an individual, or even only kneels on one, it is just as painful and disastrous as if he were quite intelligent. Rhino, even in places where they have not been hunted, will attack people who are walking along quietly, and the persistence with which they hunt and charge certainly looks as if they meant to do damage.

In a map recently made of parts of British East Africa, certain areas were specially marked "dangerous" entirely on account of the rhino inhabiting them; but whether their habits are the result of stupidity or of malice prepense is still a vexed question. In either case I was exceedingly anxious to shoot one. Their appearance is really against them, and, above all, they are difficult to kill. It seemed at first as if I should never even get a shot. In places where we had habitually seen them, they had either vanished or we sighted them in the distance and they made off before we could catch them up. On one occasion we pitched our camp near what we believed to be rhino ground. The place in which we expected to find them was a flat expanse, running along by a fairly large river, and dotted with a few trees. We rode for an hour and a half but saw nothing, and were at last reluctantly obliged to turn. Coming back, my husband put some of the men into the long grass on the edge of the river, thinking I might in this way get a shot at antelope,

as so late in the day it was certain a number of beasts would be sleeping in the reeds, and the men walking along would drive them out. Suddenly the front man, walking parallel with us, and just distinguishable in the grass, halted, and as he did so we saw, not five yards away, the horns of two rhino. It was useless to fire at horns, or even at the place where we knew the bodies belonging to them must be, as even a blade of grass will turn a small-bore bullet. We therefore tried to drive the beasts into the open. They were, however, much too cunning, and after showing themselves for a moment at the edge of the reeds they broke back, and we could see from our ponies that they were trotting along in the direction we had come



RHINOCEROS SHOT BY THE AUTHOR

from. As they did not reappear at the end of the patch of grass, we supposed they thought themselves safe and were lying down again in cover. My sais, who had climbed into a tree to command a larger range, began gesticulating violently, so I hoisted myself up beside him, and he pointed out the horns of the two beasts again appearing above the grass, this time at a distance of about ninety yards. From higher ground it was just worth taking a shot at them, though from a branch about six inches wide, which swayed up and down in a most *discom*posing manner, the rhino were in distinctly less danger than I was. In spite of these difficulties the shot must have been fairly *accurate*, as the rhino, with snorts and stamps, hurriedly departed ;

but though we gave chase and found their trail we could not get up with them.

The second chance occurred when we were travelling over certain parts of the country we had not previously journeyed in. We had pitched our camp on the Tana river, a particularly beautiful spot, though at this and in many other places the river's beauty is essentially un-African. It is very wide, with a slow, strong current, and huge trees with luxuriant undergrowth fringe its banks and hang into and over the water. These reaches of the river are singularly peaceful-looking, and but for the treacherous snags which

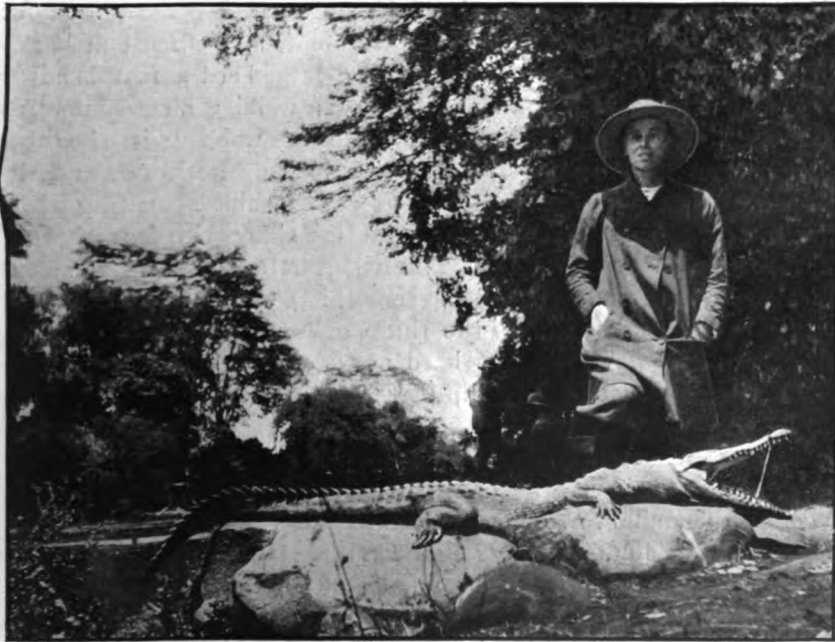


CARAVAN CROSSING THE THIKA RIVER

dot the water, and the chattering of the monkeys in the boughs, one might almost imagine oneself beside the Thames. Our lunch table was laid under the trees at the edge of the river, and it seemed curiously at variance with the loveliness of the surroundings that we were obliged to tie up the dogs in case a crocodile should snap one of them up. The Tana swarms with crocodiles, and to see two or three dozen of these brutes of all sizes lying on a sand-spit is a common sight. They lie absolutely immovable, looking like logs washed up by the tide; but the slightest rustle will startle them into

activity, and they silently sink into the water and out of sight, only an occasional ripple on the smooth surface of the river betraying their watchful presence. All human creatures, of whatever race, combine in their loathing of crocodiles, and it is almost a matter of etiquette to fire at one on sight.

Crocodiles formed the topic of conversation, and my husband was saying how in the Congo they were frequently shot in trees. The rest of the party received this statement with a distinct show of incredulity, when one of the boys called out, "A crocodile, a crocodile!" And there, a visible illustration of the habit, was one lying on the branch of a tree projecting over the water on the



THE AUTHOR AND HER FIRST CROCODILE

opposite bank of the river. My Mannlicher was in my hand before the boy had finished speaking, and sitting on the edge of the bank I fired. Crocodiles are easy enough to hit and to kill, but they are very difficult to bag, as wherever they are hit they seem able to wriggle, and they wriggle themselves into deep water and are carried away by the current. I was, however, successful with mine—he opened his mouth very wide and shut it with a snap several times, and then wriggled off the tree, fortunately towards the bank and into a shallow. The men crossed the river at a ford a few hundred

yards lower down, and dragged my victim back with them. He was stone dead when they found him; but even so, and though they knew this, they could hardly be induced to touch the brute. Though I had previously hit many crocodiles, this was the first one I had bagged.

We were actually on our way back, and only two days from the station, when the long-deferred opportunity came. It was a very hot day, and the men who had been sent out early in the morning to look for rhino had probably merely gone out of sight of the camp and lain down under the nearest tree until they thought it was time to return, when they announced there were no rhino for miles in any direction. I was so disappointed that at two o'clock my husband suggested we should ride out and look for ourselves. As we wanted meat, I dismounted to shoot a hartebeeste, of which ugly animals there was a large herd a few hundred yards off. I took my Mannlicher and began walking slowly towards the herd; my husband, the ponies, and the men walking in the other direction. I was about two hundred yards from the herd, and was just going to sit down and fire, when I saw a rhino standing about three hundred yards off and just on the other side of the hartebeeste. I sat down and unloaded my Mannlicher, reloading it with solid bullets. My husband, seeing that something was happening, came towards me, but as he did so the rhino galloped off. I jumped on my pony and we gave chase as hard as we could. The hartebeeste fled in all directions, and in a dip in the ground we lost sight of the rhino.

A moment later we saw he had just crossed a nullah and was trotting slowly up the other side. This was excellent. We made for the nullah, reaching it just as our quarry arrived on the skyline, about a hundred yards off. I tumbled off my pony and was almost pulling the trigger, when a flock of rhino-birds accompanying the beast flew up off his back and gave the alarm; he did not hesitate a second, but made off again as hard as he could go, and as long as we could see him he was still moving. After so much bad luck this seemed almost like an interdict of Fate, and as it was getting late we were obliged to start back for camp. We were just remounting when my sais pointed excitedly up the nullah and said, "Another rhino." There, sure enough, was another, standing about three hundred yards off, and brilliantly red, after a mud bath he had evidently—as could be seen from the way the earth had been laid bare—just been taking. The nullah was sparsely dotted with trees and shrubs, and we crept along under cover of these till we were within about forty yards of our unsuspecting quarry, who continued to stand quite still, greatly enjoying the sunbath with

which he was concluding his toilet arrangements. I sat down on an ant-hill and fired before my husband or the other guns had covered the beast, and he fell right over with all his legs in the air. As rhino are often knocked down without being killed, and if one approaches them they get up and charge, I was not allowed to cross the nullah. Though we were pretty certain that this one was dead,



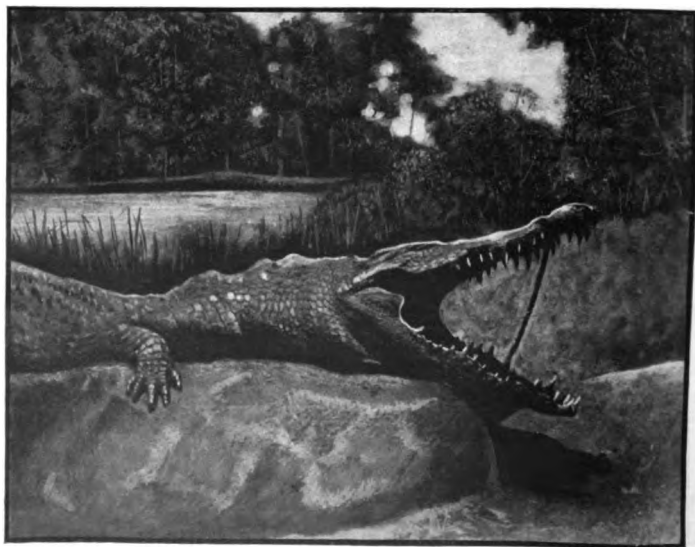
A CATCH IN THE TANA RIVER

one of the party crossed over to make sure, while my husband covered the animal from our side of the bank. This was, as it happened, an unnecessary precaution, as he was stone dead, the bullet having entered far back and having gone right through him, tearing every vital part as it went. On approaching the beast our friend called sharply to his man, who was too far ahead of him. As he called two more rhino got up out of the small stream where they

had evidently been lying, not five yards from my bag, and trotted up the bank. We did not see them for a moment, and I had then to take my rifle from my gun-bearer, so had not time to fire before they were over the rise and gone, removing the opportunity of the rather unusual bag of a right and left in rhinos.

The rhino-tail soup and rhino brains we had for dinner that night were, we all agreed, the best we had ever eaten.

Perhaps the size of Africa is its most continuously amazing feature: everything in and of the country is on an abnormally large scale. Extra large animals are shot on extra large plains; the rivers are extra large, and so are the fish in them. The accompanying photograph of an extra large fish speaks for itself. It would be laying oneself open to the charge of a proportionate disregard for truth to mention its weight, and I will only add that it was caught in the Tana river by a nigger policeman, with a bent pin and a piece of string—the bait was a worm.



BRIDGE

BY "PORTLAND"

MR. JOHN COLLIER'S striking picture in the Royal Academy of four Bridge-players, one of whom is obviously denouncing another as a cheat, has—if we except the rejected "Lycidas"—been the most talked-of exhibit of the year. As both accused and accuser are ladies, the situation depicted does not lack piquancy. It is easy to see that the player sitting down has committed no ordinary peccadillo to induce the lady standing up to look such withering scorn at her. It is obviously a case of downright cheating. The one lady has risen from her seat with the intention of leaving the table one may suppose, while from the frown upon the other's brow it is clear that winged words have accompanied the incident. The latter has the look of a guilty creature caught in the toils—vindictive and angry, but palpably found out. The men, it should be observed, are taking no part in the dispute.

The expressions on the faces of the players, the *mise-en-scène* and atmosphere in this realisation of the dramatic moment in the making of a card scandal, are all admirably conceived, and will appeal to every Bridge-player. But, at the same time, he will ask himself whether, if a lady were caught cheating, events would take quite this course? There are no doubt many impulsive damsels who would make a considerable to-do if they suddenly realised that they were being "done" of their pin-money at Bridge by unfair means, but to the majority of well-bred people there is something unutterably disagreeable about a dispute at the card-table. It is more likely, therefore, that the female sharper would go unpunished at the time of her detection, and that the innocent players would compare notes next day and jointly resolve to cut her in future.

It is, to say the least of it, very doubtful whether such a scene has ever had its counterpart in real life. Although there are many ways in which it is easy to take an unfair advantage of one's adversaries at Bridge, it is not a game which lends itself to downright and deliberate cheating. An unscrupulous player possessed of sleight-of-hand could no doubt contrive to give himself a sound no-trumper every time he had the deal; and there is also the simple expedient which any dishonest person may practise of looking over his opponents' cards. But apart from these two tricks of the sharper, each of which, if habitually indulged in, must inevitably be detected, it is hardly possible to conceive a method of cheating at Bridge without the aid of a confederate. A partner ready and willing to assist, might, of course, if previously coached, help one to defraud opponents by means of a secret code of signals; but it must be

remembered that we do not always play with the same partner. It is part of the game to cut afresh at the end of every rubber, and this is a great safeguard against any confederacy of the kind.

It is not pretended that it is absolutely impossible to cheat at Bridge. It is notorious that some players do not play so fair a game as others. Consciously or unconsciously they are in the habit of giving indications which it is difficult for even a scrupulously honourable partner to ignore, and this is a sufficiently serious matter to make one careful with whom one plays. But it is a different thing from deliberate cheating. This must consist either in "faking" the cards and having a secret code of signals with one's partner, or in looking over the other hands, with or without the aid of some mechanical contrivance—such as a mirror behind one of the seats. The first of these malpractices has always been confined to the professional sharper; the second is hardly practicable in polite society; and of the third it can only be said that it would confer a much smaller advantage upon the cheat at Bridge than at almost any other game of cards.

And as a matter of fact Bridge has been enviously free from any disagreeable episodes of this kind. A couple of years ago there were some vague stories of a Bridge scandal in high life with which various names were from time to time associated, but it is believed without a shadow of foundation. At all events the scandal, if it existed, never came to a head. No action was ever brought in the law courts by any of the persons who were supposed to be implicated to clear their characters, and all of them are still to the fore, associating freely with the other members of their own set.

While an immense amount of Bridge has been played in the London clubs during the last ten years, no authenticated case of cheating has ever come within the writer's knowledge, and he would be likely to hear of anything of the kind. So far as he knows such an accusation has never been brought by one player against another at any of them; and really this speaks a good deal for the purity of the game, for it must not be forgotten that we have had card scandals in connection with other games in the past.

Of the more recent of these it would be impossible to speak without hurting the feelings of living people, while there are others which occurred at a more remote period and have become historical. "Cavendish," in writing of club whist in the "sixties," makes no secret of the fact that there were many players whose practices were looked upon with small favour by their fellow members. Taking an occasional glance over an opponent's hand is an offence which he does not scruple to attribute to some of the men with whom he played. These, he tells us, were facetiously called "triple-dummy"

players, whence it would appear that this little failing was perfectly well known and openly discussed; but let us hope he wronged them.

Whist, like Bridge, could never have been an easy game to cheat at, and so the scandals connected with it were fortunately few and far between. In spite of its long popularity its history was only sullied by one or two cases in the clubs in which a charge of cheating was openly made and brought home to the delinquent. So far we have escaped anything of the kind at Bridge.

* * * *

The following hand, the play of which is extremely simple, is nevertheless interesting, as illustrating a leading principle of Bridge play, viz., to make sure of the game, if possible, before taking any risk by finessing. In actual play the dealer—probably from inattention to the score—threw away the slam by omitting to lead the king of hearts at trick four, as afterwards he did not dare to finesse for fear of the diamond suit. B, of course, did not discard diamonds so freely, his partner's heart-suit not being established.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND

A and B are partners against Y and Z. Score: A and B, 24; Y and Z, 6. Z deals, and declares no trumps.

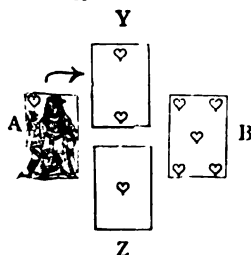
Y's hand (dummy).

Hearts	8 2
Diamonds	K 3
Clubs	Kve 10 8 4 3 2
Spades	Kve 4 3

Z's hand (dealer).

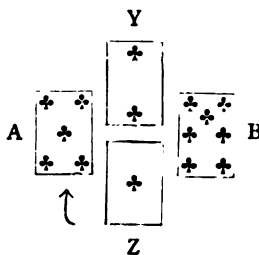
Hearts	A K
Diamonds	5 4 2
Clubs	A K 6
Spades	A Q 10 6 5

TRICK 1.



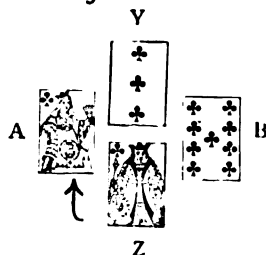
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.



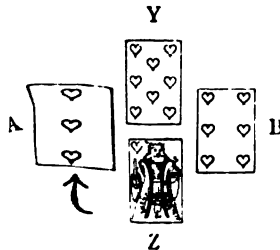
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 3.



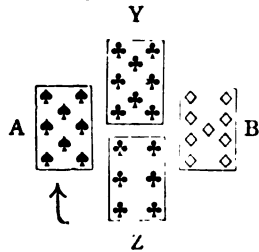
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 4.



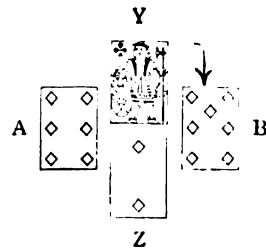
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 5.



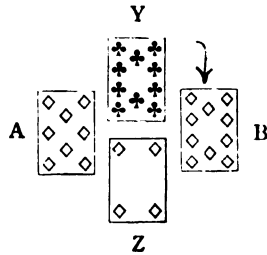
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 6.



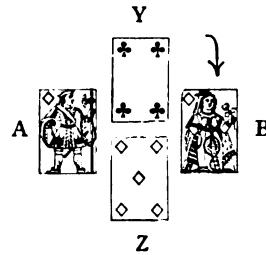
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 6.

TRICK 7.



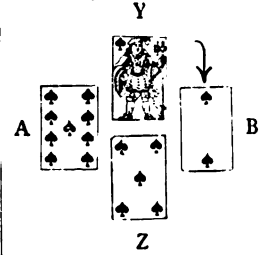
Tricks : A B, o ; Y Z, 7.

TRICK 8.



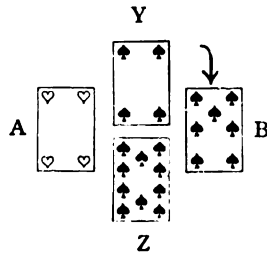
Tricks : A B, o ; Y Z, 8.

TRICK 9.



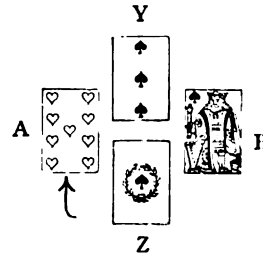
Tricks : A B, o ; Y Z, 9.

TRICK 10.



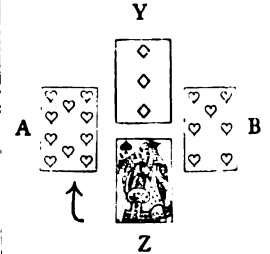
Tricks : A B, o ; Y Z, 10.

TRICK 11.



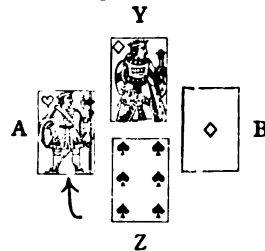
Tricks : A B, o ; Y Z, 11.

TRICK 12.



Tricks : A B, o ; Y Z, 12.

TRICK 13.



Tricks : A B, o ; Y Z, 13.

Thus Y Z win the grand slam.

Remarks :—

Trick 4.—Z leads out his winning heart so as to make sure of game before taking the finesse in spades.

Tricks 5 and 6.—B shows strength in diamonds, the dangerous suit for Z.

Trick 9.—Z, having won the game, can take the finesse in spades. If it is successful he will probably win the grand slam.



BOOKS ON SPORT

POLO: PAST AND PRESENT. By T. F. Dale. London: George Newnes, Ltd. 1905.

A new book about polo must necessarily contain a great deal that has appeared in older books, and the history of the game, with some of the earliest pictures that portray it, was dealt with at length, for instance, in the Badminton Library volume on "Polo," which Mr. Dale himself brought up to date only a few months ago. That work contains, amongst other things, for instance, the illustration of "Polo in Persia: Siawusch playing before Afrāsiāb," which is reproduced in the book under notice. However, the game could not be omitted from "The Country Life Library of Sport," and no man with the capacity for writing knows more about it than Mr. Dale, whose passage over well-trodden ground was of course unavoidable. Certain names loom large in the history of English polo, and here of necessity they figure again; but there is at the same time a considerable amount of new matter in the book, which we may without hesitation pronounce to be an excellent one. Happily for its chance of success, polo is a sport which appeals to the well-to-do, and a volume by such a competent hand is not likely to be neglected by anyone whose library of sporting books is intended to be complete.

Mr. Dale asserts that polo is not an expensive game. On *another* page he remarks that "there is one rule which every player wishes to be really well mounted"—and all players surely wish *who this?*—"must make, and that is to buy a suitable pony whenever *he has* the chance." We forget what price the late Lord Kensington *and* some other enthusiasts who wished to be really well mounted *paid* for some of their ponies, but £500 has not seldom been exceeded, and whether polo be expensive depends entirely upon one's *idea* of expense. The author, however, would protest that he was *not* thinking of these exceptional cases when he deprecated the *notion* that polo costs a great deal of money. To be well-horsed a *man* wants luck—and judgment. Thus, Mr. Dale quotes the case of a *pony* who cost B £25. B played it, also hunted it, and sold it to C for £50; C sold it to D for £65, E paid £150 for it, and passed it *on in* turn for £300. B, C, and D had evidently a cheap animal. Mr. Dale thinks that four ponies are as many as a man wants; but *this* again is largely a question of luck. If all goes well with them

the four will be enough ; but ponies, like the rest of their race, have a way of going wrong, usually at the most inconvenient times.

The standard of play has enormously improved of late, indeed the average player at Hurlingham or Ranelagh would have seemed a wonder some dozen years ago, and much may be learned—sufficient practice being of course understood—from the hints and instructions here given. The necessary seat is well described. “In order for the rider to be at his ease, he should sit well down in the saddle, without hanging on by his hands or *gripping with his knees*, which should grip only when occasion demands. By always gripping with the knees the rider is made to assume a cramped position on horseback. On the contrary the seat should be maintained by balance, and not by grip.” To accomplish this the novice is advised to practise without stirrups, and also without reins. In this latter essay, of course, a lunging-rein is to be employed, but if a man makes up his mind not to use his reins we think that he will do better to have them in his hand. We agree with Mr. Dale that whips should not be used, if only because the sight and sound of one is likely to upset nervous horses ridden by other players. The rule, however, says that whips of a certain length may be used, and so some men will use them.

The book is illustrated, chiefly by photographs of varying merit.

THE GOLFERS' YEAR BOOK, 1905. Edited by John L. Low.
London : J. Nisbet & Co.

This book is so well known to golfers that it cannot be necessary to say much about it. For the benefit of those who are interested in the game, and not acquainted with Mr. Low's compilation, it may be remarked that it contains information on all sorts of matters connected with golf, including a Directory of Clubs in the United Kingdom, with descriptions of the various courses attached to each, membership, conveniences for visitors, professional and amateur records, and much more. In several cases the winners of important championships have described the matches in which they were successful. A short article on “How to Keep a Golf Course in Good Order,” by Peter Lees, green-keeper to the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, is worth attentive study.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORKS ON ENGLISH PLAYING CARDS AND GAMING. Compiled by Frederic Jessel. Longmans, Green, & Co., London. 1905.

Mr. Jessel explains that he has compiled this bibliography in the hope that it may be of some use to those who, like himself, take an

interest in books on gaming. It must have been an exceedingly tedious task, for he has not only given the title of every work on the subject, however slight, that he has been able to discover, but has, he says, read most of them. Whether enough people are interested in gaming to provide a circulation for such a book is a matter chiefly or entirely for the compiler. The name of Edmond Hoyle is attached to no fewer than 102 volumes or treatises, and that of Henry Jones ("Cavendish") to 87—if anyone really cares to know?

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY. Edited by Caspar Whitney.
RIDING AND DRIVING. By E. L. Anderson and Price Collier.
New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1905.

Several years ago Mr. E. L. Anderson, a wealthy American gentleman with the keenest enthusiasm for the saddle, lived for a considerable time in London and followed his bent. The present writer was then the editor of a weekly journal of sport, Mr. Anderson became a contributor, kindly invited personal investigation of his methods, and so it befell that from actual and frequent observation we can bear witness to the extraordinary skill, knowledge, and experience which add peculiar value to this volume. Mr. Anderson wrote a chapter for the Badminton Library book on "Riding and Polo," a new edition of which has been issued in the course of the last few weeks, and is the author of other treatises on horsemanship. No one is better acquainted with the literature of the horse, but at the same time no one is more practical, more resolute to take nothing for granted.

In this country we do not care much for the "high airs," the *haute école*, of which Mr. Anderson is one of the first living masters, and he says less about this subject in the present volume than, knowing his tastes so well, we had expected to find. A good deal is written about "suppling," which in his opinion gives the rider a control over his horse that is to be gained in no other way; there is a reference to the "pirouette turn," and to a few other matters which do not actually concern the ordinary horseman; nearly all the book, however, is devoted to what may be called everyday riding, and there could not be a better guide.

When Mr. Anderson recommends a certain procedure it is because he has tried all sorts of methods and discovered the most convenient and effective. Naturally when a horse is jumping he deprecates the action known as "calling a cab"—raising an arm as the horse goes into the air. We are not quite certain whether it will be a strong consolation to indifferent horsemen to be told that "when a good horse trips and falls the rider is almost always in

fault; in the first place for letting the horse grow careless, and secondly for permitting the animal to go down." How little the rider would give "permission" if he could help it! What should be done the reader must consult the book to find out.

We cannot say more in praise of Mr. Price Collier than that he seems to be a well-chosen companion for Mr. Anderson. It is Mr. Collier's conviction that "the horse is not an intelligent animal as a rule." No other creature runs away and hurts himself—as Donovan did when he met his death by dashing against a tree. "As a rule" is the qualifying addition; but it is hard to see how there can be exceptions if the horse is as brainless as Mr. Collier protests. A fair measure of an animal's intelligence, he says, is the average number of times the brain is heavier than the spinal cord; and he furnishes a table. In man it is 33'00 (though when talking to some men one would never suspect it); in dog, 5'14; in cat, 3'75; in ass, 2'40; in pig, 2'30; in horse, 2'27; in ox, 2'18. So the horse has less "sense" than the ass or the pig, and not half as much as the dog; still, there are some people who will question Mr. Collier's statement that the horse "has no affectionate recognition of even his best friends." Some of Mr. Collier's hints are too elementary, as that "the reins should never be flopped about on the horse's back in lieu of the whip." Surely no reasonable man does this sort of thing? The illustrations are fairly done and serviceable.

THE BRITISH MOTOR TOURIST'S A.B.C. London: 30, Fetter Lane. 1905.

The motorist now often takes about with him quite a little library of books of reference, but he will have to add this to the number, and perhaps it may enable him to discard some of the others. The object of it is to supply the want of a handbook containing information likely to be of service to tourists, such as the hotels, garages, repairing shops, spirit depôts in all parts of the United Kingdom. The towns come in alphabetical order, and we are told the distance from London and from the chief neighbouring towns and villages, the industries, market days, sports, and so forth. Maps of the districts with the principal roads are shown, hints furnished as to the shipment of cars to foreign places, and much more which the motorist is likely to want information about is included. It is a most useful compilation.

MORE CRICKET SONGS. By Norman Gale. London: Alston Rivers. 1905.

Mr. Gale is the Laureate of cricket, and here are some more of his songs in eulogy of the game. They are full of spirit and

swing, and will make the reader share his enthusiasm. The one thing they need is a little more polish, for some of Mr. Gale's rhymes are slipshod. "Pandora" and "fourer" is Cockney, "teachers" and "features" will not do at all—as we are quite sure the writer knows.

THE EMPIRE'S CRICKETERS. London: Fine Art Society. 1905.

This is to be a notable year for cricket, and these admirable drawings of famous players come appropriately. "The Empire's Cricketers"—amateurs and professionals are included—is to be issued in sixteen parts, each containing four portraits, reproduced from the crayon drawings of Mr. Chevallier Taylor, with notes by Mr. G. W. Beldam. The men are represented in characteristic attitudes; thus, Mr. F. S. Jackson is "Finishing Off-drive"; Mr. A. O. Jones "On-side Push"; J. T. Hearne "Bowling Off-break"; J. T. Tyldesley "Finish of Cut past Third Man." The artist is evidently a cricketer who knows what he wants to show and how to show it, and his work is remarkable for its vigour.

A BOOK OF BRIDGE. By "Pontifex." Blackie & Son. London, Glasgow, Dublin, and Bombay. 1905.

This is a neat little volume bound in flexible leather covers which tempt one to put it in one's pocket and study it when opportunity arises. And it is well worth the study of any young player who wants to improve his own game and understand what his partner and opponents respectively mean by theirs. The little book, "Pontifex" says, does not profess to be an exhaustive manual of *Bridge*; but nevertheless it seems to us to tell the student just what it is most necessary for him to know, and to tell it in a clear and succinct fashion. The illustrative hands, made plain by the printing of the diamonds and hearts in red, strike us as particularly well chosen.

BADMINTON NOTA BENE

AN Academy of Motoring is an institution which was bound to arise, and one has been started at 85, New Bond Street. Competent instructors are provided, and the business has been well thought out. Those who wish to learn can be taught on their own cars or on cars furnished by the directors of the Academy, and the lessons are given—tuition in the mechanism of motors is a feature—either at the garage or elsewhere as may be most convenient to the student. The directors, indeed, lay themselves out to do the thing thoroughly from every point of view. Cars and electric carriages can also be hired here. How desirable it is that a man should know something of his motor, and not trust entirely to his servants, need not be emphasised.

* * * * *

The firm of Mr. G. E. Lewis, the well-known Birmingham gun-maker, speak with special authority for a sufficiently obvious reason. They include practical experts. Thus Mr. E. C. Lewis has twice won the Championship and two gold medals of the Birmingham Rifle Club, the silver cup presented by the Birmingham and Provincial Gunmakers' Association, and other prizes. The catalogue, issued from 32, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham, is not a mere price list, but a *brochure*, suitably illustrated, and full of serviceable hints. The instructions on the proper treatment of guns are very much to the purpose and well worth attention, as are the directions for self-measurement, which, if carefully followed, should enable a man to obtain by correspondence what suits him. It is a point of the establishment that all the guns and rifles made by the firm are shot and regulated by Mr. Lewis himself.

* * * * *

The King of Spain, though he had not been to England prior to his recent visit, had dealt with English firms, one of his purchases having been a Steam Water-Weed Cutting Launch from Messrs. Saunderson, of the Elstow Works, Bedford. These ingenious machines are sent, indeed, all over the world, having been bought by the Egyptian Government, the Melbourne Town Council, the Demerara Water Conservancy in South America, and by various public bodies and private persons in Russia, India, Nigeria, as well as at home, by the Dukes of Marlborough, Bedford, and Portland, and a host of other people whose waterways require treatment. The fact is a recommendation which must be held to speak for itself.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the July competition will be announced in the September issue.

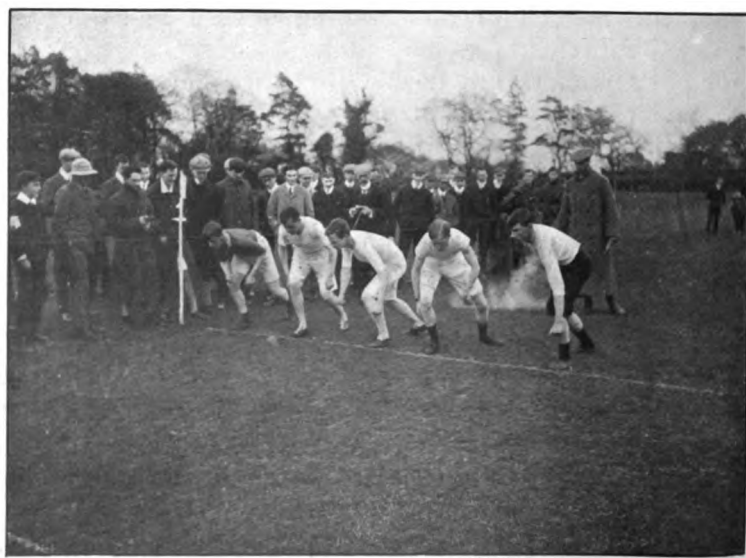
THE MAY COMPETITION

The Prize in the May competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Miss Mabel Eccles, Quarry Bank, Blackburn (two guineas); Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. E. F. Matthews, Coopers Hill, Englefield Green, Surrey; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down; Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Mr. A. H. Wyatt, Zomba, British Central Africa; Mr. P. Ive, Kingston-on-Thames; Mr. I. Y. Baldwin, Bath; and Miss Slacke, Barrington Hall, Harlow.



ESSEX OTTER HOUNDS—IN DIFFICULT WATER

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



START FOR THE HALF-MILE, R.I.E.C. SPORTS, COOPERS HILL

Photograph by Mr. E. F. Matthews, Coopers Hill, Englefield Green, Surrey



AMBITION RETURNING TO WEIGH AFTER THE JUBILEE STAKES AT KEMPTON PARK
Photograph by Mr. Lionel K. Rayner, Springfield Road, N.W.

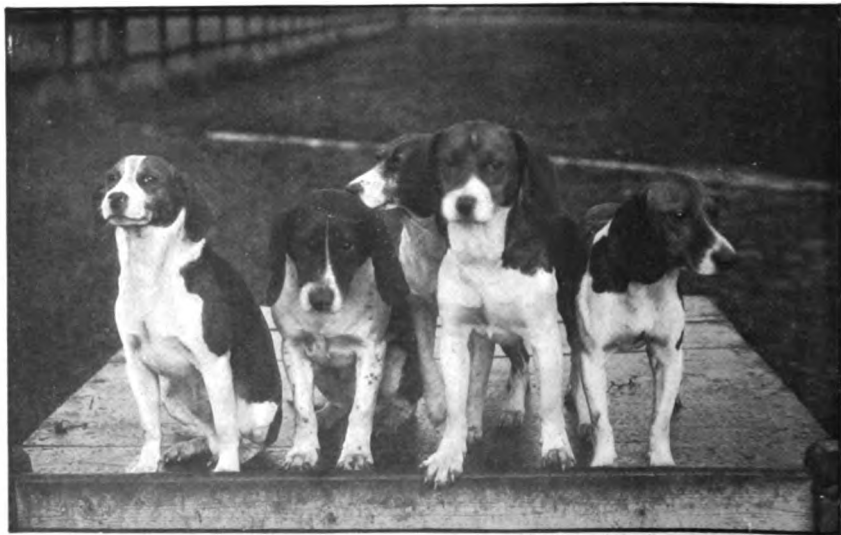


MEMBERS' RACE, ASFULL HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT RACES
Photograph by Miss Mabel Eccles, Quarry Bank, Blackburn



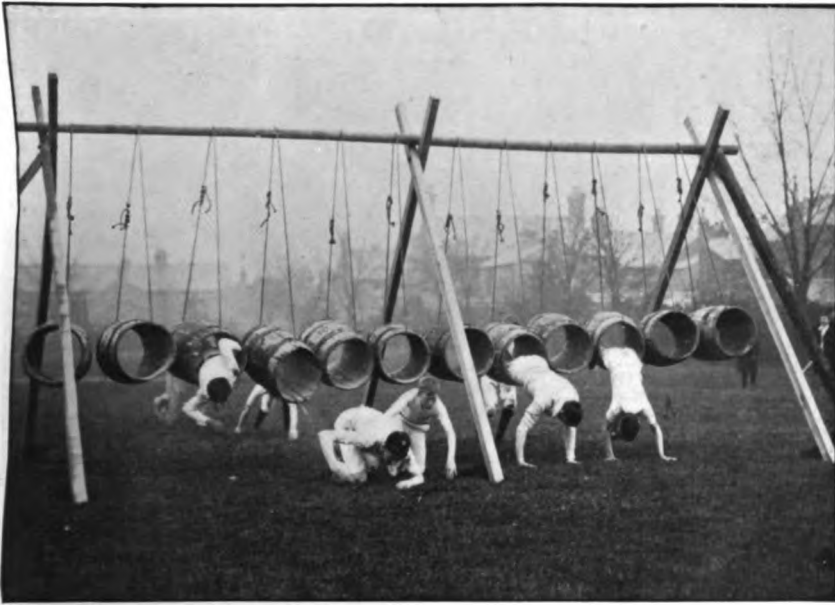
THE DOWNSHIRE PLATE, PUNCHESTOWN, 1905—THE BANK AND DITCH

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down



A GROUP OF BEAGLES

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea



THE OBSTACLE RACE AT THE BEDFORD MODERN SCHOOL SPORTS

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



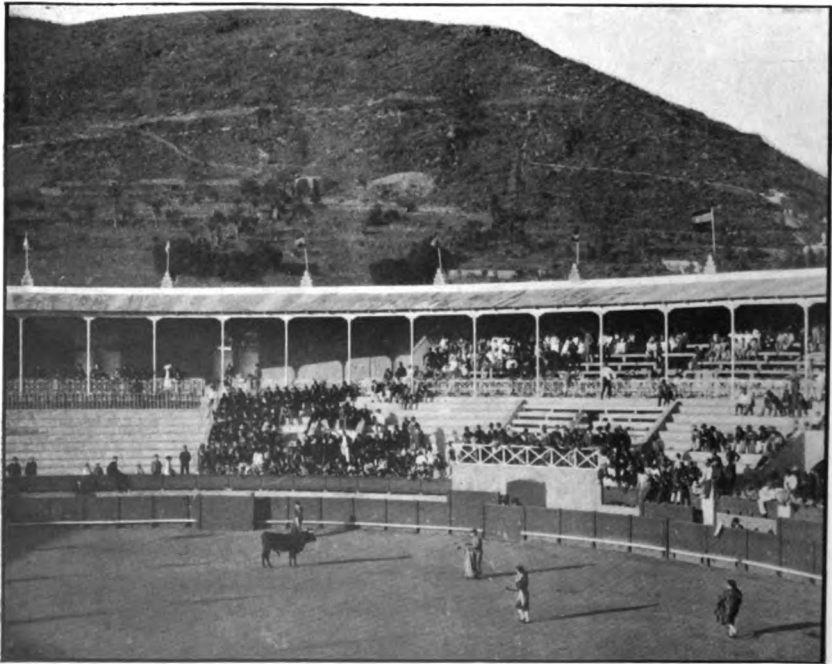
LION SHOT AT ZOMBA, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

Photograph by Mr. A. H. Wyatt, Zomba, British Central Africa



WITH THE CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. E. H. H. D'Aeth, Folkestone



BULL FIGHT AT SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE—THE BULL BETWEEN THE CHARGES

Photograph by Mr. F. Douglas Everitt, Hill Court, Droitwich



THAMES S.C. AND TAMESIS S.C. RACE FOR THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL'S CUP—COMING UP TEDDINGTON REACH WITH THE WIND

Photograph by Mr. P. Ive, Kingston-on-Thames



A NARROW SHAVE

Photograph by Mr. I. Y. Baldwin, Bath



INTERPORT CRICKET—SWATOW v. HONG KONG "A," AT SWATOW

Photograph by Mr. A. C. Butt, Lieutenant R.M.L.I., H.M.S. "Tamar," Hong Kong



MR. A. G. BARRY, AMATEUR CHAMPION, APPROACHING THE FIFTEENTH GREEN AT PRESTWICK IN HIS MATCH WITH MR. R. MAXWELL

Photograph by Miss Hamilton Campbell, Westertoun, Ayr, N.B.



GOLF UNDER THE PYRAMIDS, CAIRO

Photograph by Miss Helen Bell, Montgreenan, Kilmarnock, N.B.



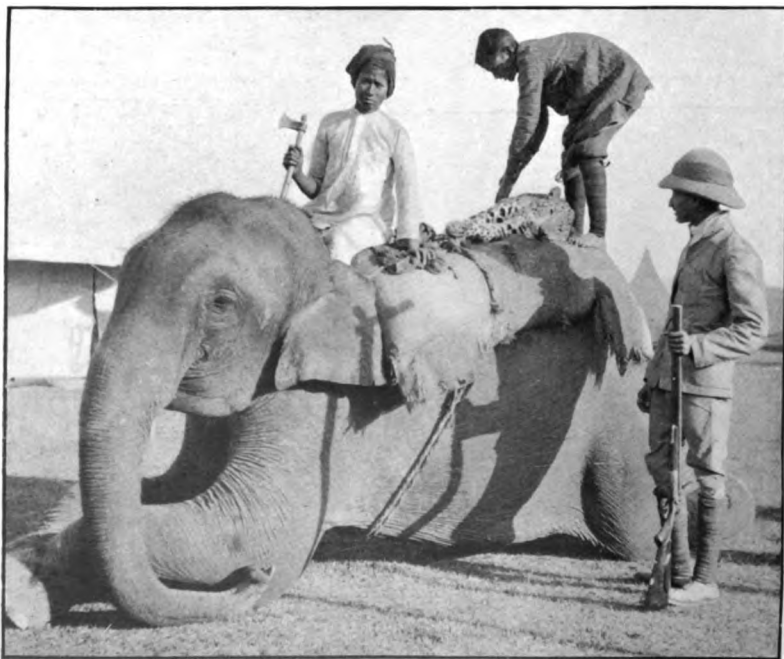
A REFUSAL—ASPULL HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT RACES, APRIL 1905

Photograph by Miss Mabel Eccles, Quarry Bank, Blackburn



ESSEX STAGHOUNDS' POINT-TO-POINT RACES—CROSSING THE ROAD

Photograph by Miss Slacke, Barrington Hall, Harlow



UNLOADING A LEOPARD FROM A PAD ELEPHANT

Photograph by Mr. E. L. Pape, Ninfield, Battle, Sussex



NEWPORT V. ROCKCLIFF

Photograph by Mr. J. T. Spittle, Rugby School, Rugby



SEA-CROWS AT THEIR NESTING-PLACE ON THE ISLAND OF EGHOLM, DENMARK

Photograph by Mr. Carl Rubow, Copenhagen



ESSEX OTTER HOUNDS—DRAWING UP STREAM

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



A REFUSAL—ESSEX STAGHOUNDS' POINT-TO-POINT

Photograph by Miss Slacke, Barrington Hall, Harlow



HALF-BRED HUNGARIAN-GERMAN STAGS—ZEHDENICK IN THE SCHORFHEIDE, 1894—
WINTER LANDSCAPE

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.I.M. the Kaiser from his private collection)

The Badminton Magazine

ROYAL HOMES OF SPORT

XI.—HOMES OF SPORT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS OF PRUSSIA—THE SCHORFHEIDE

(Written by gracious permission of Kaiser Wilhelm II.)

BY J. L. BASHFORD, M.A.

ALL the Kaiser's Royal preserves have a special feature connected with them. In the chapters preceding this one those nearest the capital have been described. In the following pages I propose to give a brief sketch of the Schorfheide, one of the two splendid chases that His Majesty jealously retains for his own private recreation, and exclusively for big-game shooting.

It is very remarkable that Kaiser Wilhelm, whose natural temperament is impulsive, should be most devoted to precisely that form of sport which calls for the coolest blood and the most unfailing eye from a sportsman. His Majesty is acknowledged

on all sides to be one of the most accurate living marksmen, and his patience and endurance when stalking are fully equal to his enthusiasm for the sport.

The Schorriheide, which is within the boundaries of the province of Brandenburg, is 28 miles (43 kilometres) north of Berlin, and covers a tract of country about 96,500 English acres (39,000 hectares), or 150 square miles in extent, of which 80,300 English acres (32,500 hectares) are enclosed. It is divided into five districts or Ober-Förstereien, namely, Grimnitz and Reiersdorf in the so-called Uckermark, and Pechteich, Gross-Schönebeck, and Zehdenick in the March of Brandenburg; each district being under its own Warden or Ober-Förster. It lies to the north-west of Eberswalde, which is on the outskirts of what is called the Brandenburg Switzerland. Every year His Majesty sends some heads of stags shot in this preserve to the Berlin annual exhibition of stags' heads that is opened on his birthday, January 27.

In olden times the forest was chiefly stocked with oak trees, but most of them were felled about two hundred years ago and were replaced by pines, the idea at that time being that it was more profitable to grow pines than oaks, for, according to German forestry, a pine is in its prime at eighty years of age, whilst an oak is not usable till it has attained the age of 150 years; a good many of the remaining oaks are from four to five hundred years old. The Kaiser now plants oaks in profusion in order to restore as much as possible the primeval character of this ancient forest. The soil is sandy, so that the browsing for the stags is for the most part poor; but about $1\frac{1}{2}$ metres below the surface there is loam which is good for the oak, and under this you come to clay and marl. A few fine old beech trees also are to be found here, and a good many very splendid birch trees up to forty years old, an age that is rare with the birch, as it generally breaks off when much younger.

The Royal shooting-box where the Kaiser resides when in the Schorfheide is called Hubertusstock. It is a plain wooden structure with a gallery round it, rising as it were out of the green sward amongst the old oak trees on a spot associated with historic memories of the past. Quite close to the main building is another block used as a dwelling for the caretaker, whose official title is "Castellan"; for His Majesty's attendants; and for the stable. Some eight horses are kept here when the Kaiser is in residence, used mainly for driving about the forest to reach the various rutting places.

The origin of the name Hubertusstock is thus explained: There is a huge monolith in the grass quite close to the spot upon which the house stands, which Herr Friedel, a great authority in these matters, assures us was formerly a sacrificial stone. One day in 1847,

King Friedrich Wilhelm IV.—who, despite his shortsightedness, was, as has already been pointed out in a previous paper, greatly interested in sport—took his luncheon on this stone after shooting in the forest, and was so struck by the picturesqueness of the surroundings that he gave orders that a shooting-box should be built there, and that some kind of souvenir of his visit on that day should be erected. As a memento a short post, called a Hubertusstock, with a picture of St. Hubert affixed to the top of it, was erected on the stone; and the story amongst the foresters is that when the King returned the next year, he exclaimed: “Das ist doch kein Denkmal! das ist ja ein Stöckel!” (Why! that isn’t a monument; it is a stick!) The



ODD TWENTY-TWO-POINTER, KILLED BY THE KAISER AT THE SCHORFHEIDE,
FEBRUARY 16, 1902

Exhibited at Berlin, January 1903. A silver badge was awarded
(Photograph by Franz Kühn, Berlin)

shooting-box received the name “Jagdhaus am Hubertusstock” (shooting-box at the Hubertusstock); and later on it was called simply Jagdhaus Hubertusstock. The house was enlarged in 1896 by order of the reigning monarch.

The existence of the sacrificial stone here can easily be accounted for, and it takes us back to the days of the wandering of the nations. There was evidently an encampment here in ancient times, for at no great distance from the stone an ancient burial-ground has been discovered, extending over an area of about a hundred square metres, where urns have frequently been dug up.

The charm of the whole district is considerably enhanced by the presence in its midst of two extensive lakes within easy distance of Hubertusstock. Lake Werbellin, which is only some ten minutes' walk distant, is a beautiful piece of water about six and a half miles long and nearly two miles wide at its broadest part. Oaks and birch trees come down to the water on either side. On the meadows at one end of it fallow deer browse quietly almost regardless of passers-by, and wild duck abound here in great numbers. The view up the lake is strikingly picturesque.

It would be difficult to select a more idyllic tract of country as a chase and retreat from the din of the madding crowd, and yet so near to the capital of the kingdom. It is a grand place for Royal



JAGDSCHLOSS HUBERTUSSTOCK

The adjoining house for the Castellan, the servants and the stables on the left. In the centre, close to a hollow oak at least a thousand years of age, the sacrificial stone on which the Hubertusstock was erected

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.J.M. the Kaiser from his private collection)

sport. The house is simply but comfortably furnished, and its immediate surroundings are primitive, no spade having been used to convert the soil round the dwelling-place into an artificial garden. The Royal owner lives the life of a woodman when he retires there for rest and recreation, and has naught but nature in all her sylvan beauty to converse with. The Kaiser goes there in autumn, during the rutting season, immediately after the manœuvres, and frequently pays a second visit in February to shoot any of the stags that failed to show themselves in the "roaring time," or those which in consequence of some defect it is expedient to get rid of.

In the days of Elector Joachim Friedrich (1597-1608) the Court had a partiality for hunting in the Schorfheide, in the Grimnitz district, and all about Joachimsthal and Gross-Schönebeck. At Gross-Schönebeck there is still extant an ancient Electoral residence, now inhabited by the Warden (Ober-Förster) of that district, and the ceiling of one of its rooms is still adorned with the Electoral arms. Although the village of Gross-Schönebeck does not present any pictorial feature, this old Royal shooting manor-house, interesting in many respects, might, if the authorities desired,



GROUP AT HUBERTUSSTOCK, 1892

Taken amongst the oak trees near the house. The Kaiser about to throw a stick for his Teckels to run after

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be rendered still more attractive were it provided with a well-cared-for garden.

Opinions may be divided as to whether the forest is more beautiful to behold in the time of verdant beauty, in spring and summer; in the autumn when the tints of the fall of the year present a change of colour at every turn; or when the ground and the trees are clad in a mantle of pure white snow. Of course, the deer show themselves less in spring and summer, whilst in the autumn they come together in large herds, a truly grandiose sight, before they lose

their prime condition. When they are all gathered together on their respective rutting places, the noise of the challenge and combating of the stags is a beautiful episode from deer life. In the winter also the deer are to be seen in herds—sometimes of 150 or 200—when they assemble at the regular hours for feeding.

In the Schorfheide we meet with the red deer of the primeval German stock, and fallow deer. The stock here is more numerous than at Rominten. There are 400 good warrantable stags, about 1,050 others that have not yet arrived at this stage, and about 1,900 hinds; in all, a total of about 3,350. The relative proportion of stag to hind aimed at is about 1 to 1½. There are besides 2,000 fallow deer, made up in the same proportion of 800 stags and 1,200 hinds. The Schorfheide can be reached in three ways from Berlin. Their Majesties either take the train to Eberswalde and then drive to Hubertusstock, a distance of about two hours, or to Werbellin Station, which is about half an hour's drive from their shooting-box. One can also travel by train to the village of Gross-Schönebeck, which is the southern end of the forest, when you have the districts of Pechteich and Gross-Schönebeck on your right and left.

It was my privilege to be invited to visit the Schorfheide this year just at the beginning of spring. At another time of the year the forest would doubtless have presented a more beautiful aspect, especially as the stags had lost their head furniture, with the exception of the fallow deer, and were, of course, not in prime condition; some of the new antlers were in their embryo stage. But it so happened that the time suited both the authorities and myself. The Warden of the district of Pechteich was kind enough to drive me for two days through various parts of the forest. Gross-Schönebeck, where he resides, is rather a poor specimen of a Brandenburg village, but on entering the precincts of the Royal preserve I was taken from one interesting spot to another. Arrangements had been made that we should see the deer fed at various spots. At first we passed through extensive tracts covered with pines, and afterwards came to where birch and oak prevailed; and on our way we passed small lakes and good browsing meadows, frequently getting glimpses of red and fallow deer moving amongst the trees.

On the various rutting places standings have been erected from which the Kaiser shoots the rutting stag, and occasionally there is a so-called "Kanzel" or "pulpit" to be seen, from which a better view of the surrounding ground is obtained, and from which the stags are sometimes shot. At every spot where a stag has fallen to the Kaiser's gun a stone is placed on which is cut the description of the stag and the date of month and year when he fell, surmounted by a crown. These rutting places are all that could possibly be

desired, and I was told that sometimes on a fine morning the scene in the season is truly grand when the mist rises. At such times one hears from the Kanzel the roaring of the stags, some twenty of them all around, and all that is visible of them is the antlers and the breath of the monarchs of the glen as they roar.

In consequence of the scarcity and poorness of the browsing in winter it is necessary to spend a good deal of money for the feeding of the herds. The deer are fed regularly with potatoes, hay, acorns, and oats. The potatoes are thrown to them from a cart, and the deer soon lose their timidity during the appointed time for



HALF-BRED HUNGARIAN-GERMAN STAG—ZEHDENICK IN THE SCHORFHEIDE—
WINTER LANDSCAPE, 1895

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.I.M. the Kaiser from his private collection)

feeding, approach the vehicle right up to the very wheels. The man who is entrusted with the duty of feeding the deer knocks with a stout stick on the bottom or side of the cart as he drives along, so that the sound is heard some distance off and acts as a summons to the scattered herd to come to their meal. The stags and hinds assemble singly or in small herds, and shovelfuls of potatoes are thrown out to them. Then they come to a stand-still at special enclosures, where troughs are laid for the reception of oats; and it is interesting to see how regularly the stags

jump over the barriers for their special feed, the hinds remaining behind content with the potatoes. A regular feed of oats is considered good for the stags whilst they are forming their antlers. At one of the rutting places, not far from Hubertusstock, I stood with the Warden on one of the pulpits and witnessed the feeding of a herd of at least a hundred and fifty red deer, which were joined by a goodly number of fallow deer as well. In nearly all cases the antlers of the red deer were in the embryo stage, but some had still only shed one of them. The fallow deer still wore their head



JAGDSCHLOSS HUBERTUSSTOCK—GROUP OF THE WARDENS OF THE FOREST
AND ITS FORESTERS

Cast antlers of the year in the foreground

furniture, because the fallow deer cast their antlers later than the red deer.

It would be rash to venture on an exact estimate of the annual cost of the food given to the deer in the Schorfheide; but I do not think that we should over-estimate the sum if we put it at something like £2,000 per annum.

At Eichheide, where one of the foresters lives, close to one of the prettiest rutting places in the district, where the Kaiser has killed several good stags, my host the warden had very kindly had a number of the best cast antlers that had been collected this year laid out on the turf for my inspection. In an accompanying illus-

tration the collection of all the cast antlers found in one year will be seen, the whole *personnel* of the forest standing behind them. The group was taken just outside Jagdschloss Hubertusstock.

The Wardens see that the foresters carefully collect the cast antlers every year, and they are preserved for purposes of comparison; so that it is possible to record the progress made from year to year by every stag in the forest.

On the birch trees we saw enormous bunches of mistletoe, growing in great profusion.



THE SCHORFHEIDE—THE DEAD STAG, 1892

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During the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm I. Court hunting-parties were given in the Schorfheide as well as at Königs-Wusterhausen, in the Grunewald, at Göhrde, Springe, and Letzlingen; and the deer were killed indiscriminately, regardless as to whether the stags were warrantable or not. A stag is not held here to be warrantable until he has ten points, but a good sportsman does not shoot one under twelve points, unless there is a special reason for doing so. Indeed, many sportsmen in Germany hold that a good stag should not be shot till his fifteenth year. It is held that the period between the eighth and twelfth years is the best time for the growth of the head,

so that it is not right to shoot a promising stag before the twelfth year at the earliest. Nor was anything done in Kaiser Wilhelm the First's days for ameliorating the stock, so that the herds degenerated. This can be fully appreciated if one compares the heads of those shot by the reigning Kaiser with those killed in his grandfather's time. Ever since Kaiser Wilhelm II. came to the throne the greatest care and attention has been given to the improvement of the heads.

When the Kaiser is at Hubertusstock for the rutting season he leaves his house at about 6 a.m., and remains away till noon, driving during this time about the forest from place to place and alighting from his carriage to shoot. On returning home he attends to state business, dines and rests for a while, and then starts again for a late afternoon "stalk." The best time for shooting the rutting stag in the Schorfheide is about the end of September or the beginning of October. I may now give a brief description of some of the best days' sport.

In 1898 His Majesty was at Hubertusstock for five days in the second half of September, and on the 22nd he killed on his morning "stalk" from 6 a.m. to noon no fewer than eight splendid warrantable stags, with cup-shaped crowns—namely, two sixteen-pointers, five fourteen-pointers, and a twelve-pointer. In the five days he obtained twenty-six stags—namely, six twelve-pointers, sixteen fourteen-pointers, and four sixteen-pointers. The average weight was 285 lb. when not clean, 220 lb. when gralloched, the heaviest stag being 360 lb. not clean, and 230 lb. clean. The average weight of the head was 10 lb., the weights varying from 9 lb. to 10½ lb.

In 1899 the Kaiser went straight to the Schorfheide from the manœuvres, and killed nineteen red deer—eight at Grimnitz, seven at Gross-Schönebeck, and four in the Pechteich district. Amongst these was a fine royal eighteen-pointer, and an exceedingly good twelve-pointer with good antlers—the burrs measuring 9½ in. (29 cm.). All of them were shot either from the standings or the pulpits erected for the purpose. Some were difficult shots at 200, 220, and 250 paces; the average distance was 150 paces. On account of the mild winter the heads were not as good as was anticipated; and the stags did not roar well because the weather was too sultry. In the winter they were able to find enough browsing, and so did not frequent the feeding places as regularly as they would have done.

By 1901 there was a decided improvement in the heads, and some very good stags were killed this year, amongst them a sixteen-pointer with a span of antlers of 3½ ft., and a fourteen-pointer whose head weighed 11½ lb.

The Schorfheide stags are noted for the regularity of their shape and for the good formation of the crown of their antlers. The stags are not so large as those at Rominten, and the heads are lighter in weight. The span of the antlers is broad, but they wanted until recently more strength of stem. In order to develop this, some Hungarian stags were introduced into the district called Zehdenick about fifteen years ago, in the hope that by crossing the blood with the heavier stock an improvement in this respect would be attained. The browsing is better in this district than in other parts of the Schorfheide, and there is a good deal of juniper there.

Nine thoroughbred Hungarian brockets and nine young hinds were turned out. This part of the forest was enclosed with a view



SIXTEEN-POINTER KILLED BY H.M. THE KAISER IN THE SCHORFHEIDE ON
OCTOBER 7, 1904

Exhibited at Berlin, January 1905—obtained the 6th silver badge

to acclimatising the new stock. They took to their new home and multiplied regularly every year and were crossed with the German deer. There is now a stock of about a thousand cross-bred Hungarian-German deer, half stags and half hinds; they are very good stags, and the crossing of the blood has, on the whole, given satisfaction. It will be noticed, however, in the illustrations, that they have no manes and no thick "rutting neck" like those of the German stags. The Schorfheide stag certainly looks a more noble and more elegant animal than the other type. The Hungarian-Germans are greyer in colour than the older type, and are also distinguished by a

white patch on the haunches which has received the name "white trousers."

Three years ago the fence of the enclosure fell in, so that now the cross-bred deer are mixing freely with the original herd. In 1903 His Majesty shot four of the half-bred Hungarians, the first he had shot at the Schorfheide—namely, a splendid eighteen-pointer, a fourteen-pointer, and two twelve-pointers. The heaviest was a twelve-pointer, 244 German lb. clean, and 350 lb. before being gralloched; his head weighed, clean, 16 lb.

The last of the imported Hungarians, Rothschild, was shot in



THE KAISER AND THE LAST OF THE HUNGARIANS KILLED AT ZEHDENICK,
FEBRUARY 17, 1902

H. s Majesty is wearing a knitted covering for the head in common use amongst sportsmen in Germany

1902 by the Kaiser on February 17. Cast antlers of all nine of them are hanging on the outside wall of the house. They are not particularly good: indeed, some of them are decidedly poor. Those of two of the nine, Peter and Rothschild, were the best. Peter, who had been gored by Philipp, who was rather dangerous, was shot by the Kaiser.

It is noteworthy that as the Hungarians were heavier and somewhat awkward compared with the agile Schorfheide German stags,

a number of them got gored at first. The dimensions of the Hungarian-Schorfheide half-bred stag at Zehdenich are:—Height, 4'33 ft. (1'32 m.)—this is the highest measurement as yet obtained; length, 6'88 ft. (2'10 m.); span of antlers, 3'8 ft. (1'16 m.); length of beam, the best as yet measured, 3'47 ft. (1'06 m.); burrs, 9'23 in. to 1'06 in. (26 cm. to 27 cm.); weight of head, 16 lb. not clean, 14 lb. clean.

Including the four half-bred Hungarians, His Majesty killed thirty-four stags in the rutting season at Schorfheide in 1903. They consisted of one twenty-two-pointer, three eighteen-pointers, six



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KAISER AND KAISERIN AND GROUP

In the foreground three half-bred Hungarian-German stags shot by His Majesty at Zehdenich in the Schorfheide on October 13, 1904

sixteen-pointers, fifteen fourteen-pointers, seven twelve-pointers, and two ten-pointers. The heaviest weighed 244 lb. when clean and 320 lb. when not clean; the heaviest head weighed 12 lb. His Majesty shot a right and left in the afternoon of the first day of his visit—an odd eighteen-pointer at 130 paces and a twelve-pointer at 230 paces. The former was shot dead, the latter was haunched and received the *coup de grâce* later. On one morning after heavy rain, and whilst a storm was blowing from the south-west, the Kaiser was trying to find a certain large sixteen-pointer that he had been in vain looking for a few days before—the biggest stag, as the Warden assured him, to be found in the Schorfheide. "There he is!"

exclaimed suddenly those who were attending His Majesty in his carriage; whereupon the Kaiser alighted and secured his quarry with a good shot, hitting it high above the shoulder. The stag weighed 264 lb. before being gralloched, 185 lb. afterwards. He stood 4'03 ft. high, and was 6'4 ft. long. The beams were 3½ ft. long; the span of the antlers, 3'41 ft.; the right burr was 9½ in., the left one being 8'66 in.; and the weight of the head, clean, was 14 lb. The stag was at the height of his beauty, fourteen years old. He was looked upon as the pride of the Schorfheide. So great was His Majesty's delight over his success that he conferred the fourth-class of the Order of the Crown of Prussia on the old warrener (the Hegemeister) of the district, and bestowed a handsome present on its Warden in honour of the death of the best stag of the Schorfheide.

The above measurements are very good for the Schorfheide, the average measurements of a stag there being 6'56 ft. (2 m.) long; 3'93 ft. (1'20 m.) high; length of beam in general, 3'15 ft. to 3'28 ft. ('96 cm. to 1 m.); span of antlers, 3'21 ft. ('98 cm.); burrs, 9'05 in. to 9'44 in. ('23 cm. to '24 cm.); the weight of head, average, 9 to 10 lb.

The Kaiser uses at the Schorfheide and at Rominten a rifle 6 mm: Mauser system and also an 8 mm. carbine—both specially built for His Majesty, who shoots with only one arm. The bullet has a nickel mantle, a portion of the nickel removed so that one-third of the top issues; the cartridge contains 2'55 grammes of smokeless powder. The effect is the same as with cal. 8. On one occasion the Kaiser shot a red deer end on, and it passed right through the body to the neck under the coat.

The magazine of the repeating rifle contains five cartridges. When struck the deer or boars generally fall dead; if only wounded, the quarry is easily found with the assistance of a dog.

The Kaiser allowed the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, as a special favour, to spend their honeymoon in June at Hubertusstock, and their Imperial Highnesses thoroughly enjoyed their *Flitter-wochen* amidst the verdant freshness and refreshing tranquillity of this glorious chase. It had been intended that they should go to Oels, the Crown Prince's estate in Silesia, but an epidemic in the neighbourhood frustrated the realisation of the projected plan.



THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF SPORT

VII.—CRICKET

BY LORD HAWKE

THIS valuable series would have been indeed incomplete had cricket been omitted; and though I could have wished someone else had been invited to respond for the game, I can at least plead that I have always done my best to uphold its chivalrous side. I love cricket fervently, and I have played it in many climes; I think it is a splendid discipline for any man; and if I could live any part of my life over again, days in the cricket field would be among the first I would revive.

To say that cricket is the king of games may sound trite, but it is exactly the remark one is bound to make, because its unwritten laws are so fine. You can find the written laws revised by the Marylebone Club, but you will find some of the unwritten laws written in Holy Writ. In cricket nothing is so true as "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Consideration may sometimes be taken advantage of, but it is bread cast upon the waters to come back after many days, because everything anyone does to exalt the standard of the game undoubtedly has its effect on others playing, and may stimulate them to the right course on some subsequent occasion.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is also truly applicable to cricket, for the half-hearted player is of no use at all. I would rather have on my side a keen useful man, alert in the field and always anxious to assist the others, than one who may make a good fifty, but is quite indifferent as to how many runs he loses in the country and whether his side wins or not.

That observation brings me to another unwritten law—namely, that fielding is the salt of cricket, for without keen fielding the game loses its savour. It completely takes the heart out of the very best bowlers to find catches continually dropped. A man may have been sending down over after over in order to get the batsman to hit a

catch to the slips, and if two or three of these are dropped in quick succession it needs a philosopher to avoid irritation, and directly a bowler is irritated he loses his command over the ball, and so the pace of run-getting is increased and the side falls to pieces.

I saw the first Test Match at Nottingham this summer; and whilst I shall never forget that great over of Jackson's, MacLaren's superb batting, or Bosanquet's unplayable bowling, unquestionably my chief recollection will always be the magnificent fielding of England. I never in my experience saw a side field in such brilliant form; and that superb display illustrates another axiom—namely, that admirable fielding is an incalculably enormous asset to any side. After Yorkshire's great era of success, when for a while we were losing matches people used to ask me if this one was batting worse or that one bowling worse to account for our comparative failure. I used to say no; it was simply due to the fact that we did not hold so many catches.

One unwritten law of cricket is "Thou shalt not be selfish." The man who plays only for the runs he can make off his own bat or for the wickets he may himself bowl is of mighty little use. In cricket if you cannot play for your side you had better not play at all. Golf is a great game, but it is not good for schoolboys because it is a game in which you play for yourself and not for your side. There is no lesson of unselfishness to be learnt there. But look at the way in which Evans sacrificed the temptation to make a century in the University Match in order to save his side! Had he thought of anything beyond saving the game he could easily have increased that eighty-six not out to a hundred. A man is proud all the days of his life if he has made a three-figure innings in the University Match; and deliberately to give this up, to hit balls almost to the boundary and yet only to run a single in order to keep command over the bowling, argues an unselfishness which shows the full merit of cricket.

Amongst my own Yorkshiremen I have seen just the same healthy tendency to care only for the side and not for oneself. If Rhodes comes off no one is better pleased than Hirst, and if it is Haigh's day out with bat or ball those two are as pleased at the fact as I am. There is a great deal of talk heard in pavilions about the selfishness of first-class cricketers. As a body, I believe the professionals of to-day may be honourably exonerated. No man has a greater respect for the paid division than I have, and I can recall some fine examples of men doing their duty to their side at the cost of their personal success. The way in which the last batsmen on the English side in the Test Match at the Oval in 1899 got themselves out in order to attempt to win the game was a capital instance of

the true sporting spirit. I remember how poor J. T. Brown threw away his wicket when he had made 300 at Chesterfield so that Yorkshire might beat Derbyshire; but on the same day another great player persisted in scoring until he had made 315, and this cost his county a victory. The publication of the weekly averages has done a great deal of harm, because it tends to make a man think of his own figures and not of what may be best for his side. The averages gratify the public interest, but the desire to show personally how well they are playing makes some cricketers play for themselves and not for their county.

There is a certain class of the public, a class whose voice is rarely heard, but specimens of which we have all met, who think that cricket has been materially damaged by the hero-worship which is lavished on prominent individuals. This honest sturdy type does not want to know what are A's views on Protection or what B has for dinner or whether C plays the banjo. All that is quite another story, as Rudyard Kipling says, but it is not cricket. The interest of the public in cricketers is in their cricket, and they are even apt to consider that the fact of a man being a fine batsman does not necessarily make him *ipso facto* a fluent writer. We have many examples of a capital combination of these two, but they are not invariably synonymous. It is these latter who cater for that appetite for personal anecdotes which is now so general. However, some folk believe this tends to selfishness in cricket, because the individual achievements are more regarded than the result. More is thought of a century by Jessop than whether Gloucestershire wins or not. We can all glibly recall great catches and great feats with bat and ball that we have been privileged to witness, but offhand we cannot always say who won the games in which those achievements occurred; and yet the sole object is (or should be) to win matches, which forms another of the unwritten laws. There are, of course, occasions when it is necessary to play for a draw; but the popularity of Somersetshire is certainly due to their spirited cricket. With them it is either win or lose.

The greatest of the unwritten laws is comprised in the maxim "Play the game," which means so much more than it appears to express, but which we thoroughly understand all the same. So severe is the censure "That's not cricket," that it has become part of the hack sayings of those who do not know a bat from a ball and this in itself is a proof of the high standard at which cricket is kept. Moreover in these days, when people will bet which of two flies will first reach the top of the window pane, it is remarkable that there should be so little betting on cricket. Jones may bet Brown a pot of beer that Denton makes more runs than Tunnicliffe, but that is

pretty well the extent of the wagering, whereas years ago there was as much money on a cricket match as on a race. I have never known a modern case in which a first-class cricketer ever yielded to any financial temptation not to do himself justice, and if he did it would certainly be his last match.

I will add that *mens sana in corpore sano* is an absolute law of the game. A man who is playing cricket has to live temperately, to conduct himself properly, to retire to rest early, and generally to lead a healthy existence if he is to keep up his form. There is far more wear and tear in playing two first-class matches a week with a railway journey after each than most spectators seem to think. This is appreciated by the Colonial executive, for the members of the present Australian team are not allowed to accept any public invitations during the tour, except the dinners at Lord's and the Oval. Unless men go to bed at a reasonable hour, there is not much likelihood of success at all, and none of prolonged utility. Over a good many of those sudden losses of form which so perplex the public, light might be shed in this connection. All Yorkshiremen are familiar with my "Buck up, boys!" Sometimes in the Colonies it has been a curfew signal. To be captain only on the field is not to play the game properly; a captain must be always exercising authority, and the tact required no one can imagine who has not had to exercise it.

In cricket it is generally an unwritten law to concede more than you would ask for; that is to say, you will offer to an opponent handicapped by some accident far more than you would dream of requesting him to permit were you the sufferer. This is part of the chivalry of the game. I wish it went further and protected all poor and weak counties from being relieved of their promising colts by other counties possessing longer purses. In Yorkshire, with the exception of myself, no one is played who was not born in the county. But some other shires bring qualification to a fine art. Colonial cricketers have been objects of barter, the best professionals of minor counties are human wares to the highest bidder (I am told that Essex had the first offer of Hobbs, who is now so useful to Surrey), and colts who see little chance of distinction in one first-class county deliberately migrate to another. The written law has been already revised and ought to be made much stricter. After all, all said and done, cricket is a game, and I really don't know what it is being brought to nowadays, but I do feel that a little of the old spirit is in danger of being sacrificed.

Again, it is always right to play a sporting game. When a side has perhaps one wicket to fall and is morally defeated on the evening of the second day, it is not right to keep twenty-two cricketers in the

town and bring them down to the ground next morning on the off-chance that rain may cause a draw. It is within a captain's rights, but it violates the sentiment that should imbue cricket. I remember A. N. Hornby prolonging play on a Tuesday in a Lancashire *v.* Yorkshire match to let us win. It poured in torrents on the Wednesday, but I am sure he never regretted what he had done. I also recollect in Sussex *v.* Yorkshire we had to go in for some 20 runs with only some 20 minutes to get them. "Don't put on the roller," said Murdoch, who was their captain, "we'll turn out at once." The sacrifice of that interval gave us the match, but the exigencies of county cricket to-day often debar a side from playing a sporting game when morally defeated. And on that I would say, so much the worse for county cricket.

One other unwritten law is that of depending on a cricketer's honour. A fieldsman himself must know, when he gets a catch quite close to the ground, whether it is out or not, and he most decidedly should not chuck the ball in the air and leave the umpire with the awkward responsibility of saying "not out" when there is no catch. I will add yet one more, namely, that a man has no right to bowl with the object of frightening a man out or unnerving him. A cricketer may have plenty of pluck and yet not care to have an express delivery come whizzing at his head. Such things are within the law, but they should not be within the practice of the game. I remember a time when there was an idea that Abel did not like fast bowling, and the little man was a regular target. It seems almost superfluous to add that it is the honourable custom not to take advantage of a player having been injured, and that a substitute is invariably granted in the field, a courtesy of which it would be dishonourable for the other side to take undue advantage.

These few observations by no means exhaust my topic, but they will suffice to suggest others to my readers, and they may not, I trust, clash with those advanced by the experts in other branches of sport. The old order changes, new generations are always ready to play the game, but I am thankful to see that they play it in the spirit it was played by our fathers, and the last unwritten law I will suggest is that cricket should be always *sans peur et sans reproche*. Then the delights of the game will leave no sting of ill-feeling, and the only regret will be that both sides could not win. Both did their best of course, and that represents the true hall-mark of cricket. May it be always so.



A SAETER HOME

GROUSE-SHOOTING ON NORWEGIAN MOORLANDS

BY NICHOLAS EVERITT

Author of "Shots from a Lawyer's Gun," etc.

WHICH is the more sporting country, Scotland or Norway ?

This is a difficult question to answer. Each offers so many attractions and advantages distinct from the other that the mind wavers, and decided opinion from those of wide experience in both lands is rarely given.

In Scotland one finds greater creature comforts at the shooting lodges, whilst the luxurious and expeditious railway approaches have an advantage over the at all times boisterous passage of the North Sea, or the more circuitous land route *viâ* Rotterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Gottenburg, and Christiania. Travelling expenses, first-class return, including living, by sea, are about £7 10s., and by land double that amount.

Were the Norwegians alive to the value of their shooting rights they would undoubtedly exploit them more, to the benefit of all concerned, and their country would be the richer by hundreds of thousands of pounds. Because it is not only the actual rentals secured that cause money to be circulated, but it is the many incidentals in connection with sport which mount up so, and which shooting men realise in whatever land they happen to visit.

In some parts of Scotland there is a sameness in the scenery and sport which after a time becomes monotonous, except to the youthful enthusiast ; whilst the moor rights are so jealously guarded that it is looked upon almost as sacrilege to overstep the boundary. Such is not the case in Norway. Many tracts of grouse (Ryper) moorland overlap one another, and the hunter (as the shooter there is invariably called) is by no means particular whether he ranges a mile or so wide of his boundaries ; often he travels further and goes over the mountain passes in order to visit his nearest neighbour, to compare notes and partake of his society and hospitality until the following morning. Shooting in Scotland has



ON THE FYELD OR RYPER GROUNDS

been often described, but it may be interesting to afford a comparison by giving a detailed description of a visit to a Norwegian grouse moor—such a one as can be obtained in Norway for little more than the asking.

The luxurious boats of the Wilson line from Hull to Christiansund and Christiania ; Christiansand, Stavangen and Bergen ; or Thronhjelm ; convey the tourist to any main starting place desired at reasonable rates, whilst the officials of the line are more than obliging. One's luggage can be sent by other boats than those travelled upon, and every assistance through the customs is given to sporting equipage.

The starting place mostly utilised is Christiania, the rendezvous being the Grand Hotel on Karl Johans Gade.

It takes a good two days to purchase and collect the stores required and to get them sorted and packed fit for the journey northwards.

The following is a list of the stores we provided for five guns and three servants on a ten-day trip :—

Liquors.—120 half-bottles beer, 2 bottles brandy, 3 Aquavit, 1 Benedictine, 6 claret, 4 sherry, 6 port, 2 champagne, 1 vermouth, 24 Scotch whisky, 1 raspberry vinegar. Costing £10 10s.

Meats.—28 lb. fresh beef, 14 lb. mutton, 6 lb. cured beef, 2 lb. pork, 8 lb. collared mutton, 1 lb. smoked sausage, 1 lb. dried ham, 8 lb. English bacon, 14 lb. smoked ham. Costing £3 10s.

Meal, Flours, etc.—20 lb. rye flour, 12 lb. wheat flour, 4 lb. oatmeal, 1 lb. maccaroni, 2 lb. rice, 1 lb. potato flour, 100 lb. potatoes, 2 lb. yellow peas, 15 lb. bread, 16 lb. dog biscuits, 36 lb. barley meal, 1 box rye biscuits. Costing £1 1s.

Tinned Foods.—2 tins corned beef, 2 tins haggis, 1 tin mutton and cabbage, 2 tins fricassee of mutton, 2 tins boiled beef with suet, 2 tins beef, pork, and peas, 3 tins pears, 1 tin apricots, 2 tins pineapple, 1 tin plum pudding, 7 tins dried apricot, apples, and pears, 2 tins ginger, 2 tins sardines, 1 tin baking powder, 1 box biscuits, 3 jars extract of meat. Costing £3.

Groceries.—10 lb. roasted coffee, 12 lb. Dutch sugar, 6 lb. crushed sugar, 4 lb. cheese, 2 lb. chocolate, 2 lb. tea, 8 lb. kitchen salt, 1 lb. sweets, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. yeast, 2 lb. soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ bottle salad oil, 1 bottle magnesia citrate, 8 pints paraffin oil, white gelatine, 2 packets candles, 5 packets soda powders, 8 cucumbers and parsley, 6 lemons, 2 lb. onions, 6 heads of cabbage, 6 turnips, 6 carrots, pepper, salt, mustard, soap, matches, 6 doz. eggs. Costing £3.

The meats could well have been curtailed, but our party wished to give most of the game away as presents to their friends, consequently but little of it was consumed.

At Hamer, about a hundred miles up the line on the shores of the Mjosen, the largest lake in Norway, the train changes from the broad to the narrow gauge. Travelling there is very slow, the track gradually ascending the sparsely peopled and thickly wooded regions of Hedemarken, following the tortuous windings of the mighty river Glommen.

At 6 a.m. the writer boarded a train at Christiania; at midnight he disembarked about 250 miles further north, at a small wayside station in the heart of an enormous forest of pine trees, many of which had been killed by the extreme frosts of winter, when the thermometer sinks 60° Fahr. below zero.

The party was expected, but no fires were burning, although the cold was intense. To give some idea of the callousness of the natives to cold, it may be stated that a few winters previous, when the writer was travelling by night through this same *Amt* (county) in the winter with the thermometer about 40° below zero, the posting master of a wayside station did not think a knee rug in the sledge a necessity for so short a journey as seven kilometers.

Next day, the 13th August, there were several inches of snow in the valleys; what it was like on the mountains can better be imagined. The thickest of clothing was selected in preparation for



ASCENDING TO THE SAETERS

the journey by horse, but towards noon the wind shifted southerly, the temperature rose, and a re-change became a necessity.

We were a party of five guns, taking with us a cook, a shooting attendant, and a boy; all Norwegians except the writer. As the cavalcade left the inner yard of the hotel a string of nine heavily laden horses could be counted, each accompanied by a driver, whilst the pack of setters and pointers made the welkin ring with their joyous bark on finding themselves once more within the woods and fields of their native heath.

For ten miles we rattled along fairly quickly, although the roads were in an awful condition, but ofttimes we were compelled to

make a detour and take to the forest to avoid quagmires, ruts (a foot or more deep), and dangerous parts where the paths had been washed away by recent rains or a landslide.

Two hours after noon we rested and fed the horses for a while, then we continued the journey through the intermediate vista of pines, rocks, and stream.

Twice we came to broad rivers rushing from the mountains to the valley below, which looked formidable enough to the stranger, but into which the hardy little horses plunged without fear or hesitation; although one of them was nearly swept away by the force of the current.

Towards evening we arrived at the shores of a big lake where the heavier baggage was embarked in a boat and the horses sent round by a cattle path to the other end. By nightfall the foot of the mountains we intended visiting was reached, and glad we were to call a halt. It had taken twenty hours to cover twenty-one English miles.

The farmhouse was surrounded by a dense fir forest in the middle of a romantic glen, the home of the elk, the capercailzie, blackgame and hjerpe—hazel-hen. A trout stream divided the valley, which irrigated the few fields reclaimed from the woodland, and added a charm to the situation.

It was indeed a lovely spot, and one to which an English sportsman had never before penetrated.

The food was coarse, the butter rancid; but what of that? There were fresh trout in plenty to be had from the brook, tins of savoury meats, American fruits, Bordeaux wines, pure Scotch whisky, and good Havana cigars upon the pack-horses. What could the heart wish for more?

At 6 a.m. we were called from our sheepskin coverlets to collect our belongings and pack them on the horses for the mountain climb.

How the hardy little Norwegian ponies ever mounted that stiff ascent of two thousand feet would have been a mystery except to those who actually saw them do it. In many places the path was almost perpendicular, with hardly a cat-hold upon the bare and slippery rock. In others the forest was so dense, branches had to be hacked from trees to allow the packs to squeeze through, whilst often a quagmire or bog would intervene in the smaller plateaux, and solid ground had to be temporarily made with fallen trees or whatever material came in handiest for such a purpose. Hour after hour we mounted upwards, slowly but surely, and as we rose valleys and fyards beyond opened into view, until an enormous vista of glorious country stretched far away to the distant horizon.

Small green patches on the side of the mountain ranges over the valley denoted saeters, summer chalets of the farms below, whilst lakes appeared one after the other, until we began to imagine a new world was being exposed.

What an enchanting paradise it was! The scenery, the verdure, the vast expanse of land, the deep colouring, and the air. Yes, the air was life itself; and as one's lungs, expanding from exertion, drank in huge volumes of it, it seemed good to be alive.

Half-way up, some twelve hundred feet from the starting-point, a halt was called, and packs were taken from the horses to rest them. They needed it. This gave an opportunity to unfasten the camera and snapshot the stragglers.



THE HALFWAY HALT ON THE ROAD

Whilst resting, one of the Norwegian attendants cut a twig and made a hjerpe call-pipe, which he used so cleverly that a small covey was attracted thereby, from which we succeeded in shooting three. It is notorious that the hjerpe is at times a very foolish bird, and will sit in a tree blinking at a hunter without making any attempt to escape. Knowing this, he shoots at the bird sitting lowest, as although the others probably will not fly away at the noise of the gun-fire, the falling body of one of their number alarms them. Observing this caution the whole covey may generally be secured. It is not of much avail waiting for a sportsman-like shot at hjerpe, for they confine themselves almost invariably to the very densest

and inaccessible parts of the forest, seldom if ever flying favourably to afford a fair sporting target.

Passing a large waterfall, the roar of which drowned all other sounds and made it difficult to talk, we zigzagged upwards, seemingly ever upwards. Then, when exhaustion nearly claimed us, the path flattened outwards, the trees lost their density, and on a slight rise in a forest clearing we saw the object of our long journey—the saeters—a cluster of huts that for the next few weeks would be our home. Smoke was pouring from the chimneys, water was boiling ready for soup, and in a short time we sat down to a good, square, well-earned meal. With the after-dinner smoke a study was made of the maps of the country spread out upon the grass, and in those high altitudes we basked in the warm summer twilight, despite the fact that two days before it had been freezing cold, even in the sheltered valleys far below.

Before the peasants (neighbouring farmers who had freighted our goods and chattels from the railway to the saeters) left us, we arranged for a daily supply of fresh milk, butter, and eggs. This cost £2 for the fortnight: the quantity of cream we ordered accounting for most of it.

The horses, vehicles, boats, and attendants for the double journey (about thirty miles each way), including a removal of about ten miles from one saeter to another, cost an additional £8. Wages of three servants for three weeks, £3.

The rental of the shoot has not been mentioned, because it was hired by a Norwegian, and was therefore most probably let at a figure considerably less than any foreigner would have been able to acquire it at. But the reader may correctly assume that for £50 to £100 he can obtain shooting rights in Norway equal to, if not considerably better than, any he could obtain in Scotland for five or even ten times as much.

We arose betimes for our first day's sport, but in that far northern latitude it was many hours after daybreak, or rather sunrise, that saw us take the fyard.

Dividing our forces into two parties, a couple of dogs with each, and carrying our own lunch and cartridges, we passed the skigar (rough fence enclosing a saeter clearing from the forest wilds) and followed cattle tracks towards the open fyard.

In Norway one has undoubtedly to work to fill the game-bag. No matter how good the season, a long stiff walk is sure to separate the shooter from his best ground, or the direction of the wind may necessitate it if other circumstances are favourable. Here a deep gorge cut the forest which covered the lower slopes of the mountain we intended visiting. It was beautiful in the extreme, but difficult

to cross. Then we passed over a steadily rising incline of broken ground densely covered with fir and birch.

As we ascended the trees became more stunted, gradually giving place to myrtle and juniper bushes, ling, heather, reindeer moss, and barren rock.

At the top of the gorge our dogs surprised a covey of black-game, but no shot was obtainable owing to the difficulties of the ground and the density of the forest. Further on we crossed the trail of a capercailzie and followed it a good mile before the bird was flushed, unshot at. But before we had really left the forest



ARRIVAL AT THE SÆTERS

margin, our dogs came to a point in a small clearing covered with cotton blooms of the bog rush. Drawing up to them we flushed a covey of fifteen ryper, full grown and strong on wing. We killed five. Fifty yards further along a solitary stag (old cock ryper) led a nice dance over rock, stream, and hollow for upwards of half a mile, until its career was ingloriously stopped as it ran over a smooth slab of rock. Remonstrance with a Norwegian for shooting a "stag" on the ground is useless. He argues that they discourage the dogs and the shooter, flush other birds, and are best killed anyhow. Perhaps it is right; in fact most Anglo-Norse sportsmen adopt similar tactics after two or three seasons' experience.

Working up wind, we circle the slopes of the mountain, hunting all its undulating shoulders, hollows, and valleys with more or less success. Birds are mostly found on the edge of the bogs, in a picturesque miniature glen, or amongst the silver asp bushes bordering a tarn.

The shots offered vary as much as the heart of true sportsmen can desire. At times low and straightaway like a pigeon from the traps; more often rising and shaling towards the right or left; sometimes high up into the air with a sweep directly overhead—difficult and easy, close and long in range, according to the surroundings, the elements, and the atmosphere.

The rest for lunch is not the least enjoyable pastime of the day. Basking in the sunlight, or snugly sheltered in some warm cranny among the mountain boulders, we gaze upon a view which Scotland cannot offer, because the contrasts of colour are not so great, so grand, nor so magnificent. We recall to mind the incidents of the morning, which in turn recall many a former experience—there and in other lands. Simple shots may have an added charm by reason of the natural beauties of the surroundings; difficult shots have a charm of their own; whilst many bits of country covered, whereon not a single bird may have been found, charm the sportsman by their grandeur or their solitude.

After lunch we ascend again to the higher fyelds and try for fyeld-ryper (ptarmigan), which are generally common to all good moors in Norway. Seven coveys afford us ample sport until the setting sun warns it is time to return home.

On the way we encounter the other party whom we have heard firing in the distance. Their bag for five hours out consisted of capercaillie 1, blackgame 3, hares 1, ryper 17. Ours for a similar period of time: ryper 19, fyeld-ryper 12. Distance covered, twelve miles. In actual figures it does not sound heavy, but in Norway it is well up to the average; it must also be remembered that of the five hours nearly half the time was spent travelling to and from the shooting grounds and in short rests. Day after day we sported in various directions, alternately hunting the woods for capercaillie or blackgame, taking to the fyelds for ryper and ptarmigan, or the glens and precipice sides for hyerpe; until, having killed or hunted too wild the majority of the birds, we moved camp to another batch of saeters about ten miles further northward.

Now a word as to the accommodation of the saeters. Of course they do not compare with Scotch shooting lodges, but of late years Norwegian sportsmen have been building special huts for the purpose, composed of a living room, two bedrooms, and kitchen, with a small loft over the latter for the servants. During winter

tinned provisions, liquor, stores, furniture and fittings are sent up by sledge, and the lodges are made as snug and comfortable as possible.

Where such lodges are not to be found, the sportsman must content himself with an ordinary saeter, which has two rooms only—a living room, and a kitchen with a store-room out of it. There are generally three or four of these huts together, and they are quite comfortable enough for ordinary purposes. In one corner of the



A REST ON THE HIGH FYELDS

living room is a large open hearth, in another the table, and two beds in one of the other corners. The beds are invariably short, but they open like a drawer, accommodating three or four people as required. The bed itself is of fresh hay, having a sheepskin coverlet; for carpet, freshly cut juniper twigs are used which give off a scented aroma.

The use of the hut goes with the shooting rights, but as the cattle do not often leave the saeters before the middle of September, arrangements should be made whereby only those saeters are used

which the cattle have left, or not yet visited; as their presence is not favourable to sport, whilst in some places they are dangerous to the dogs.

During ten days we killed about 200 ryper and 40 various, including capercailzie, blackgame, woodcock, hjerpe, hares, teal, golden plover, and snipe. Five friends on the adjoining moorlands to the north had better luck, bagging 540 ryper.

In one respect Scotch moors surpass the Norwegian. Very few birds are found on the fyeld besides ryper, and in the forests besides capercailzie, black game, and hjerpe, whilst it is almost impossible to drive birds in Norway owing to the difficulties of obtaining and housing the beaters. But this is more than compensated for by the extra beauty of the country, and the magnificent shots given by the quarry.

The trout-fishing obtainable in the lochs and rivers is not being dealt with in this article, or it might be recorded how in Norway the fish are reckoned at so many pounds each, as against ounces in Scotland.

To deal with such a subject as is covered by the title of this article in a manner worthy of it would fill the pages of a bulky volume, therefore let these few leaves suffice. The writer's object has only been to convey to the reader a cursory idea of the fresh fields and forests open to him, which are teeming with game, and which unfold a thousand glories to the lover of pure nature, wild and unadorned.





STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

VI.—BROTHERTAP MOOR

BY FRANK SAVILE

SIR WILLIAM CRUNDAL was a scientist first and a sportsman second, but any one of his friends would have said that the first had a very narrow win. In spring and summer his thoughts concerned his test tubes alone, but from August the 12th to January the 31st they had a serious rival in his brace of twelve-bores. Somehow or somewhere he contrived to get not fewer than two days' shooting a week, and many an important analysis had to wait while he enjoyed himself on manor or moor.

When in 1903 he went on his famous expedition to Bolivia in the interests of the Great Santa Fé Minerals Concession he gained to himself not only notoriety but a very considerable fee. Under the circumstances he decided that he deserved a thorough holiday, and the morning after his arrival in London betook himself to the offices of the well-known agents—Day, Teddy, and Grooving—full of sporting purpose. He would stand himself a four-hundred-brace moor if such a thing was left in the market.

Mr. Day interviewed him, and, as all agents in like case do, hummed and ha'd and shrugged his shoulders. July was hardly the month to take moors of the first class. Sir William would know that as well as Mr. Day's self. He would, however, consult Ledger A.

Ledger A being brought was drawn blank. Eight-hundred-guinea moors were there; eleven-hundred-guinea forests; magnificent rivers; tempting lochs. These were dangled before the eyes of the man of science in vain. What he wanted—and meant to

get—was four hundred brace of grouse for four hundred pounds. A comfortable lodge—he was beyond the age that delights in roughing it—was also a *sine quâ non*. Mr. Day's jaw lengthened.

Suddenly he gave his forehead a melodramatic slap and plunged heavily for a note-book on the far side of his writing-table. He took it up, flipped the pages excitedly, and consulted an entry. After which he confronted his client with a beaming face.

"Sir William," he said, piously, "this seems almost like an intervention of Providence. But for my failing memory I need have given you no cause for hesitation. Yesterday—only yesterday—the thing you require came into the market."

"What name, where, and how much?" said the baronet, concisely.

Mr. Day tapped his notebook, as if the answers to these questions were concretely bound within its covers.

"Brothertap Moor, the property of Skene of Skene," he replied. "In Aberdeenshire, within four miles of a station, in lovely country, with two miles of burn which gives excellent trout."

"And the bag?" asked Sir William.

Mr. Day hesitated, but only momentarily.

"The bag is estimated to be four hundred and fifty brace," he said.

Sir William examined him steadily. There had been a queer inflection in the agent's voice.

"I suppose they will show the game registers for the last five years?" he submitted.

Mr. Day made a funny little gesture of deprecation by turning his palms upward.

"Yes and no," he answered. "I will be quite explicit. Mr. Skene came in yesterday and saw our Mr. Grooving. It appears that for reasons that are private to himself he has sudden need of augmenting his income. He is accordingly going to divide the best-known of his moors into two portions, retaining one half—the smaller—for himself, and letting the rest with his house. He himself will take up his abode in a farmhouse which has become vacant, the land attached to it having been added to another holding. The moor has always been good for eight hundred brace as a whole. He thinks he is doing himself no more than justice by apportioning four hundred and fifty brace to the moiety which he proposes to let, or rather to lease."

"Oh," said the client, "we aren't discussing leases. I want a yearly agreement."

Mr. Day assumed a courteously persuasive air.

"Sir William," he implored, earnestly, "pray go and look at it. And understand that no difficulty will be put in the way of subletting if by any chance you can bring yourself to such a course in succeeding years."

The other considered. "I have yet to hear the rent," he said, coldly.

"Three hundred and fifty—only three hundred and fifty pounds for nine hundred grouse," said Mr. Day. "You are well aware how much below the market value this is—due, no doubt, to the fact that Mr. Skene's necessities are pressing. It is a bargain, Sir William—I assure you it is a most unquestionable bargain."

The baronet, by no means convinced of this, took himself off after vainly endeavouring to get Mr. Day to suggest to his client a compromise. This was that if, on inspection, the moor realised its prospectus, Mr. Skene should take four hundred pounds for the one season's let. No, said the agent; Mr. Skene's terms were specific. Nothing less than a seven years' lease would suffice, but subletting would be permitted.

After a very unprofitable forenoon spent at various agencies the would-be tenant found himself back with Mr. Day again, and five hours later in the Scotch Express *en route* for Aberdeen. Nothing else suitable had turned up, and the more the vision of the baronet's desire receded, the more desirable it loomed in his eyes. There could be no harm, he told himself, in merely going to have a look, and settled himself into his sleeping berth with the very comfortable conviction that no Scotch laird would persuade him into taking a moor unless it showed signs of due return for rent. He sent Mr. Skene a hasty telegram from Aberdeen, and three hours later was deposited at Mernay station, on the Great North of Scotland line.

He realised at once that the man who sat in the trap awaiting him was no groom. He was a tall, thin-faced, fair-moustached Scot, who greeted his guest with what the baronet inwardly stigmatised as an "overdone" smile. He was full of his pleasure at meeting the eminent traveller, and of hopes that the journey had not been found over-fatiguing. He introduced himself as the Master of Skene, eldest son of the owner of Brothertap Moor, and of the Skene lands generally.

Sir William, all for business, began his cross-examination at once. The bag, the health of the birds, the quantity of heather burnt the previous year, the wages usually paid to beaters, the staff of gillies necessary, the basket of trout possible in an evening's whipping of the stream—these were all passed in review. The young man was most willing to oblige.

The moor, he averred, was in first-class condition, and so were the birds. There was no disease, a large breeding stock had been left after last season, and the extraordinarily dry summer was no doubt partly responsible for the health of the broods. But the best plan would be for Sir William to accompany him over the moor after he had breakfasted. He would rather let his guest's own eyes be witness to the truth of his statements. They would take a few sandwiches and have a long morning in the heather. If Sir William could only see his way to staying the night he could also investigate the stream for himself.

The baronet made a hearty meal, filled his flask and sandwich box, and in due course set forth with his entertainer.

The moor, it appeared, covered two sides of a mountain, which ran for three miles east and west in a long ridge. It was grooved across the middle by a sort of shallow gully, and this was almost precipitous on one side. The rocks which faced it had a scored and splintered appearance, making it look in places as if stone had been recently quarried. Sir William remarked on the strange effect.

Young Skene did not seem to respond to the idea.

"It is very perishable, weathering stone," he answered, carelessly, "and liable to break off in masses after frost. This gut is known as the Cow's Mouth Gap."

The morning was a warm one, and they had had two hours of fairly heavy going by the time they reached the gully. Sir William looked at his watch.

"If you will excuse my Southron want of training," he remarked, "I must say that a little whisky and water would be most acceptable. Is there a spring handy? I don't care to take my whisky neat in this temperature."

Skene laughed pleasantly.

"I didn't bring you out to perish of thirst," he said. "I provided for the emergency." As he spoke he produced a couple of bottles of Schweppe from his capacious pockets. "Suppose we sit down and peck a bit, too?" he suggested.

Nothing loth, the baronet accepted the situation, and for the next ten minutes munched sandwiches and chewed the cud of his meditation in silence. So far there was no doubt that the moor had impressed him favourably. Broods had been frequent, and strong on the wing. Cheepers, considering that July was scarcely half over, were not greatly in evidence. The lodge had appeared decently furnished. Things had seemed to be as represented.

Young Skene was the first to speak.

"Well, and what do you think of it?" he asked, gaily.

The other hesitated.

"I see nothing to cavil at," he said at last. "I notice, of course, that the heather is wonderfully parched; but the season, I am aware, has been one of exceptional drought. There are plenty of birds. One rather peculiar thing about them I have noticed. Those we have disturbed have invariably winged westward, sometimes going over our heads, sometimes going forward and making a sweep back. Yet the wind is behind us."

Was it his fancy, or did Skene's tanned skin grow faintly crimson?

"There is no accounting for the flight of the broods at this time of year," he said, hastily, and took rather a deep suck at his flask.

Sir William shook his head.

"My experience doesn't lead me to agree with you," he said, rather drily. "Perhaps you haven't noticed how very regularly the thing occurs."

"I'll watch next time we raise a brood," said the other. "Shall we be getting along now?"

The baronet nodded.

"We might make for a spring if you don't mind," he said. "I should like to fill up my flask with water, and in this heat that is where we shall find birds. Then I can point out to you what I mean."

For a moment young Skene looked undecided.

"The nearest one is about a quarter of a mile the other side of this gully," he said. "A little out of the way if you wish to see the rest of the moor, but such beautifully cool water that it is almost worth the detour."

Sir William said that a few hundred yards here or there made no difference to him. They accordingly climbed the steep rock-face on the westward side of the dip, and after a few minutes' striding through deeper heather than any they had yet encountered, walked out on to the squashy "sag" which surrounds the mouth of moorland springs. A large brood got up, scattering right and left.

Skene looked at his guest and laughed.

"I saw no peculiarity in their flight," he said. "They went south if they went anywhere."

Sir William shrugged his shoulders.

"The exception which proves the rule," he answered, and stooped to fill his flask. The pool was still and mirror-like, and reflected, among other things, the young man's face. It also reflected the fact that the Master of Skene was grimacing at his companion behind that companion's back.

Sir William pondered the matter somewhat deeply during the next two hours. Broods were not so plentiful as the day wore on, but that they were in good quantity was not to be denied. The heather was deep, if dry, and an adequate quantity had been burnt. The young heather of the last two years' burning had not made good progress, but this was doubtless due to the inordinate drought. But why had Skene grimaced?

After debating the matter in his own mind the baronet could find no explanation beyond the fact that a young man might be very much bored by having to drag an old fossil like himself across interminable acres of moor for no better purpose than bargain-hunting. There seemed no other explanation, and he resolved to accept it. He also accepted the invitation to stay the evening and whip the stream.

This last gave undoubted results. A nice little basket of half-pounders was evidence that could not be gainsaid. After a cosy little dinner and a decent cigar, Sir William took up his candle on his way to bed, fully decided in his own mind to take the moor on its merits.

"By the way," he said, suddenly, with his foot on the first stair, "I don't think you pointed out the boundaries to me after all."

"I don't think really that I did," said Skene, glibly. "There is no division line marked out yet. But we mean to place a set of cairns marking a straight border from the lodge to the Cow's Mouth on this side, and from the Cow's Mouth to the pine wood I showed you on the other. We shan't prosecute you if you make a furlong's mistake now and then," he added, laughing.

Sir William paused.

"Then that spring where I filled my flask is on the part you mean to keep?" he inquired.

Skene made a careless gesture of assent.

"Yes," he answered. "Can I give you a light?" He put a match to his guest's candle.

Sir William took the hint, and, nodding his thanks, betook himself to his room.

He left the next morning without having committed himself to any definite statement of his intentions, but while the train thundered south set himself carefully to weigh the evidence of his eyes. He had seen the moor. That was perhaps poorly heathered, but the season had been a dry one. He had seen the grouse, and there were without any sort of doubt plenty of healthy birds. He had seen the burn and the lodge, and both were certainly excellent of their kind. Summary: no reason for not taking what practically

fulfilled his desires. But why the devil had young Skene made that peculiar grimace behind his back?

Much pondering failed to elucidate an answer, or, at the same time, any valid reason for failing to agree with his prospective landlord while he was in the way with him. Before he was forty-eight hours older he had made up his mind, visited Mr. Day, and left his office the tenant of Brothertap Moor for the ensuing seven years.

Then Fate launched her bolt at him, and no later than the same evening. As he was sitting in the smoking-room of the Scientists' Club smoking his after-dinner cigar and meditating his deal with growing satisfaction, there entered to him his nephew, Arthur Challoner, a young engineer, who possessed talents, a capacity for hard work, and a by no means poor opinion of himself. By dint of these three qualities he was already being talked of as that rather nebulous quantity, "a rising man."

Uncle and nephew exchanged greetings and family gossip for some minutes before Sir William casually imparted the information that he had just returned from the North—Aberdeenshire to wit.

"Business?" said Challoner, who was lighting a cigarette; and Sir William assented.

"Business of a sort," he agreed.

"Where?" said Challoner, tersely inquisitive.

Sir William mentioned the neighbourhood of Mernay.

Challoner became suddenly interested.

"Nothing to do with that earthquake job?" he asked. "Have you been called in as geological expert? Rum thing it is, to be sure."

The baronet experienced a sudden qualm of discomfort. Funny the Skenes should not have mentioned such a local portent.

"No," he said, quietly. "I went to take a moor; and, as I hope for the pleasure of your company when we shoot it next month, Arthur, you'll be glad to hear that it's a good one."

"You've taken a moor near Mernay?" cried his nephew.

"Within four miles," assented Sir William.

"Not——?"

"Brothertap Moor," interrupted the baronet, composedly; but Challoner gave a most disquieting yell and sat heavily down.

"O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!" he wailed. "Uncle, if ever a man was done you're the very article. It's the most shameful swindle that ever was, and only a man who has been three months out of England could have been taken in by it. D'you mean to say you haven't heard a word about the great Mernay earthquake?"

"Not a syllable," said Sir William, still calm outwardly; "and

how it can affect my moor I utterly fail to understand. The grouse are there, and so is the heather. What's your quarrel with it?"

"The *grouse* are there?" repeated his nephew, incredulously.

"Certainly. I saw them myself."

For a moment Challoner hesitated. Then he gave an emphatic nod.

"Of course," he agreed. "I should have thought of that. He knew you were coming, and had them driven on to it."

Sir William gave a sudden start. The birds—for July—had certainly been wild, and they *had* on rising invariably made back in one and the same direction—except that one brood at the spring, and that was not on his portion of the moor.

"Look here, Arthur," he said, "I haven't a notion what you're driving at. I've got the moor for seven years. Just explain as concisely as you can what—on earth—is wrong—with it!"

Young Challoner groaned again.

"Seven years!" he bemoaned, "seven years! And you don't know where you have been had! You're the only man in England who wouldn't."

The baronet's temper burst its bounds. He thumped his fist upon the arm of his chair.

"Damn it, speak out, can't you?" he cried, and Challoner made haste to obey.

"It is strange, and yet as simple as tossing ha'pennies," he began. "There was a strong seismic disturbance that took in Aberdeenshire, Ross-shire, Sutherlandshire—in fact, half the North of Scotland—in May. Among other freaks it played was a stratum cleavage—it can be nothing else—under Brothertap Moor. From being one of the best watered moors in Scotland it became an arid desert. Every one of the springs dried up on the eastern end—the half to the east of the Cow's Mouth—while those on the west give double supply. As the peat is absolutely shallow above the rock the heather is dying and the grouse won't harbour in it. Next year it will be like the desert of Sahara, and this year you won't get forty brace off it. That's the long and the short of it."

For a moment Sir William sat absolutely silent. The completeness—and the neatness—with which he had been sold palsied him. It was the first real defeat of his very well-ordered existence. Then something weird in the way of anathema—acquired, doubtless, in the Bolivian solitudes—rolled from between his lips.

"I wonder now——" he presently said, quite sedately.

Challoner skipped in his chair.

"What?" he cried.

Sir William had assumed a lamb-like air of composure.

"There may be a remedy," he submitted, with a very queer smile about his lips.

"In law?" asked Challoner. "There's none elsewhere."

"You may be mistaken," said the baronet. "Stratum cleavages are rummy things."

Sir William looked carefully about him. There was no one in the smoking-room, but a couple of men stood very near the glass doors in the billiard-room beyond. He drew his chair alongside his nephew's, and began to whisper intensely.

The various changes that passed over the youth's ingenuous visage while his avuncular relative expounded his views might have been of immense value to a student of expression. From pure surprise they passed through periods of growing amazement to stupor, followed by excitement, and ending in abundant laughter. Soon he lay back in his chair and kicked under the goad of his emotions. He made himself so remarkable that an intruding waiter, who happened to hold an ambulance certificate, began to probe his memory seriously for the cure of apoplectic hysteria. Finally, Challoner left with the avowed intention of obtaining a three months' holiday from his firm—one which he explained had been due to him for the last five years. Uncle and nephew arranged to travel north within a week to take up their residence in the former's new-leased dwelling.

Ten days later the two were installed at Brothertap Lodge, wearing to the world an aspect of extreme innocence, and on the best of terms with Sir William's landlord. The parching heather, the evasive grouse, the dried-up springs, were as if they were not. And yet the pair were continually upon the moor, though they confined their expeditions to the Cow's Mouth Gully, and that alone. Skene hugged himself in the recesses of his farmhouse. Of all the flats he had ever encountered he told himself that these were the flattest. Even now the fools didn't know how they had been done. Sir William actually discussed the late earthquake with him.

"A most interesting phenomenon in our own land," purred he; "in Bolivia, of course, matters of almost daily occurrence. I wonder if we shall have another. What?"

Skene politely hoped not, and withdrew stifling his merriment and thanking his stars that such an egregious old innocent had fallen into hands capable of dealing with him. He went on later to show his tenant a horse—a bad case of navicular. He suggested that he would take £40 for him, and that he would be most useful in connection with a trap—unvarnished, with loose felloes, and costing only another £20—to run up and down from the station. Sir William thanked him warmly, but explained that a motor car would shortly make its appearance, or otherwise he would have been

glad to make him an offer for both. The two parted with mutual—admiration.

Ten days later Challoner went south, and while he was away a strange thing happened. Sir William, who by no means confined his visits to Cow's Mouth Gully to daylight, returned from a midnight expedition thereto white-faced, breathing hard, and much disturbed. He said nothing to his old housekeeper, but the latter reported the portents to the rest of the establishment, and when Macdonald, the head keeper, was summoned the next morning, he was prepared for *dénouements*. The man was a creature of Skene's. The silly old gomeril, he told himself, had at last realised the situation.

The truth was far from what he had expected. Sir William's manner was solemn, but by no means testy.

"Macdonald," he asked, ponderously, "has anyone, to your knowledge, ever come to—to a bad end in Cow's Mouth Gully?"

Macdonald's eyebrows lifted.

"I'm no recollectin' it, Sirr Wulliam," he answered.

"Think," said the baronet, persuasively. "Angus, the gilly, alluded, if I remember right, to some story of a snow-bound shepherd who——"

"Losh me! but y'r right, Sirr Wulliam. But it'll be five-and-forty years gone by——"

"Macdonald," said his master, lugubriously, "last night I *saw* him!"

The keeper skipped.

"Preserv' 's a'!" he muttered, piously. "Y'r no jokin', sirr?"

The baronet rolled his eyes.

"Joking!" he exclaimed, grimly, and then sank his voice to a blood-curdling whisper.

"Last night, shortly before midnight, I passed down the gap on my way home from my after-dinner stroll. I give you my word of honour that as I did so a tall figure, clad in what looked like a winding sheet, with dark stains upon its forehead, showed up in the moonlight, following silently the same track as myself. The thing was distinct for over half a minute. The next instant the moon was veiled by a passing cloud. When it reappeared I was alone!"

Sir William Crundal was an eminently truthful man, and to allow him to continue to merit this description I must interpolate a slight explanation. *He himself* had walked down Cow's Mouth Gap as described for purposes of his own. If these were to make the gully a place avoided after dark his device was marvellously successful. Macdonald, superstitious as most rascals are, carried the story far and wide. The baronet was able to inform his nephew, on

the latter's return, that the local shepherds, poachers, and gillies were more likely to visit a small-pox hospital after dark than the Cow's Mouth. Its reputation as a harbourage of ghostly visitants was assured. The uncle and nephew seemed callous to these spiritual portents. Their nightly expeditions into the heather continued, and if anyone had had the courage to follow them they would have found that they invariably had a definite end in the very home of the spectral manifestation.

A week, in fact, after Challoner's return north the two might have been dimly descried facing each other in the darkness at the foot of the rent rocks of the gully. Sir William was speaking with every accent of content.

"There is absolutely no sort of doubt about it now," he was saying. "The stratum 'tilt' is not ten yards inside this crag," he added, laying his hand upon the weathered stone. "Our work is practically done, Arthur."

"About time, too," complained his nephew, wearily. "What with the digging, and the carting the mould away and scattering it so as to show as little sign of what we are at as possible, I'm getting about beat. The stone drilling that has been your part of the business is boy's work compared with mine. You keep a straight back to it. Mine is half broken."

Sir William clapped the broken back admiringly.

"I'm not forgetting it, my boy," he said, cheerily, "and perhaps after I'm gone you'll realise as much. For the present let's fill up the mouth of our tunnel and get off. One more night—and then——" He made a significant gesture. Challoner gave a chuckle as he began to fit boulders with a certain careless precision into the mouth of what looked rather like a badger's earth in the rocks.

The next morning, as the two lounged lazily in basket chairs upon the lawn, young Skene came riding by. He stopped beside the hedge, peered at them doubtfully, and then hailed them good morning. Uncle and nephew strolled up to the railings and chatted with him across the privet.

"How are the birds looking your side?" asked the baronet, with an air of babelike innocence. "Macdonald seems doubtful about ours. In spite of the storms we have had our springs don't seem to fill up as you were inclined to think they would."

The Master of Skene passed his hand across his moustache.

"It's a *very* dry year," he submitted, in a rather gasping voice.

"The little runnels fill up for a few hours after rain," rambled on Sir William in a garrulous, confidential sort of way, "but the

springs are hopeless. It almost seems as if there was something geologically wrong with the water supply. Eh?"

"Almost," agreed young Skene, chokingly. "The heather *does* look parched."

Sir William looked up at him with innocently pleading eyes.

"Nothing you can suggest to help us?" he asked.

Skene looked down with an air of amused contempt. He was feeling reckless. After all, they had the old fool quite completely and tightly bound by the terms of the lease, and there was no particular reason to keep him in the dark any longer.

"Could the earthquake possibly have had anything to do with it?" said Skene, with the air of one hazarding an original notion.

Sir William looked gently surprised.

"The earthquake?" he repeated, "The earthquake?"

"We had one about three months back, you know," said Skene.

Sir William stared at him with meditative amazement.

"Of course you did," he pondered, slowly. "That explains a lot, doesn't it?"

Skene flushed.

"Does it?" he answered, with a sort of non-committal surliness.

"Of course it does," said Sir William, brightly. "And if that is the true cause of our dryness——"

"Yes?" said Skene, interrogatively.

"Suggests a remedy," continued Sir William, thoughtfully.

Skene's eyes grew wide. He examined the man of science almost timorously. He glanced at Challoner, whose expression told about as much as an English journal that has been passed by a Russian censor.

Sir William seemed lost in thought.

"A remedy," he repeated, purringly, "a remedy," dwelling on the words in a sort of contemplative rapture.

Skene echoed the word inquiringly.

"A remedy?" he debated. There seemed a tinge of exasperation in his tones. Now the murder was out this silly old man and his stony-faced nephew did not yet realise that they had been badly sold. "I see no remedy short of another earthquake," said Skene, with a sour laugh.

The baronet looked up at him silently. Then for a moment he turned and confronted Challoner.

"Mr. Skene puts his finger on the spot, Arthur," he said. "Mr. Skene is a very clever man, let me tell you."

The very clever man looked from one to the other of them with the growing conviction that he was in the presence of what is locally

termed "a pair of naturals." The situation was growing beyond him, and he cut it short—with his spurs. "I'm late for an appointment as it is," he cried, suddenly. "You must let me hear your notion another day." He went cantering up the moor track firmly convinced that his tenant was, to say the least, childish. "Old Man Innocent from Innocentville," said Skene, and laughed aloud. On the lawn before the lodge the old man in question was looking after him with smiling eyes.

"On his own head be it now, Arthur," he was saying. "The swindling hound! He has said the word himself."

That same evening, if Macdonald or any of his clan had had the courage to peer over the precipitous edges of the Cow's Mouth they would have seen an instructive sight. Out of a narrow entrance between two rocks emerged Sir William Crundal, Bart., into the moonlight, followed by that rising scientist his nephew. The latter trailed delicately behind him a wire. The two brushed the dirt from their skirts, and turned to confront each other, smiling lavishly.

Sir William suddenly put out his hand.

"Shake a paw, Arthur," he said. "You've worked like a Trojan. I shan't forget it."

"That's all right," said Challoner, a little shyly. "You're quite convinced the thing is going to work?"

"If it doesn't," said his uncle, solemnly, "I'll return all my degrees, British and foreign, to every university that has done me the honour of calling me a geologist. Come along."

Silently they strolled down into the heather a couple of hundred yards, Challoner still trailing his wire. On a knoll they seated themselves, while the baronet produced a small wooden box. The end of the wire was deftly inserted into an armature in this.

Sir William looked at his nephew. "Nothing to wait for?" he asked, and the other nodded—with a tiny gasp.

The scientist turned a small brass handle rapidly.

There was a roar like thunder from the direction of the gully.

Bumps of heather flew through the air. Boulders crashed, stones whizzed abroad like shells. One, indeed, whistled over the heads of the two on the knoll, making them duck like recruits in their first engagement. As the uproar died, and the loosened crags finished rolling into new resting places, a new sound was distinct through the after quiet. A burn could be heard splashing and tinkling through the gully. Moonlit gleams shone on pools. A sudden spate came bursting through the parched heather, and purred past the very feet of the watchers. Challoner leaped up and flung his cap into the air.

"Victory!" he yelled excitedly, "Victory!"

His uncle showed a quieter but none the less solid satisfaction.

"I told you so!" he remarked, solemnly. "That hill beyond the gully was a cistern—practically speaking. When that stratum tilted it raised the outflow by thirty feet. We have simply blown in the side of the tank, and—I rather gather—lowered the level of the water pretty considerably under our landlord's side of the gully. The next thing is—bed!"

And in spite of Challoner's protests bed it was. The morrow was time enough for investigation, said his uncle.

* * * * *

"What!" exclaimed Sir William, wonderingly. "What!"

The hour was ten the following morning. The place was the Cow's Mouth. On one side of the new-made stream which ran two feet deep from the gully stood the man of science and his nephew. On the other, young Skene, his face absolutely mottled with his passion.

"*Outrage* was the word I used," cried the latter, passionately. "Outrage! This is the result of—of artifice!"

"Artifice?" repeated Sir William, in horror-stricken accents. "Artifice? My dear Mr. Skene, what extraordinary notion has taken you? I see no signs of any forces having been at work here save Nature's self."

He pointed around him. There was a great rent in the side of the gully. Rocks were flung awry—turf and peat were scattered in heaps. But of explosion no sign was to be seen. The secret miners had dug well into the clay, and the friendly water had washed out any tiniest blackening that might have been left.

Young Skene snarled an oath.

"Nature!" he gobbled. "Nature be damned! What could mere Nature do?"

Sir William looked at him with his wide and compassionate eyes.

"You suggested it yourself," he said, plaintively. "Another earthquake. Could Nature have been listening?"

Skene stood silent, but his throat muscles worked as if he fought for breath. Challoner smiled at him pleasantly.

"Good old girl is Nature," said he, cheerily. "She only needs one thing."

Skene stared at him malignantly. The other returned the gaze with a glance of concentrated content.

"What does Nature need?" asked Skene at last.

Challoner smiled.

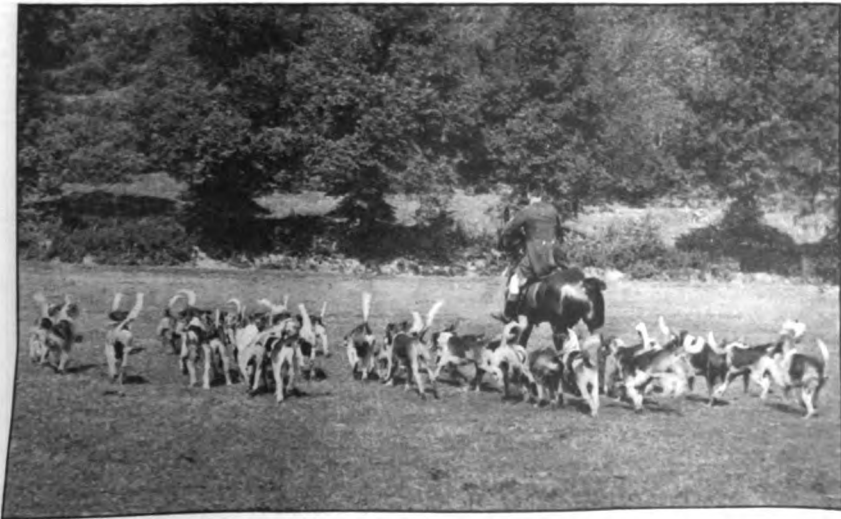
"A nudge," he said.

WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAG- HOUNDS

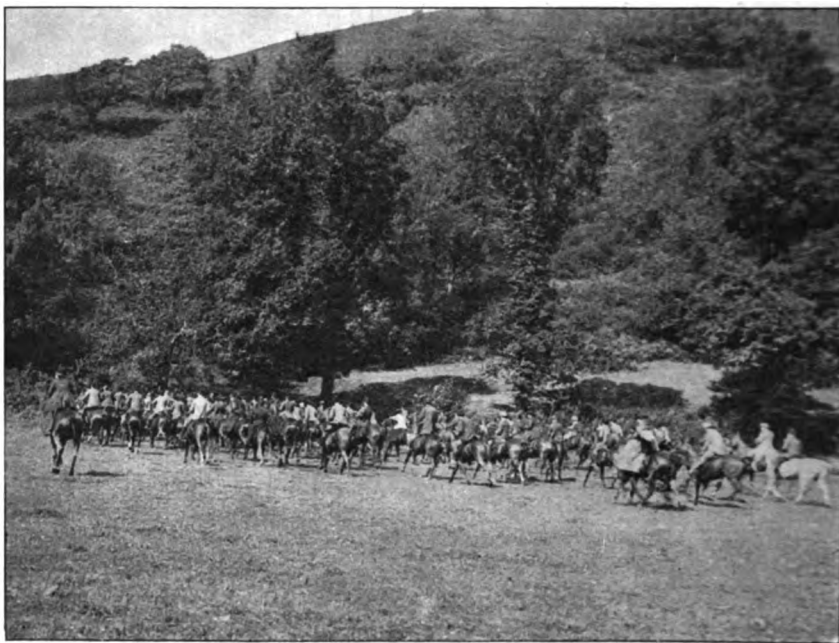
A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. MAY BROWN



GOING OFF TO DRAW—THE HARBOURER IN FRONT



ON THE LINE



THE FIELD



HOUNDS RUNNING ON CROYDEN HILL



STAG AT BAY



TAKING THE STAG



THE FINISH AT PORLOCK WEIR



HOMWARDS



THE IMPORTANCE OF FIELDING

BY L. C. BRAUND

Member of Somerset and England Elevens

FIELDING is as important a department of cricket as either bowling or batting, and I am sorry that at present in England, even in first-class cricket, it is a long way from being perfect or as good as it ought to be. There are comparatively few fine fieldsmen, and fielding is a department (unlike batting or bowling, which are gifted to some extent) that can be learnt. The secret of fielding well is keenness and practice. With these one can train as good a fieldsmen as any in the country, one who for this alone would become a member of a county team and keep his place.

MORE PRACTICE.

Players go into the nets to take their batting and bowling practice, but how many do you see go into the field for fielding practice? It is indeed a rare sight to see a team practising fielding, but the practice is equally required. When one chances to see players practising fielding, it is found quite as interesting to the spectator as watching players bat or bowl.

The average player thinks fielding quite a minor part of the game: he believes he learnt his fielding at school and will for ever retain it. But what a mistake! He can lose his fielding as quickly as his batting or bowling, and can get into such a bad state in this department that he can neither stop nor catch a ball, and becomes a nuisance to his team.

THE BOWLER'S COMPLAINT.

These out-of-practice players as a rule are not bowlers, or they would know what it means missing such players as C. B. Fry, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. C. MacLaren, and others: to have to bowl all one day, and perhaps the better part of the second, without dislodging them—all because of the missed catch. I remember well a Test Match in Australia when, had George Hirst been caught almost first ball by Laver at short leg, we should without doubt have lost. George, profiting by the mistake, stayed with Tom Hayward, and was not out 60 when we won the game by five wickets; thus you

see we won at the last moment by a piece of poor fielding. It being the first Test game, it went a long way with us in winning the rubber. Take, for example, the Yorkshire team of a year or two ago—what made them invincible? It was not only their batting and bowling, but their magnificent fielding. When the ball was hit to a fielder, it was indeed rare to see it missed, consequently they took nearly everything before them. This only goes to show that fielding is of as much importance in the game of cricket as any other department. Good fieldsmen and fielding invigorate the bowlers and team generally, and inferior work has exactly the opposite effect—makes the side lack energy, and the result is deplorable. Bowlers say, "What is the use of my pitching the ball in a spot for a catch, when you don't hold it?"—for it is not much use bowling nowadays to hit the sticks on a plumb wicket, so we bowlers have to devise other means of taking them, and rely almost exclusively upon our fieldsmen. When they fail to do the mechanical part of holding the catches, then the team is in a bad way.

THE SLACK FIELD.

Many a fine young bowler has been lost sight of owing to bad fielding. On his trial-day fieldsmen missed catches for him, and he has never been put on again. We see many games thrown away by inferior fielding, yet clubs as well as counties do not insist on members taking a certain time for fielding. The reason we do not get our first-class county games through, or rather why there are so many drawn games, is bad fielding. Men stand in the field like images; there is no energy or life about your players as there was nine or ten years ago. Two fieldsmen—or players so called—are placed near together, the ball is driven between them; they leave it for another—yell "Yours!" "Yours!" The consequence is neither of them goes for it and this results in a boundary hit—four. This is not an exceptional occurrence; I am sorry to say it is only too common. Of course there are teams which form exceptions to this rule, but after you have taken the crack Lancashire and Yorkshire elevens, I have seen local fielding equal to county.

FINE INDIVIDUAL FIELDSMEN.

There are individual fielders who are grand to watch. Take, for instance, David Denton, unequalled in the long field; how often do you see him miss a catch or misfield a ball? Scarcely ever, although the fortune favoured me once at Bradford. Playing on a sticky wicket against Rhodes's bowling, I sent the ball straight in a direct line but high up to David. I did not wait to see the result, but started for the pavilion. When well away from my wicket, however, I

heard a yell from the crowd. Denton the safe had missed it! Had the ball not dropped out of his hand near the boundary, I was so far away from my wicket I should certainly have been run out. That is the only catch I have seen Denton miss. Look again at A. C. MacLaren at slip; did anyone ever see a finer? He is the essence of keenness. A snick off the bat from a fast bowler, one hand thrown out by MacLaren at slip, result a juggler's catch. I have seen him catch batsmen out jumping high in the air. I have seen him do the same when lying on his side and in many other strange attitudes. He is so full of nerves he can scarcely stand still—ever on the alert.

FOSTER, JONES, JESSOP.

He and R. E. Foster and A. O. Jones are in my opinion the three slips of England. In this position one should never for one moment fall slack: the player must always be alert. Short-slip is the most difficult position to hold in the cricket field. Take the value of G. L. Jessop, supposing he did not get runs or bowl. For his marvellous fielding in front of the wicket alone he is worth playing for any county. Besides the dozens of runs that he saves for his side, he throws out twenty to thirty batsmen every season. When the ball goes to Jessop, if it appears at first a comfortable run, you always have at the finish to scramble. His interest in that hit is keen. He fancies he can run you out from it, and frequently there is no doubt about it. I have seen him do it on many occasions, and more than once I have been the victim. On one occasion when playing at Taunton against Gloucestershire L. C. H. Palairt and myself got going well. Every now and then we were stealing a rather short run to extra cover and doing it with ease. At last I played again in the same direction and called, but before Palairt had got half-way his centre stump was flung out of the ground. Jessop had, unknown to us, changed from cover to extra cover. The result was that his keenness broke up a partnership which till then had defied the bowlers.

A GOOD RETURN ESSENTIAL.

Thus, you see, catching and ground fielding are not all, for returning the ball well is another valuable consideration in fielding. You may notice lots of good fielders, so called on account of their ability to stop a ball, unable to return well or throw in. What is the use of placing such men in the long field? Their disability could easily be rectified by a little practice each day, and a captain would do well to insist on this being carried out. There is also another bad habit I have been surprised to find in some excellent players.

M 2

WATCH THE BOWLER.

It is an axiom of cricket that all fieldsmen should watch the bowler, for the latter often wishes to shift a man one way or the other unknown to the batsmen. Often when you are about to signal such an instruction you find that particular man gaping at the crowd, or standing like a waxen image, immovable to anything but a shout which would put the batsman on the *qui vive* and destroy the value of the movement. It seems sometimes that nothing in this world would wake such a player to his duty. I have even seen far-distant spectators notice the bowler's signalings to the man he wishes to shift, and they have shouted to the so-called fielder to "watch the bowler." The fieldsmen should always watch the bowler, and move immediately to the former's wish. Nobody but a bowler knows how aggravating it is not to have the field at instant command.

This is sometimes seen in the very best cricket teams; it happened with our side in Australia. Arnold was bowling. He received the ball, prepared for delivery. Then he paused fully a minute, the spectators hushed in amazement. What was he doing in such fashion? He was waiting for his field to get into position. Arnold was perfectly right, too, for B. J. T. Bosanquet was not noticing where the bowler wished him to stand.

The defects I have named show a lack of keenness and should be overcome, which is easy if the fieldsmen think of his importance to the team. There is another troublesome feature, quite noticeable with some of our best batsmen. After they have made a big score they seem to think they have done their share in the game, and get quite slack in the field. It is a great pity to see this fault, and it takes a lot of runs from their score, besides setting a bad example to the other players. If the excuse is tiredness, surely a place might be found somewhere in the slips where they would be almost free from chasing the leather. Captains, as a rule, are considerate in this matter, but so many players are reluctant to take the slips, and try to get out of the way of the ball as much as they possibly can. This proves that some of our cricketers are not as keen as they ought to be, and consequently drawn games are frequent. All cricketers know this, and yet little is done to repair the state of things.

I expect that many cricketers will object to this article on fielding. Of course it is impossible for everyone to be a Jessop or a MacLaren, but all can practise and thus improve their fielding. By so doing the number of drawn games would be lessened, which would not only be a great pleasure for your team but a blessing in the sight of the cricketing public. Few new rules would then be required in our great game.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HORSE DEALER

BY MAUD V. WYNTER

IT seems fashionable nowadays to let the public into the secrets of most trades and professions; and as there is an idea prevalent among our gilded youth that a horse dealer's life consists in pursuing all branches of sport for nothing, also in rapidly amassing a fortune by the easy and delightful process of buying a horse for £20 and selling him for £200, perhaps an unvarnished account of an average day's work will be a novelty, inasmuch as it presents the reverse side of the picture.

My partner and I have a tolerably flourishing business in a large provincial town in the West of England. I will not give myself away by mentioning any names, but it possesses a polo club, is a good centre for three packs of hounds, and is also on the main line—a most important consideration.

My partner, as the senior, naturally reserves to himself the better part, *i.e.* the journeys to Ireland to obtain our horses; also, need I add, the lion's share of the profits! I, as junior, am merely stud groom, rough rider, amateur veterinary surgeon, book-keeper and accountant, and last, but not least, the convenient scapegoat for all mistakes and delinquencies of man and beast.

That horse-dealing, if worked on proper lines, offers a means of livelihood, is perfectly true; that fortunes are made over it is also quite true, but the Drages, Stokes, Haymes, John Whites, and similar kings of horse-dealing can be counted on ten fingers, whilst their brethren who only arrive at a decent livelihood and a modest competence for old age are as "the sand on the sea-shore innumerable." I often think that if the rich customers who haggle so desperately over a five-pound note stopped to think of the enormous working expenses that have to be cleared before a single sixpence profit can be made, they might be possibly a little more generous.

To begin with, we give a couple of hundred a year for yards, stables, and three small paddocks. This may sound an extravagant outlay on rent alone, but it must be remembered that it includes stabling for forty horses in what is absolutely essential, a central position near a railway station. Those who possess only a small stud know what forage and farriery can mount up to, and if you add

to this the wages of seven permanent stablemen at 18s. a week and one head man at 25s. a week and cottage, you can imagine that we don't enjoy the task of balancing our books every Saturday night unless trade has been pretty brisk all the week. Those who do not possess a real genuine love of horseflesh will never have the patience to stand the racket of illness, loss, and the run of bad luck which even a prosperous business must occasionally expect. Sometimes when I come into the yard in the morning, to be rushed at by first one groom and then another with a long string of complaints—how “the grey horse has got legs on him like bolsters,” the black “coughing his heart out and looks like sickening for influenza,” another one got frightened in the night and kicked himself and his box nearly to pieces, “*etcetera etcetorum*,” I feel as if I should like never to see or even hear the word “horse” mentioned again as long as I live.

Despite my grumbles, however, there is another and a pleasanter side to the business. When, for instance, horses that one has bought miserably poor and in the rough justify one's judgment of them by turning out trumps, there is a good deal of gratification to be obtained over and above the monetary part of the business.

Again, the perpetually riding fresh horses is a pleasure to anyone who is young and possessed of tolerably good nerves. The idea, however, that a small dealer can afford to hunt a great deal is a mistake. In the first place, he can seldom spare the time to be away a whole day; secondly, when he does come out he generally has to ride to sell and not for his own enjoyment, and to a keen man there is more pain than pleasure entailed in riding horses so soft and green, and withal so valuable, that his whole energy has to be devoted to nicking corners and saving them in every possible way.

I am generalising, however, instead of drawing a faithful portrait, as I had intended, of an average day in a dealer's yard. To begin with, I was up this morning at half-past five to superintend the arrival of the ten fresh horses my partner wired me he had despatched from Waterford yesterday; they all had to be put straight, given the stimulating drink so necessary after a long journey and a rough crossing. This, and the inspection of two invalids, filled up the morning hours, and I need not tell you I was not sorry to hear the clock strike eight, and to feel I could be off to my diggings for an hour's rest and a much-needed breakfast.

Nine a.m. finds the morning letters. Three or four *must* have immediate replies; two others announce the arrival of customers, which will pretty well account for the afternoon. Then a round of the stables to see that the horses have been properly dressed down and to give the men their orders for the day.

The pleasing intelligence has just been announced to me that Conley (the only lad I can trust to ride anything but an old sheep) is down with influenza and will not be at work again for at least another week. This throws the greater part of the exercising on to my shoulders, and I go monotonously out with first one and then another till the next break for dinner.

I pick up the newspaper, and find myself against my will nodding over the war news. What a treat forty winks would be! But it is time to brush up a bit and return to do the polite to a varied lot of customers.

How I wish before coming into a dealer's yard some of my clients would take to heart the excellent counsel in the "Sporting Lectures": "The first step towards a purchase is to make up your mind what sort of an 'oss you want"; simple advice in the extreme, you will say, but how terribly often disregarded! Do you remember in "The Girl from Kays'" that whenever Piggy was bored he went to look over flats? I really believe that half the people who go into a dealer's yard must be acting on the same principle. At any rate, they will cheerfully pull out half a dozen of one's best hunters and then declare that they think after all they would sooner have a cob!

On this particular day I groaned in spirit when I saw Mr. — drive into the yard. He wanted some polo ponies, and as he is a most particular young gentleman to suit, he kept all the strength of the establishment attending to his requirements for the next couple of hours. Well, he bought a couple in the end, and I don't mind telling you he bought them red-hot, which was solid compensation for my trouble.

Talk of palmistry, I don't think there is anything in which character is so well displayed as when people come horse-dealing. Some stalk into the yard and order everyone about as if the whole place belonged to them, never think of the smallest tip to a stable helper, and don't care what trouble they give. Others, again, it is a pleasure to serve, even though they may not be large customers, owing to the pleasant way they have with them. Many men seem to consider it a point of honour to crab everything that is shown to them, chiefly, I think, with a view to enhancing their reputation as infallible judges of horseflesh; but although indiscriminate wholesale praise can be little pleasure to anyone to hear, the *nil admirari* customer is very trying.

One frequently hears the doctrine enunciated that "there is something about horse-dealing which has a deteriorating effect on the morals of those who make it their calling," or words to that effect. My theory, however, is that those who are guilty of sharp

practice and petty meannesses over their horse-coping transactions would in all probability behave in a precisely similar manner in any other walk in life. The man or woman who "does" a dearest friend over a horse would in all likelihood best him with equal cheerfulness over a table or a garden roller. "It is opportunity that makes the thief," and we are more often called upon to sell hunters than articles of household furniture to our neighbours, but the principle is the same in both cases.

Another point also to be considered is "that the less a man knows about a 'oss the more he expects and the greater the probability of his thinking himself *done*"; an ignorant buyer will frequently run about telling everyone how he has been "cheated," when in reality nothing but his own judgment is in fault. No one but a fool would consider himself capable of buying old china or old furniture without an expert's advice, unless he be a connoisseur of such things, but the veriest tiro imagines that he is capable of competing with men of twice his knowledge and experience in the purchase of a horse.

Just after we had seen Mr. — off the premises a lady and gentleman arrived whom I knew only by reputation. They wanted a lady's hunter, and I soon saw that if a deal was to be made it was a case of "no compulsion—only you must."

They took a great fancy to a 14-stone bay mare, a really useful animal, as she was well-mannered and a trustworthy performer, the two points they laid especial stress upon. I could see she was just the horse they required, and the price, 75 guineas, was not at all excessive; it was merely a question of screwing them up to the point. I gently but decidedly repulsed all suggestions of a "week on trial," or "sending their old groom over as a second opinion"; told them that if they did not decide on the spot the mare would be sent on to Lady Smythe at 80 guineas in the morning, and after half-an-hour's real hard work in the way of conversation they left the yard quite pleased with themselves (and me), and the cheque was in my office.

Each profession has its own especial requisite, and if a "good bedside manner" is of service to a physician, so most assuredly is a mixture of persuasiveness and firmness essential to a horse dealer. What we have to aim at inspiring in the customer is "the spider and the fly" sensation, so that he feels once he has entered our premises there is no escape for him without becoming a purchaser.

It may sound nonsense to say that manner alone will induce a man to buy an animal he does not either require or desire, but there are more Septimus Greens knocking about the world than an outsider would credit.

"There's the cow, Joe. Just slip on the 'alter and bring her up the ride."

"Cow!" exclaimed Septimus; "I want an 'oss."

"Well, but see her out at all events," replies Tommy, in the sweetest manner possible. "Looking costs nothing," added he.

"But I doesn't vant a cow," roared Septimus.

Tommy nearly talked him into it, however, for he certainly had the most buttery tongue that ever was hung—and the gates were locked into the bargain.

"It has always appeared to us that the prejudice of the day has affixed a very illiberal and unmerited odium on the trade of a horse dealer," wrote Surtees in his "Analysis of the Hunting Field," and in the same chapter we find him touching on that frequent bone of contention between dealers and their clients—namely, that it is impossible for a dealer in a fair way of business to know all the ins and outs and peculiarities of the horses passing through his hands, and that deceptive horses are therefore bound to be sometimes passed on to a customer without there being any intention to defraud on the part of the seller.

I think if clients treat a dealer fairly he does the same by them; and as his success in life depends mainly on a good reputation (which means a good connection), it is obviously to his advantage to satisfy his customers and so ensure their return at some future date. It would be impossible for Solomon himself, however, to answer all the searching inquiries as to the antecedents of a horse who has only been in the stable for two days, and in this way mistakes must sometimes occur and animals get unsuitably placed.

Dealers when buying constantly and in large quantities have no time to ascertain the minute particulars with which nervous ladies and gentlemen like to be furnished; and if they *will* have them, art must come to the rescue. The wise buyer is he who remembers the nursery injunction: "Don't ask no questions and you won't hear no lies."

Those who buy regularly from a well-established dealer run, I think, the minimum amount of risk that is possible with horseflesh; but it must be remembered that a dealer's yard is not a "benevolent institution," and his knowledge, skill, and risk of loss must be paid for, and therefore those who want a quart in a pint pot I can only recommend to buy at the nearest repository.

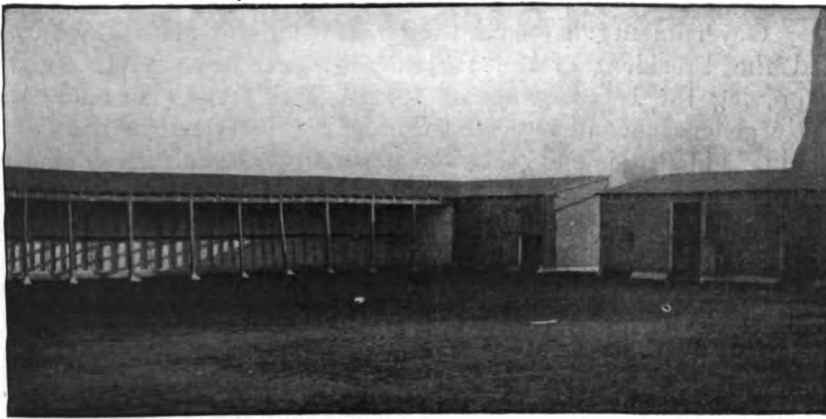
People are terribly afraid of betraying their ignorance of horseflesh, but if they only knew it we can take their measure fairly accurately as soon as they open their mouths. It does not take long to distinguish between "the pregnant and intimidating silence of the connoisseur and the tongue-tied muteness of hopeless ignorance."

Many men, I think, believe that if they once confess the truth—namely, that they can scarcely distinguish one end of a horse from the other—we shall at once try to fleece them to the best of our ability; but for my own part I always feel much more inclined to help those who honestly confess that they have had no experience in buying horses, and trust to me to do the best I can for them, than to aid the bumptious youth who possesses “a little knowledge” and the conviction that everyone is trying to cheat him.

I am babbling once more, however, I am afraid, and must finish the account of my day. Mr. and Mrs.— were scarcely out of the yard and I was just making a bolt for tea when I heard the unwelcome sound of a quick-trotting pony, and a fellow dealer turned in at the big gates. I call him a dealer, but horse-dealing is only one of the many avocations combined in the person of the Hon. Bob Adams, who, although the eldest son of Lord Tasmania, has as keen an eye to the main chance as the rest of us. The remainder of my afternoon was spent in an unprofitable haggle over five indifferent ponies, over which no business was transacted. When he had pulled out and thoroughly crabbed the contents of the whole stable, Mr. Adams graciously vouchsafed the information that he had already bought all the ponies he really needed at Reading this morning, and gaily informing the men that he had no change, but “would see them another time,” took his departure.

It was far too late to think about tea, and my whole energies were devoted for the next hour to putting the horses straight and the yard in something like order before the return of my partner by the eight o'clock train.

Only a very ordinary day's work, you say; still, trying enough if you take into consideration that it implies fourteen hours of both bodily and mental activity at a stretch. Not that I ought to grumble; as a means of earning a livelihood it is infinitely preferable to drudging in an office, or life on a bank clerk's stool; and although one may sometimes think and declare oneself sick of the sight of horseflesh and all the ills it is heir to, I find that even when I do take a holiday it is invariably connected with the noble animal in some way or another, either in hunting, racing, or in talking over and inspecting the stables of some brother sportsman! There must be drawbacks connected with every profession, and if I have seemed to lay too much stress upon them in this little article, it has only been with the idea of showing that horse-coping is not the bed of roses many youngsters imagine it to be, and to persuade them to weigh well the pros and cons before entering upon it as a means of livelihood.



A CORNER OF THE PADDOCK, GIBRALTAR

RACING IN GIBRALTAR AND ANDALUCIA

BY A GENTLEMAN RIDER

Here the blithe youngster, just returned from Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main ;
The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick,
Or done a thousand on the coming trick.—BYRON.

THE fascination that the bull-ring possesses for the average Spaniard of middle or lower class is most detrimental to the interests of racing in Spain ; whilst his innate love of a gamble, as testified to by Lord Byron in the above quotation, finds an outlet through the medium of the Government lotteries, which, strange to say, are absolutely genuine. At fair time, in Spanish towns such as Malaga or Seville, where a bull-fight and race-meeting frequently take place on consecutive days, one may see a wildly enthusiastic crowd of 7,000 or 8,000 at the former, and, with luck, 400 or 500 at the latter, the majority of the defaulters having neither the inclination nor the necessary length of purse to patronise both events. Quite half of these 400 or 500 look on with a somewhat puzzled air, and have obviously come out of curiosity.

I have often, however, heard the opinion expressed that when once the Spaniards, and the Andalucians in particular, have been induced to try to learn a little about the great game they will grow into keen racegoers. Let us hope that this will be the case, and that Andalucian gates will soon become as large as those seen on the Gibraltar course.

Racing, fortunately, meets with the approval, and still more fortunately with the substantial support, of the young King, who is credited with the intention of shortly starting a stable of his own.

The Government also lend their aid; for the Minister of War and the President of the Board of Agriculture, with a view to improving the breed of horses for their respective purposes, send fairly generous contributions to most of the regular meetings in Spain, as in Russia and other countries. With such strong support on the one side it only needs the help of the public, and no one will deny that this is absolutely essential to make racing in Andalucia as good as, or better than, it ever was before.

In its palmier days, years ago, racing in Spain, as at home, was confined to thoroughbreds. Now, in the paddock on a race day one may see the thoroughbred gazing with scornful indifference at the somewhat coarse-looking but frequently deceptive pony from Tangier, or perhaps showing his disapproval of the low company he finds himself in by laying his ears back and lashing out promiscuously at everything; Barbs, good, bad, and indifferent, making the acquaintance of their connections from Spain, and of the showy Spanish and Arab cross, gazing jealously between times at the more refined scions of their own name who are fortunate enough to have in them some real good English or French blood, and a consequent improvement in looks.

Here again, perhaps, we see galloping side by side with a Spanish-English horse of hunter stamp one of the Count de Sobral's breed, which are described in the register as Portuguese-Spanish-English, but possess a vast amount more of the last blood than any other, and have run before now on even terms with thoroughbreds.

An old adage tells us that weight, in sufficient quantities, will bring together a thoroughbred and a donkey. This is doubtless true, but it would be a little rough on the thoroughbred and his owner to try to do so, and hardly in the interests of racing. Although we have not yet descended to the level of racing donkeys against horses, it would certainly take a ton of lead or a good stout set of hobbles to bring together a decent English horse and a true Barb. Hence some sort of classification becomes absolutely essential, both to ensure racing being of a more or less even character and to give every description of animal a chance of proving himself a "bread-winner." All the registered horses are consequently divided into four classes, and in one club at least into five, the classification being carried out by committees appointed for that purpose; and a tough job they have of it sometimes, for the word "Barb" has become so elastic—together with the consciences of the Algerian dealers and breeders, who will give a Barb certificate to a thoroughbred without a blush—that it would be quite possible to form three classes of these so-called Barbs alone, with a 2 st. difference in each class! As things stand at present, with four

classes altogether, there is frequently a difference of 4 st. or more between the top and bottom weight of each class; and since the bottom weight is generally about 8 st., owing to the scarcity of light-weights, it will be seen that the top weight is not one to suit a flat-racehorse or jockey at home.

I will not attempt to describe the peculiarities or enumerate the merits and demerits of the various breeds mentioned in this article, but will leave the accompanying photographs to speak for themselves. Suffice it to say that the thoroughbreds racing in Spain are for the most part horses that were not quite good enough to win decent races as two-year-olds in France, and so found their way to

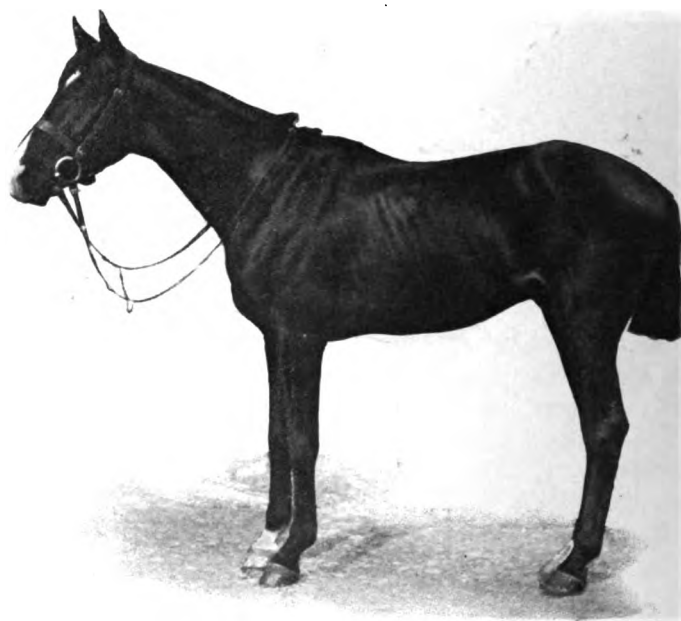


THOROUGHbred, FIRST CLASS—WINNER OF SEVENTEEN RACES IN 1903

Algeria, whence to Spain. The true Barb, or a horse that has inherited Barb instincts, is essentially a slug. He always keeps a bit up his sleeve, and it is a good day's work for a strong jockey to get it down.

The question of handicapping I will pass over lightly, for what owner can judge handicappers and their work with an unbiassed mind? This much, however, I will say: I am afraid that handicappers in Gibraltar, however excellent their intentions, occasionally succumb to the temptation that besets them in most small places—of handicapping owners instead of their horses. "Oh, So-and-so has been out of luck lately, we will let him in here," or *vice versa*. In Spain the handicappers are very frequently owners themselves,

and handicap their own horses! Well, a man who will put 11 st. on his own horse when he sees the slightest chance of getting him in at 9 st. is either a fool or an angel; and as there are not a great many of either breed in Spanish racing circles, we will leave the results to be imagined. Andalusia, probably from its proximity to Gibraltar, possesses more racecourses than any other province in Spain; for there are, in addition to Gibraltar, courses at Seville, Jerez, Malaga, Cordoba, Cadiz, Granada, Chiclana, and one in course of construction at Campomento, barely three miles from the gates of Gibraltar. Each of these places has its own club, whilst in Gibraltar there are two, viz., the Jockey Club, which is the



HORSE OF SOBRAL BREED—WINNER IN SECOND CLASS

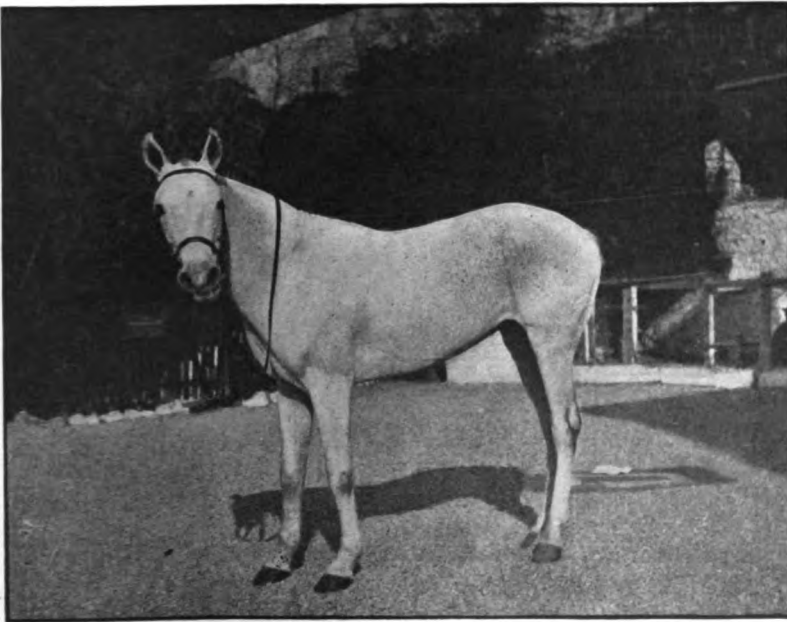
oldest and premier club in Spain; and the Calpe Turf Club, which is under the able management of Mr. Carlos Larios, brother of our popular M.F.H.

The Andalusian Racing Club, which is laying the new course referred to above, is to a great extent the old Civilian Racing Club of Gibraltar, remodelled and renamed, and is largely composed of Gibraltar people. "Let sleeping dogs lie" is an excellent motto; and it would be an unpleasant and useless task to discuss the pros and cons of the unfortunate rupture between the Jockey Club and the Civilian Racing Club. Suffice it to say that the cause of the trouble was the inability of the two clubs to come to an amicable

agreement on the difficult subject of classification. The fire was kept smouldering, I fancy, by certain people not having the interests of racing at heart, from purely personal motives.

It would be long and tedious to describe in detail all of the courses mentioned above; so let us go for a short trip to Malaga, a typical Andalucian town, taking with us a thoroughbred, a half-bred, and two Barbs, and see what the travelling is like, and how things generally are done in Spain.

Sending all our kit on by the mid-day boat, armed with our passes into Spain we started off about 2 p.m. to walk the horses



GOOD BARB, THIRD CLASS—WINNER OF SEVERAL RACES

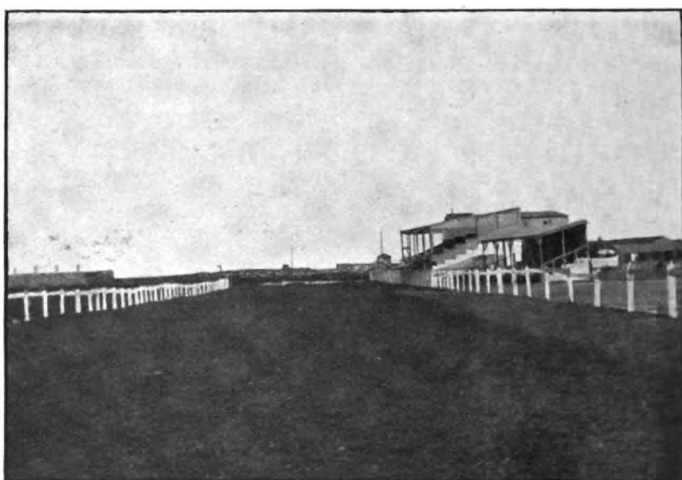
along the sands to Algeciras, a distance of about ten miles, and arrived at the station in the cool of the evening.

We found everything ready, so decided to let them spend the night in their boxes instead of hunting for stabling in the town. These boxes were simply large luggage-vans with no partitions; but as one or two of us "had been there before," we had some staples and rings and a few yards of good stout cord ready, and divided them each into two. This gave ample room for the horses to lie down comfortably, and left a good space in the middle for the grooms. The railway company have a few excellent boxes of English pattern, but on this occasion we were unable to procure them. All groomed,

fed, and well bedded down with some chopped straw we procured in the town, we went off to our own dinner at the Hotel Anglo-Hispano. A last look at them about 10.30 p.m., and then to bed, for we had an early start before us.

We were up at 5 a.m. to water and feed quietly before the jolting began ; then, armed with certificates from the Hon. Sec., Malaga Racing Club (for the railway takes racehorses half fare), we secured return tickets at 8 dols. a horse, about twenty-four shillings. We got under way about 6.45 a.m., not without an accompaniment of good solid oaths from the porters, who, after the manner of Spanish porters, wanted innumerable pesetas for doing nothing.

Passing through the beautiful scenery of the Sierra Nevada



GIBRALTAR COURSE, LOOKING UP THE STRAIGHT

range, we reached Bobadilla, our only change, about 11.30 a.m. Here we found an excellent *table d'hôte* lunch awaiting the train ; so, after baiting the horses, we were soon on to it, for we had only had a cup of coffee and a roll at 6 a.m. Off again at 12.30, we reached Malaga about 3 p.m. ; so, sorting our kit, for we were being separately put up in the stables of two Malaga owners, off we went to our respective destinations. This separation was not inconvenient, as the horses were not all under the same ownership, so we each had our own boys and kits. Our bags we had sent on to the Hotel de Madrid, where, I may as well state here, we were excellently done for about 5s. 3d. per diem, with any amount of the wine of the country thrown in. There were two bull-fights during our stay in Malaga, both good ones, I was informed, by those who could appreciate them.

Passing over the necessary gallops and work performed by our string—for we had five days to spare—we will go straight to the first day's racing. The course, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from our stable, is an oval one of about a mile in circumference, right-handed, and extremely heavy going in parts, being laid on sand. It is rather a pretty course, and with the expenditure of two or three hundred pounds could be made into quite a good one. The stands and premises are very fair. From what we had been led to expect, the gate was quite a surprise to us, and there was a perfect bevy of ladies and their attendants making a picnic of it on the stand.

Of course there was the usual complement of grouching over the



COMMON BARB

handicaps, in which we joined heartily, but managed all the same to win one race and run three seconds with our four horses.

One of the Barbs was certainly somewhat fortunate in securing £9 second money by running last out of two. The racing on the whole was of an even character, though fields ruled small.

The three days intervening before the second and last day's racing were filled in with sight-seeing, of course after the horses' work. Amongst other things we drove out and saw one or two of the country houses in the neighbourhood, one of which had a particularly fine landscape garden and excellent shrubberies. In the evenings we walked about and saw the illuminations, which were very well arranged (I think I forgot to mention that the fair was on at the time), went to the theatre and circus, sat and drank coffee and lager beer and

smoked cigars in the open-air clubs, strolled into the dancing saloons, and had a generally easy time of it.

On the second day we did better than on the first, for our horses managed to be in the proper place twice, whilst we also secured two more seconds. The lucky horse of the first day was still more lucky this time, for after running fifth out of six starters he again secured second money. The jockey who rode the second horse, being considerably the worse for *aguadiente*, hacked and hewed his way through the field with his whip, nearly unseating two others coming down the straight. He was, of course, objected to and disqualified. In the free fight amongst the jockeys after pulling up ours fortunately managed to keep his head, and, weighing in, which no other jockey in the ruck thought of doing, secured second money.

This was the last race of the day, and it looked at one time like being a merry wind-up; for the crowd, seeing a fight the other side of the rails, and not meaning to be out of it, started on their own account. They were fortunately quelled, in time to prevent the appearance of the ever-ready knife, by the arrival of the Gardes Civiles, who have absolute power to shoot a man at sight, and no inquiry afterwards.

Leaving Malaga the next day about 1 p.m., not without one of the party having increased his string by a particularly good Spanish-Arab pony, who pulled off two events on the second day, we reached Algeciras soon after 10 p.m. after a hot and trying journey. Again bedding the horses down in their boxes, we walked them in early the next morning, reaching Gibraltar about 9 a.m., just four days before the Calpe Turf Club Sky Meeting. The total necessary expenses for one horse and his owner worked out to about 86 dols. (£13), including hotels and travelling—a not excessive sum for ten days in Spain. This amount would of course have been considerably augmented had it not been for the generosity of the Spanish owners, to whom our best thanks are due for putting our horses up in their stables. As it was, I think we all paid our expenses and had a good bit over.

All the betting on the course in Spain is done on the pari-mutuel system, which, from the backer's point of view, has only one advantage. He does not meet the man whom Whyte-Melville describes in "Tilbury Nogo" as

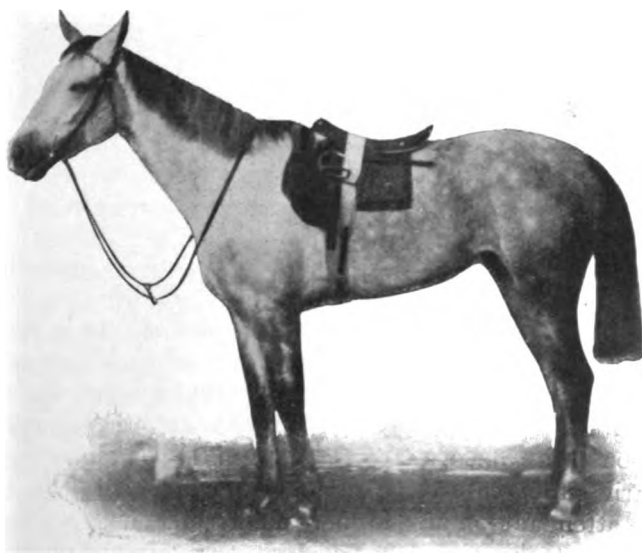
He who bets and runs away;
And if he loses, needn't pay.

He cannot get "welshed." Where the pari-mutuel is in vogue, one never sees the woe-begone expression, or hears the appalling vows of vengeance, of the man who has backed a 10 to 1 chance for enough to keep a couple of hunters through the winter and stave off

his most persistent creditors, and has just become aware of the fact that "he of the pencil" has vanished into thin air.

Selling lotteries are held the night before each day's racing in Gibraltar, and sometimes in Spain. They give an owner a chance of backing his horse for a bit more than he could do on the pari-mutuel without shortening his own price. The club fund is also benefited, for in Gibraltar they take 6 per cent. of the total value of each lottery, together with the same percentage of the money passing through the pari-mutuel on each race.

Apart from the first four or five on the list it is very difficult to obtain a capable jockey in Spain or Gibraltar, possibly because the fees are not sufficiently high to induce boys to take up riding as



HALF-BRED MARE, SECOND CLASS

a profession, or because there is not sufficient racing. A jockey's fees are 15s. for a losing mount, and 10 per cent. of the stakes for a win. Gentlemen riders competing with professionals are allowed 5 lb., but even with this concession amateurs fit and willing to don silk regularly are at present few and far between.

Stakes in Andalucia range roughly from 100 dols. to 400 dols., (£15 to £60), with an occasional bigger prize for the thoroughbred class.

It is quite possible for an owner who has got together three or four useful animals to make racing in Gibraltar and Andalucia pay him very fairly well without any extraordinary share of Fortune's smiles, more especially if he is competent to train and ride himself.



THE COST OF SHOOTING

BY PERCY STEPHENS

To determine precisely the cost of anything, be it the simplest necessary or the most extravagant luxury of existence, is obviously impossible. A quartern loaf and a diamond tiara are equally subject to variations of price, though the approximate price of either can of course be easily fixed. But in view of the circumstances which necessarily alter cases, the man who can accurately define the expense attendant on any form of field sport has yet to be born, and before attacking my subject I must warn my readers that I lay claim to no greater acumen in such matters than my neighbours.

The expense of certain sports is more easily estimated than that of others—as, for instance, racing or hunting. The owner of a long string of horses at Newmarket, or of a single selling plater trained on some obscure corner of the Yorkshire wolds, widely divergent as their aspirations may be, can, on the common ground of trainers' charges, entries, forfeits, etc., etc., calculate the cost of his amusement with tolerable certainty; he can at any rate know the worst, though he will not know to what extent his finances may be helped by prizes won. Equally, the rich man who hunts from Melton, or the poor one who does so "from home" in a provincial country, can compute his expenditure on the current price of hay and corn, stable necessities, and wages. In both cases, however, we have more or less accepted data to deal

with; a trainer may charge 50s. a week at Newmarket, or 35s. on the Hambledon Hills; a stable-lad's wages may be 24s. at Melton and 18s. in Berwickshire; but these are established prices, and consequently the pleasures of the Turf or the chase in either of the above-mentioned localities can be estimated with tolerable accuracy.

In dealing with shooting, however, we have no such accepted scales of cost to guide us, for here expenditure varies enormously, not merely with individual taste, but even more with locality and natural facilities. Moreover, those interested in the question cannot be classed under one heading, but must be divided into three categories: those who own the land over which they shoot, those who rent it, and finally the far more numerous body of sportsmen who are dependent on the hospitality of the two former for opportunity to indulge in shooting at all.

As regards the question of locality, let us take the case of the owner of an estate in Norfolk or Suffolk, where everything—climate, soil, and general surroundings—is favourable to the production of game, and compare his lot with that of a man whose property lies in High Leicestershire, which is not only not a natural game district, but where shooting is regarded with absolute disfavour. Yet this gentleman might be just as desirous of rearing and killing a large head of game as his congener of the eastern counties; and though he could never hope to emulate his bag of partridges, he might possibly be able to kill as many pheasants. But at what difference in cost and at what loss of popularity!

Or, again, the proprietor of a small grouse moor in some remote Ross-shire glen, whose expenses are practically confined to the wages of one keeper with an occasional gillie to aid him, and the keep of a couple of dogs, would stand aghast at the outlay inseparable from the ownership of a similar extent of grouse-shooting in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where poaching, trespass, and netting are rife and have to be frustrated by a correspondingly increased staff of keepers, and where, in addition, not a bird can be shot without the assistance of an army of highly-paid drivers. True, the Yorkshireman might kill more grouse in a week than the Highlander could expect to do in two seasons, but again at how much higher price!

In treating of grouse-shooting it is, however, desirable to estimate its cost to the tenant rather than to the owner of a moor. The chief consideration here must necessarily be the rent, a point on which it is obvious that no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down. Dealing first with a good Highland moor, we will fix this at £500 for the season from August to December. To this must be added the wages of a keeper and two gillies for the same

period, say £60; cost and keep of four dogs, £50; and the hire and keep of two ponies, £25; while another £100 should be allowed for incidental expenses,¹ or a total of £735. Deductions from this amount may be made for sale of game and of dogs at the end of the season.

Turning now to Yorkshire we will take the same rent (though in the case of a first-class moor this would be considerably under the mark) plus the wages of two keepers, say £45; cost and keep of two dogs, £25; cost of twenty days' driving, £160,² and incidental expenses, £75, or about £800. Against this must be placed the amount realised by the sale of game, which in a good season would probably amount to a considerable sum. I have of course made no provision for household expenditure, nor cost of entertaining, in either case these being matters on which no man can presume to speak for another.

Moreover, even such rough-and-ready figures as the above afford possibility of vast discrepancies. The mere distance of a shooting-box from the nearest town or railway station can alone make a most appreciable difference in cost to a shooting tenant. The price of a sporting dog of any description may vary from two or three sovereigns to ten times as many guineas. In one dale drivers may be obtained for 3s. a day; in the next they require 4s. 6d., and I have known 5s. and their lunch demanded, and paid, in a fashionable Scotch strath. Some moors can be shot from a hotel; others require a large staff of domestic servants; while again there are cases where people who are prepared to rough it a little can find a cook ready-made to their hand in their keeper's wife and a maid-of-all-work in his daughter.

Of all forms of shooting none appears to me so difficult of definition as regards cost as grouse-shooting, where so many varying conditions have to be taken into consideration.

Let us now turn to the case of the ordinary low-ground shooting, where it would seem at first sight that there should be little difficulty in arriving at a fairly accurate estimate of our subject. Putting aside the question of suitable locality, to which I have already referred as being such a potent factor for economy or the reverse, the outlay required in this class of shooting should only vary in proportion to its owner's aspirations. Given a moderate-sized estate, and an owner content with its natural production of game, the cost of its shooting is not, or at least should not be, heavy, the chief item of expenditure being the wages of the one keeper such a place would require. To this should be added such trifling details

¹ This does not include travelling expenses. ² Allowing for double sets of drivers, etc.

as rates and taxes ; keep of dogs and ferrets ; incidental expenses—licences, traps, ammunition, etc.—and possibly the wages of a few occasional beaters. Happy the owner of such a place, and thrice happy if he be satisfied with its intrinsic resources and does not seek to augment them by artificial means. Alas! that the “simple life” should appeal to so few shooting men of the present age.

Indeed, shooting might still have remained the comparatively inexpensive amusement it was formerly held to be were it not for two points of comparatively modern growth: the enormously increased cost of entertaining, and the production of a large head of artificially-reared game. With the former it is not within my province to deal, and the latter is practically confined to one bird—the pheasant. True, there exist certain estates—it would be incorrect to say districts—where hand-reared partridges and wild duck also form considerable items of expenditure, but as a general rule the pheasant is the sole factor which makes for the present heavy cost of shooting. Now, as I have already pointed out, the expense of producing your artificially-bred pheasant varies greatly with locality and circumstance, and it is difficult to lay down any precise rule as to this. Some of my readers may remember a drawing which once appeared in, I think, *Punch*, representing a huntsman and a gamekeeper arguing the cost of the sports over which they respectively presided, when the latter proudly remarked of shooting that, “H’up gits a guinea, h’off goes three ‘a’pence, and down comes ‘arf-a-crown.” It is to be presumed that the worthy keeper’s figures were purposely exaggerated for the sake of argument, though I can remember as a little boy being gravely assured that every hand-reared pheasant cost precisely the sum he named; and probably this was the accepted axiom in that remote period.

Personally, I am of opinion that, given every advantage of locality, expert keepers, etc., the very lowest price at which a “tame” pheasant can be brought to the gun is not less than 6s.-7s., or about three times as much as it fetches when shot and sold to the gamedealer; and further that this figure is very rarely attained. Still, I give this estimate in all humility, the point being one exceedingly hard of determination owing to the difficulty of exactly apportioning the general cost of game-preserving among the various items of expenditure—as, for example, what proportion of keepers’ wages should be allotted to pheasants, or how much to partridges. However, as my object is to define the general cost of shooting, and not of one particular branch of it, I give below a few examples of the cost of shooting on estates in different parts of England, for which I am indebted to the kindness of friends who vouch for the accuracy of their figures. All the properties quoted,

with one exception, being happily in the hands of their owners, in only one instance does the item of rent appear, which, curiously enough, works out at the old-fashioned formula of 6*d.* per acre, a rate very rarely accepted nowadays. Indeed, it is impossible to fix even a general value per acre for a low-ground shooting under modern conditions when so many country gentlemen are obliged to let their estates, and when, consequently, apart from the shooting, other potent factors (the size of the house, social advantages, etc.) make for the attractiveness or the reverse of a country place.

I select the following as fairly typical examples of the cost of large and small shootings:—

A.—An estate of 9,000 acres in the south of England, naturally adapted to the production of game, and surrounded by neighbours who preserve on a lesser scale—

	£
Amount paid in wages, keepers, beaters, etc.	1,154
Cost of artificial production, pheasants and partridges	1,050
Rates and taxes	132
Incidental expenses	260
Total	<u>£2,596</u>

The average annual bag is 17,224 head, composed of 5,000 pheasants, 1,300 partridges, 800 hares, 10,000 rabbits, and 124 various, which works out at almost exactly three shillings per head killed—a figure that, in view of the magnitude of the bag, I consider remarkably economical.

B.—An estate of 2,200 acres in the north-west of England, chiefly rough grass and moorland:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount paid in wages	64	11	0
Cost of artificial production	25	16	9
Rates and taxes	4	13	2
Incidental expenses	1	19	6
Rent	54	0	0
Total	<u>£151</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>5</u>

This was the expenditure for the season of 1904-5. The average annual outlay is £142 4*s.* 10*d.*, and the bag 524 head, made up as follows: 34 grouse, 159 partridges, 71 pheasants, 31 hares, 207 rabbits, and 22 various, mostly snipe and woodcock. This must be a charming rough shoot; but when the rent is taken into consideration, the cost per head killed comes to nearly five shillings and sixpence, or almost double the expenditure of *A.*

C.—A large estate in one of the best game districts in the eastern counties. Expenditure for 1904-5:—

Amount paid in wages, etc.	-	-	-	-	£	882
Cost of artificial production, feeding, etc.	-	-	-	-		464
Rates and taxes (not given)	-	-	-	-		—
Incidental expenses	-	-	-	-		97
Total	-	-	-	-	£	<u>1,443</u>

The bag for the above period was 9,691 head, consisting of 5,163 pheasants, 1,078 partridges (a bad season), 914 hares, 2,512 rabbits, and 24 wild duck, or a cost per head of nearly three shillings and fivepence.

D.—A small property of about 1,000 acres, singularly ill-adapted for game preservation. A large town stretches up to the very confines of the coverts; there is a dense mining population, and the estate is intersected by public footpaths. Figures for 1904-5:—

					£	s.	d.
Amount paid in wages	-	-	-	-	61	0	0
Cost of artificial production	-	-	-	-	73	0	0
Rates and taxes	-	-	-	-	3	16	0
Incidental expenses	-	-	-	-	12	15	9
Total	-	-	-	-	£	<u>149</u>	<u>11 9</u>

The bag for the season was as follows: 330 pheasants, 180 partridges (this total could easily have been exceeded), 24 hares, 356 rabbits, and a few "various." This works out at 3s. 3d. per head, while the friend to whom I am indebted for the above figures estimates the cost of producing his pheasants at 7s. 9d. each. He further adds that if he sold all his game at market prices the net cost of his shooting would only amount to £70 9s. 1d., or little more than is paid in wages.

E.—An estate of 20,000¹ acres in the west of England. The average expenditure for the past four years has been £2,065 per annum, and the bag 7,680 head—4,300 pheasants, 330 (artificial) wild ducks, 320 hares, 110 partridges, 2,600 rabbits, and 20 snipe and woodcock, or a trifle over 5s. 4d. per head. Each pheasant and wild duck killed is estimated at 8s. 9d., arrived at as follows: cost of rearing, preserving, and maintenance 5s., feeding 3s. 3d., and beating 6d. On this property the experiment was formerly tried of paying the head-keeper for pheasants by "results," he bearing all expense of rearing, feeding, etc., up to the middle of August, and receiving 3s. for each bird killed, but I understand this system has

¹ These figures only deal with the home shooting of about 2,000 acres.

now been abandoned. During its probation one can imagine the unhappy man's state of mind when any of the guns happened to be a bit "off form!"

A somewhat similar, but I should think far more satisfactory, system prevails on a large property in the north-west of England where a very heavy bag is killed every season. Here the keeper receives 2s. for every bird turned into covert on the 1st of August, having found everything except eggs up till then.

Despite the temptation to continue giving extracts from the mass of information with which the kindness of friends has supplied me, I will confine myself to only two more examples, the first of which I select on account of its remarkable cheapness. I may add that the estate in question, which I know well, is by no means naturally adapted to game-production. I give the figures supplied to me *in extenso* :—

F.—Shooting acreage 2,840.

	£
Wages - - - - -	168
Keep of dogs - - - - -	23
Feeding stuffs - - - - -	132
Purchase of "broody" hens - - - - -	14
Pens, netting, coops, etc. - - - - -	40
Ammunition, traps, repairs, etc. - - - - -	15
Rates and taxes - - - - -	21
Licences - - - - -	5
Pheasant eggs purchased - - - - -	43
Rent of 400 acres included in above ¹ - - - - -	35
Total -	<u>£496</u>

Bag, 517 pheasants, 216 partridges, 15 snipe, 20 woodcock, 44 hares, 2,796 rabbits, or a cost per head killed of almost exactly 2s. 9d.

The above figures, whether of bag or expenditure, are based on a three years' average.

I now come to my last instance of the cost of shooting, which I quote *pour encourager les autres*. It is a case where a keen shooting man succeeded to an estate in Yorkshire, where game preservation had been more honoured in the breach than the observance during his predecessors' tenure of the property, and I give it as illustrative of what the cost of remaking a big shoot may amount to. Apart from the grouse moors, the locality, which is well known to me, is not naturally a game-producing one. The figures given are based on the average of two years' expenditure, and worked out to 4s. 11d

¹ NOTA BENE.—This works out at 1s. 9d. per acre.

per head killed, a rate which should be considerably reduced in the future, as the incidental expenses which form so heavy an item of expenditure will presumably decrease in process of time.

G.—Acreage 8,500 (including 4,000 acres of moor).

	£
Amount paid in wages, beaters, etc. - - -	728
Cost of rearing pheasants and wild duck - -	655
Rates and taxes - - - - -	111
Incidental expenses - - - - -	1,256
	<u>£2,750</u>

The bag for the second season consisted of 1,615 grouse, 141 partridges, 1,547 pheasants, 466 wild duck, 122 hares, 7,397 rabbits, and 88 various, or a total of 11,376 head.

It will thus be seen that on the seven estates which I have selected as fairly typical of large and small shoots in different parts of England, the cost per head of game killed varies from 2s. 9d. at *F* to 5s. 6d., or exactly double, at *B*, rent being an item of expenditure in each of these cases. In three instances the cost is from 3s. to 3s. 5d., and in the two remaining ones 4s. 11d. and 5s. 4d. respectively, or a fraction over 4s. per head all round. This, however, I am inclined to think is too high as a general rule, and I would place the cost per head throughout England at 3s. 6d., and of artificially produced pheasants at 8s. each.

So far I have dealt merely with the cost of shooting to that admirable class of people who preserve or rear game to give their friends the opportunity of shooting it; but before concluding I should like to refer to the expenditure incumbent on the latter fortunate individuals. In these days of falling rents and increased cost of living, one frequently meets people who tell you that they have had to give up hunting on the score of expense, and take to shooting in its place. Yet if they indulge in the latter amusement to any great extent, I fancy the economy is not so great as they imagine, and that further the personal result achieved is by no means commensurate with their outlay. This latter point I purpose to illustrate by an anecdote culled from the pages of Poggio Bracciolini, an Italian humorist of the fifteenth century, an author who cannot, unfortunately, be recommended for the use of schools and colleges. A certain harmless lunatic—Poggio calls him a fool, but I am not sure of the justice of this appellation—detained in what then corresponded to the modern private asylum, was in the habit of sunning himself on the wall surrounding it, and accosting such passers-by as had leisure or inclination for conversation. To him one day Fortune sends a magnifico of the first water, riding a fine

horse, and returning from hawking, bird on wrist, attended by a retinue of lackeys and huntsmen. "Give you good-day, sir," says the fool, "what have you been doing?" Whereupon the nobleman, being in a good temper, reins up, and affably replies that he has been hawking. Further conversation ensues, in the course of which the magnifico, who I fear must have been a snob or a *nouveau riche*, expatiates on the costliness of his outfit, his horse so much, his hawks, his hounds, and his servants so much more, the whole amounting to a goodly total of Florentine crowns. "And what have you killed?" now asks the fool, to which the nobleman replies that he has had an excellent flight at a heron. "What is that worth?" is the next very natural question of the madman, who, on being told "Nothing," at once assumes an air of great cunning and alarm, and bids the nobleman clap spur to flank and never come that way again, "for if the keeper of this place find a fellow like you at large, he will inevitably shut you up in here with me."

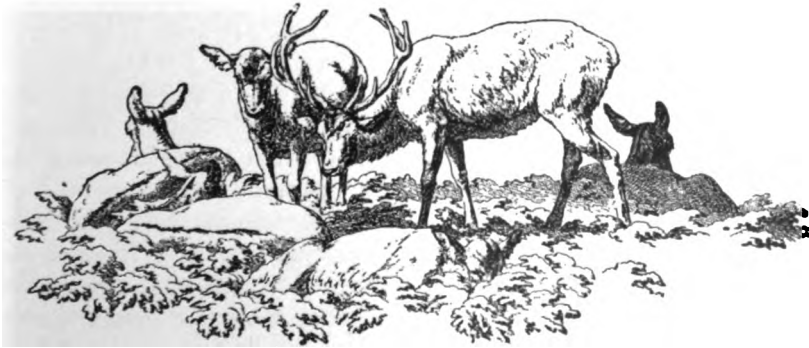
Now similarly I venture to think that most men who hunt, or shoot, or fish, must on occasion ask themselves if the game be worth the candle. How often have you or I, gentle reader, when returning from a shoot where, owing to a variety of causes—bad luck, bad weather, bad management, or, most probable of all, our own bad shooting—our personal contribution to the bag has been a most negligible quantity, admitted to ourselves that our enjoyment has not been proportionate to our outlay? Nay, if we took the trouble to estimate our sport on the commercial lines laid down by the witty fool, we should be fain to admit that shooting is not an economical amusement. Take a hypothetical but typical case of a young fellow living in London—Guardsmen, civil servant, or business man—who counts his income by a few hundreds every year, and who accepts an invitation to a *small* shoot in Suffolk. He leaves town on a Wednesday afternoon, and returns on the following Friday morning, having assisted at the killing of some 200 head of game to six guns. We will further imagine that on his return to London he takes the extremely improbable course of making an accurate account of his expenditure on cabs, railway fares, tips, cartridges, and incidental expenses, which he will probably be surprised to find amount to not less than £3. Against this must be placed the brace of pheasants given him by his host, which being useless to a bachelor in chambers, he promptly bestows on someone else.

It will be easily seen that if our young friend frequently indulges in similar trips he might have hunted "from home" in a provincial country for the same season's expenditure. Moreover, it must be noted that the above sum merely represents the cost of a comparatively

inexpensive shooting visit, which would of course be enormously increased in the case of a man who travelled to Sutherland for grouse-shooting—or, more expensive still, deer-stalking—or to Cornwall for a big covert shoot. I feel confident that if I could only place before my readers an *accurate* statement of the expenses incurred in shooting by a man who, without owning a yard of land or raising a single head of game of his own, fires, say, from 6 to 10,000 cartridges every season, it would form quite as instructive reading as the instances I have been able to give of the cost of rearing and preserving game.

In concluding, let me add that the truth of the old adage, "Never prophesy unless you know," has come home to me with remarkable clearness while writing this article, and I have no doubt that before long I shall equally have appreciated the wisdom of Kingsley's advice to—

"Haud your hands frae inkhorns, though a' the Muses woo,
For critics lie, like saumon fry, to mak' their meals o' you."





TIPPERARY HOUNDS AT EXERCISE—THEIR MORNING SWIM IN SUMMER

SPORT WITH A CAMERA

BY LILIAN E. BLAND

MY experiences with a camera are not written scientifically for advanced workers in the art of photography, but on the chance of helping other amateurs who, like myself, want to make their camera pay for its keep, or for those who amuse themselves by "snap-shotting" their favourite sports. The Gordon Bennett race of 1903 first gave me the idea of turning my camera into a useful "pot boiler." The hunting season was a joy of the past, and consequently our funds also were at the lowest ebb; so my friend and I started off on bicycles to "do" the Gordon Bennett course, taking photographs of all the dangerous corners the cars would have to round, and aiming at getting original views so as to avoid the type of pictures professionals were taking. We sometimes rode fifty miles a day, and this, with a 7 lb. penalty up in the shape of my "Reflex," kept one very fit.

One evening as we were returning to our headquarters we met a quaint character of the old type of peasant. She had a black clay pipe in her mouth, hanging upside down, alas! with no 'baccy to fill it. On her head was a white frilled bonnet, and a shawl and red

flannel skirt completed her picturesque appearance. We pulled up and gave her "a soft day," but she regarded us with a mistrustful eye. When I meekly asked to be allowed to take her photograph she either could not or *would* not understand—she only grunted and said that she had no money. My feelings were distinctly hurt. I explained that I was not a "highwayman," but all in vain, and even a cigarette shredded into her pipe had no soothing effect. She departed unpacified, and only the memory of her quaint figure remains.

Our tour financially was a great success, and later on we went down the day before the race to photograph all the different teams,

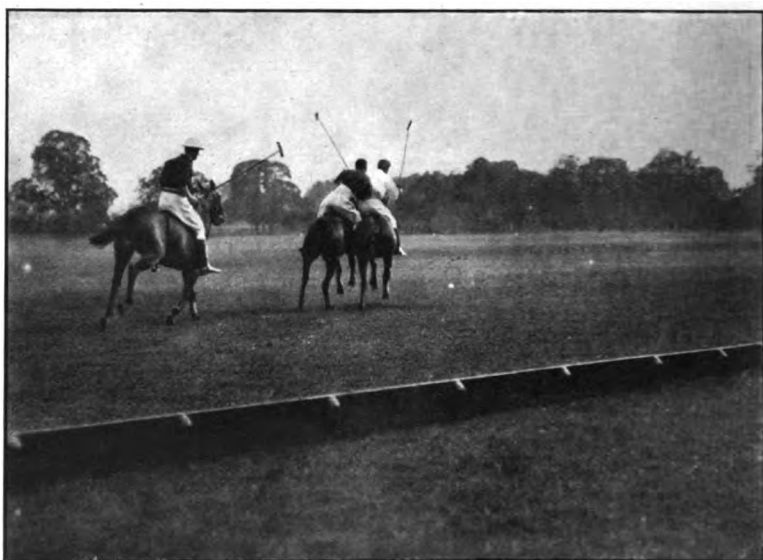


POLAR BEARS PLAYING IN THE WATER

and by pure luck we got a roof over our heads that night. Sleep was quite impossible; there certainly was a straw mattress, but we preferred the floor, *after* we had upset the water jug over it, and having made fortifications of the invaluable "Keating" we rested with our faithful cameras as pillows—and they were *not* soft. Racing cars shrieked past all night long, and at 3 a.m. we were riding off to the club enclosure. We had to get back to the North that day, and finally arrived at my aunt's house at 1 a.m., having bicycled out six miles from the station. I then started developing the negatives, and remember with sadness that I only had three hours' sleep in the same number of days and nights, so that I cannot recommend this kind of press work to anyone who values a peaceful existence.

Our next venture was the motor trials at Castlewellan, but arriving rather late we found "all traffic suspended," so we calmly "held up" a passing racer, which kindly whizzed us over the course and deposited us on the press stand. Here, among other amusing incidents, a correspondent asked me what paper I represented? I promptly said *Hunting*, and, seeing that he looked rather surprised, I fixed him with a stern and frigid eye. I hope he is still asking for the journal called *Hunting*.

My camera, in fact, is best acquainted with horses and the chase; but, unfortunately, one cannot carry a camera and hunt at the same time. One of the most ridiculous falls I ever saw happened at a



RIDING OFF—POLO AT ROEHAMPTON

small fence with a ditch on the near side. The steed refused; the rider shot on to his neck, which he embraced with arms and legs, and the wise horse with great deliberation put down his head and lowered the man into the very muddy ditch—what a snapshot missed! Someone should invent a flying machine that would behave properly; it would be the only way to get good hunting pictures—only one would make enemies for life by telling some of the "schemers" just where they *really* were in a good run.

My camera is a "Reflex," and the great advantage of this type is that one has a full-sized view-finder, and can focus up to the last moment if necessary; it is fitted with a Goerz lens and focal plane shutter. In taking any special positions of horse-jumping, a "Reflex"

is absolutely necessary, and even with its help one requires the eye of a cinematograph to release the shutter at the right moment; but only practice can make perfect in this respect.

If horses are jumping at a show, or for your benefit, the easiest way is to make up your mind first in what position you mean to take them, and then to focus for that particular place. Using a Goerz lens with full aperture one has to be very accurate, or the negative will be out of focus. One of the pictures shows the ridiculous effect of delay in releasing the shutter. The horse made a bigger spring out than I had allowed for, and narrowly missed



CONCLUDING THE BARGAIN AT AN IRISH HORSE-FAIR

landing on the top of me, which is one disadvantage of having one's head bent over the view-finder. When taking photographs of racing, polo, etc., the best plan is to use your camera like a gun, sight the object at a distance, and follow it along, when you can "pull the trigger" at the right moment; this also requires a steady hand. As to exposure, give as slow a release as the movement will allow—and there is a very wide limit: 1-600 sec. is fast enough for racing and jumping at any speed, and if the horses are foreshortened 1-150 sec. to 1-450 sec. will give a sharp image—the closer one stands near the horse the faster the exposure required, and *vice versa*. Dilute your developer with plenty of water, which may be slightly warmed, and a few drops of bromide will prevent any tendency to fogging;

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nothing can beat pyro soda. A simple way of slightly intensifying a negative is to dry it over a lamp or stove by holding the glass side towards the heat; at a certain temperature the image will show up in low relief, and then the plate is allowed to cool spontaneously; if heated beyond this stage the film will melt with disastrous results. It is useless to try quick instantaneous work on a dull day; it is merely waste of plates.

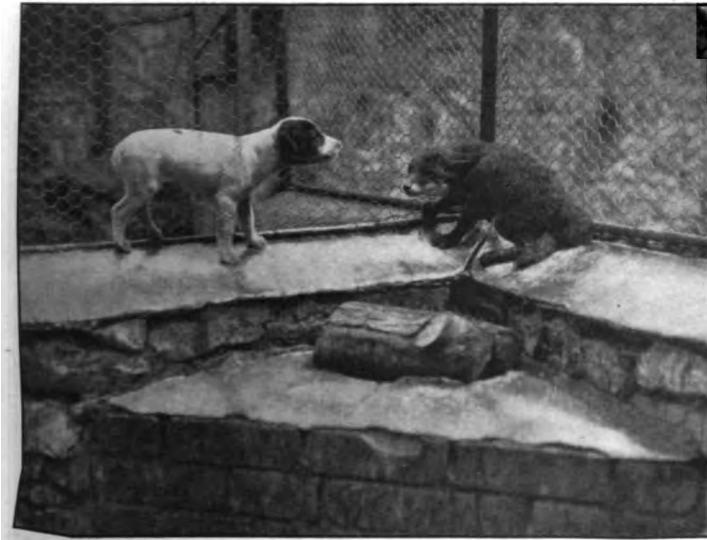
The only fault of the "Reflex" is its weight. Mine has over-balanced me sometimes when bicycling, and one amusing accident occurred when we were doing the "Leps of Tipperary." My friend,



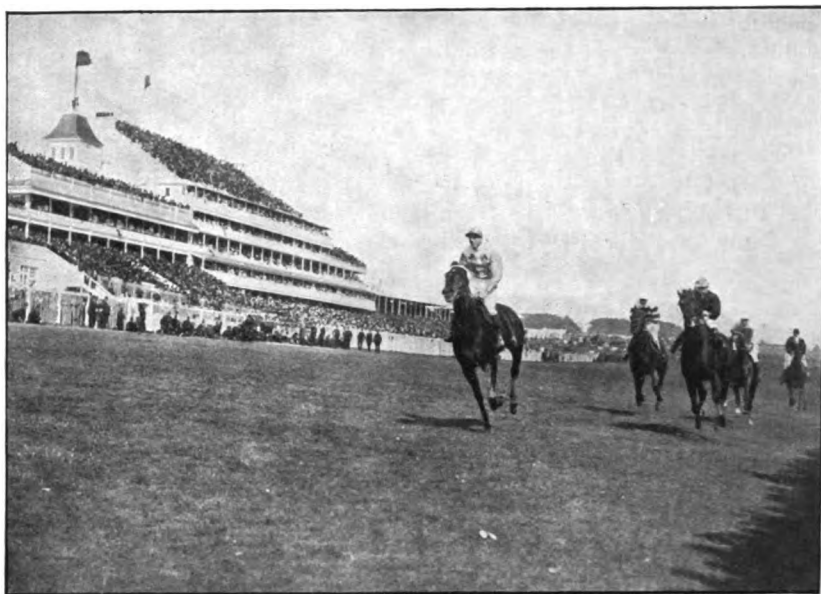
THE RESULT OF DELAY IN RELEASING SHUTTER

riding her cob, was towing me along with a rein, and the "whip" was riding beside me, when on turning a corner rather sharply my bicycle skidded, the camera swung out over my shoulder, and not being able to recover, I fell with a fearful crash under the feet of the terrified horse. Either the horse or the camera gave me a stunning blow on the head. The "whip" afterwards explained pathetically that it must have been the camera, as the horse was entirely occupied in trying to climb over a donkey and cart which was passing at the time. Fortunately neither the camera nor the horse was the worse for the adventure. Patience must ever be the motto of the photographer who aspires to get good studies of

animals, especially if the animal happens to be a hound; for he will either frantically wave his stern and grin at you, or else he will sit down and yawn, but never by any chance will he stand in the correct position to show off his good points. If you love them, however, and study their varied characters and habits, the time spent in their society will certainly not be wasted, even although a few of your negatives will be "thrown out."



A TWO MONTHS OLD FOX TERRIER AND A FOX CUB



THE FIRST HALF OF THE RACING SEASON

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THE last racing season ended with a condition of affairs which did not entirely justify the croakings of the pessimist as to the deterioration of the English thoroughbred horse. There was, for instance, a phenomenally good mare in Pretty Polly, who had cantered home for the Oaks, the St. Leger, and four other races, which made her winning total on the year the nice comfortable little sum of £18,444, the one tarnish on her career being a failure in France when upset by the journey and by the heavy going—or so I gathered from Major Eustace Loder. Her stable companion, Delaunay, stood out as a horse of extraordinary speed, and a mile at Goodwood had troubled him no more than his usual course of six furlongs; so that, though a suspicion existed as to his ability to stay, there seemed no justification for the idea that his capacity in this direction was limited. Zinfandel, who had doubtless been fluked out of the Ascot Cup, had won all the other five races in which he started in England, and could be made out a measurable distance in front of Rock Sand, a horse who by an extraordinary run of luck had won more money in stakes than any animal that ever ran, with two exceptions. There were great possibilities about John o'

Gaunt; Hackler's Pride was a mare of sterling merit; Ypsilanti, together with Santry, Bachelor's Button, Henry the First, and a few others, stood out from the ordinary run of handicap horses. As regards the three-year-olds, Cicero was rated as distinctly good; there were possibilities about Llangibby and Polymelus, Rouge Croix, Shah Jehan (I say "possibilities," and am talking of things as they were at the end of last season), Signorino, Standen, Thrush, and Vedas, to name no more. Of the fillies, Galantine, Costly Lady, Cherry Lass, Queen of the Earth, had shown ability to gallop; and notwithstanding that it was tolerably certain some of these would prove to be non-stayers, they seemed on the whole a fairly promising lot.

There was, of course, the usual modest amount of excitement about the Lincolnshire Handicap, the favourites for which were Vedas, who had disputed supremacy with Cicero at Ascot, and would have been almost a good horse had his temper allowed him; Catty Crag, who had been sold for thirteen guineas when worth something like two hundred times the sum; and Rosebury, who up to the time of writing has done little to justify his position in the market. Catty Crag was beaten a head by Sansovino, on whom Griggs rode a deplorable race; for, being told on no account to hit the horse, because hitting him made him stop, he flogged the unfortunate colt for something like a quarter of a mile, till Sansovino, in a natural fit of exasperation, showed his disgust by stopping to kick, and so nearly lost the race.

It is extraordinary how the latent merit of horses is sometimes overlooked by their trainers. It was so with Catty Crag, and the same with Long Tom, who never once got home as a four-year-old, though running in wretched company, changed hands for a melancholy sum after winning a Selling Handicap Hurdle Race, and this year demonstrated that he was almost a good horse by securing the Metropolitan, together with two other races, and carrying a heavy weight prominently in the Chester Cup. But though such facts may be interesting to note in passing, these are not the animals we have to discuss in this brief scamper through the events of the season; nor need the City and Suburban cause us to linger—horses of good class have sometimes taken part in it, but it was no more than an ordinary handicap field which followed Pharisee past the post at Epsom.

Shortly before the Two Thousand Guineas Rouge Croix was reported to have won a good trial in handsome fashion from horses of genuine capacity. A similar story came from Kingsclere, where Porter discovered—that is to say, believed that he had found out—through the medium of St. Oswald that Plum Centre was

almost a good horse. Writing to me, he kindly told me of his expectation of winning both the "Guineas" with Plum Centre and Pamflete, though "neither is quite first rate," he added, which suggested that they were perhaps nearly so. Major Edwards had tried Golden Measure well; Llangibby, if he had proved something of a disappointment, was still held in esteem; and then there was Vedas, who had the ability if he had the will. Though very fractious to begin with, Herbert Jones, who has in a remarkable degree the happy knack of soothing troublesome horses, persuaded Vedas to jump off and do his best, the result being that he beat Signorino by two lengths, with Llangibby a head behind.

There had been great anxiety all the season to see Cicero, who had not been entered for the Two Thousand Guineas, but was in the Newmarket Stakes. He had been going well at exercise, though so full of exuberance that Percy Peck had experienced a particularly anxious time with him, never knowing whether he might not hit or injure himself when bucking and jumping about, as he was accustomed to do both before and after his morning's work, and indeed a slight accident had occurred to him; but it was gratifying to know that he would run for the Stakes, interest in which, however, was greatly diminished by the fact that fever had broken out in M. Edmond Blanc's stable, and neither Jardy, who had won the Middle Park Plate in a canter, nor Val d'Or, his stable companion, was to be sent over. Cicero was supposed to have such an easy task that odds of 3 to 1 were freely laid on him, 9 to 1 Llangibby and Signorino, 20 to 1 Rouge Croix, whose failure in the Guineas had suggested that there must have been something entirely wrong about his trial.

Cicero won by a length and a half from Llangibby, but it was on the whole a rather disappointing performance. Maher confessed that he was very glad to get home, and had Llangibby not swerved he would have been nearer at the finish. There was no "winning in a canter," and Cicero did not stand out as the odds suggested he would do. He was naturally made favourite at the Derby, nevertheless, for Mr. Neumann decided not to send Llangibby to Epsom in consequence of the colt's inability to come down hill. It was felt that the descent from Tattenham Corner would upset him, and it was thought wiser to let him take his chance in the Grand Prix, which, however, he was prevented from doing by an accident. He fell on the road and cut his knees rather badly. The only serious rival of Cicero, as it appeared, and as it subsequently proved, was Jardy, who, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark, is a son of Flying Fox and the Oaks winner, Airs and Graces. Jardy had been coughing, like the majority of his stable companions; but the Derby only occurs once in a colt's lifetime, and so M. Blanc determined that he should make the

journey. When he arrived at Epsom doubts as to whether he would be able to run were still felt; M. Blanc postponed his decision until the morning of the race, when it was decided to send Jardy to the post. How much the colt was below his form cannot, of course, be estimated; that he would have won the Derby easily had he been fit and well there can be no possible doubt; for as it was, running under such grave disadvantages, Cicero only beat him three parts of a length. It is quite possible that the effort will be found to have injured Jardy permanently, and so whether he and Cicero will meet again at Doncaster is doubtful.¹ The market at the time of writing



CHERRY LASS

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

suggests that there is little danger to be apprehended from France in the St. Leger. The surprise of the Derby was the forward position of Signorino. The son of Best Man and Signorina was only a head behind Jardy. In the Newmarket Stakes he had been some eight lengths behind Cicero, so that either he had come on in an extraordinary degree in the course of the fortnight, or Cicero was not at his best at Epsom.

¹ At the moment of going to press it is rumoured that Jardy will run for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, and that he is quite himself again.

To return to Newmarket, Cherry Lass had settled down a strong favourite for the One Thousand Guineas, next to Colonel Hall Walker's filly coming Galantine at 5 to 1, Amitie at 6 to 1, Pamflete at 10 to 1, double those odds being offered against Queen of the Earth. George McCall rode Cherry Lass, and did not distinguish himself, for the mare pursued a highly erratic course, and so severely bumped two or three of her opponents that many of the spectators anticipated an objection. Lord Ellesmere's Koorhaan, however, finished second, beaten only a length—a place which the owner of the red and white sleeved jacket has filled a good many times before, though he has never succeeded in winning a classic race; but it was known that he is the last of men to object, and the bumping was passed over, except, indeed, that in the Oaks Herbert Jones was engaged to ride the mare. Here Cherry Lass had things all her own way. She won anyhow in record time, 2 min. 38 sec., which was a second and three-fifths less than Cicero had taken, and the winners of the Derby and Oaks were immediately elevated to the position of favourites for the St. Leger. Galantine was much fancied for the One Thousand, but seems to have come to grief. It is wonderful that she ever ran, for as a yearling she severely injured one of her hocks, and was for a long time regarded as useless.

A notable race was run at Epsom on Thursday, the Coronation Cup, which brought out three starters, but three of the first rank, in Pretty Polly, Zinfandel, and the good French horse Caius, a son of Révérend (who had made a name himself on English courses) and Choice. Zinfandel had greatly improved—he was full of muscle, and looked beautiful; but he was no match for Pretty Polly, who beat him in a canter in record time, Caius half a dozen lengths behind Lord Howard de Walden's chestnut.

The meeting of Pretty Polly and Zinfandel in the Gold Cup at Ascot was anxiously anticipated. It was felt that, undoubted stayer as he was, the horse might at any rate make a better fight over two miles and a half; but one never knows what may happen with a thoroughbred horse. Pretty Polly in some way or other injured herself in her box. She strained or sprained the muscles of her quarters, and could not go to Ascot. In her absence the race for the Gold Cup turned out to be the good thing it looked for Zinfandel. Some ingenuous persons still continued to persuade themselves that the running of the previous year was accurate, and backed Throwaway, an infatuated idea which was speedily shown to be absurd. Maximum II. following Zinfandel home.

Cicero was entered for the Rous Memorial at Ascot, but his disadvantage in the weights with Hackler's Pride prevented Lord

Rosebery from sending him, and when these pages are in the press Cicero will be running for the Eclipse Stakes. Cherry Lass did come out at Ascot, and cantered home for the St. James's Palace Stakes, Polymelus following her; and Lord Crewe's colt wound up the meeting by taking a Triennial from Llangibby, on whom odds of 2 to 1 were laid, the reason he was beaten being that he declined to try, and he must be set down as a rogue. An event of



BLACK ARROW

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

Ascot was the reappearance of Henry the First, a horse that has matured very slowly, and was supposed to have only St. Denis to beat in the (nominal) £10,000 race, the Princess of Wales's Stakes, at the First July. Mr. Musker was confident, for he had always maintained that his colt would never be really fit to show what he could do till he was a four-year-old. He went to the post fit and fancied, ridden by Madden, who after a spell of bad luck had

returned to his best form. Neither he nor Mr. Musker, nor Charles Waugh, a trainer of the first capacity, can guess why Henry the First failed egregiously, and finished behind horses from whom, according to previous running, he ought to have cantered away. The performance was a cruel disappointment to his owner, for it entirely alters the position of the son of Melton as a perpetuator of his father's fame. St. Denis, with 16 lb. advantage in the weights with Henry the First, won easily; but a bad horse was second, and tested by the usual methods St. Denis is found to be a very moderate animal.

Had John o' Gaunt kept sound this £7,435—that was the exact amount of the “ten thousand pounder” credited to the winner—must have gone to Sir John Thursby, who had felt almost assured that his colt would stand preparations for this and future events; but his leg “went” in the winding-up gallops, and so disappears the son of Isinglass and La Flèche, who I shall always believe was a really good horse at his best; but luck was cruelly against him.

The winner of the Brocklesby, to come to the two-year-olds, may turn out a good horse, a moderate, or a bad one, the chances being that he or she is little esteemed by Ascot time, and of course when the first two-year-old race of any importance is run there is speculation as to the class in which the winner may be. Crathorne, the since-named Donovan—Lady Lena colt, had done what he was asked to do at home, started favourite, and won in the hands of Mr. George Thursby without any luck in the race to help him. Next day, at Liverpool, Sweet Mary (Cyllene—Auricula), who had also been well galloped very easily, won the Molyneux Stakes. I do not know why most of the critics jumped to the conclusion that the colt was superior to the filly, for there was no basis for the idea; and Crathorne, though he won at Epsom, began to get beaten, as most Brockesby winners are when summer comes; while Sweet Mary, prior to one rather unlucky defeat by Sarcelle, won half-a-dozen races, and at Ascot ran second to Thrush. It is a genuine test of merit for a two-year-old to beat older horses and stretch out an acknowledged good one, as Thrush is over his own course.

Continuing the history of Sweet Mary, that was a fine race at Hurst Park when she met her stable companion Merry Moment, set to give 11 lb., including sex. Both were to do their best, and nobody could tell what would happen, Colonel Hall Walker, owner of the colt, kindly told me, adding that Robinson would not be surprised at a dead heat. It seemed like taking advantage of the inoffensive ring to back both at 7 to 4; but this was before Wild Ride's number

went up—Maher, as it seemed to me, not having perceived Wild Ride stealing up on the rails when he had rather comfortably disposed of Merry Moment.

"The best of the fillies so far," we were told when Ulalume, a daughter of Gallinule and Message, came out at Newmarket in the Second Spring and beat Serenata and the Ankles colt, though it was not obvious why she should be preferred to Sweet Mary. There was no sort of question by this time, however, as to which was the best of the colts, and he had been rather plainly indicated in these pages. I am inclined to pride myself, if the reader will excuse pride, on the idea of asking my friends amongst owners and trainers what they anticipated of their two-year-olds, and in several cases the impressions, as set forth in the March number of this magazine, under the title of "The Two-year-olds of the Season," have shown the perspicuity of my correspondents. Colonel Hall Walker spoke with unhesitating decision. He had two of whom he anticipated much, he said; they would probably turn out to be classic horses. One was Black Arrow (Count Schomberg—Black Cherry), who, he fancied, would be better than Bendigo, and the other was Colonia (Persimmon—Sand Blast).

When their owner wrote thus he had, of course, not galloped either—they were big, "unfurnished" young ones of whom nothing could possibly be known so early in the season, and we may certainly set down Colonel Hall Walker as an exceptionally sound judge; for when after the Oaks the King congratulated him on the possession of so good a mare as Cherry Lass, he informed His Majesty that he had a most promising Persimmon filly who was sure to win important races. It is delightful when one feels this confidence, expresses it, and it proves to be justified! Much was not expected of Colonia early on, this singularly astute critic remarked in his letter to me—she would probably take some time to come to hand; but these cautious utterances were superfluous, for she won first time out at Ascot in the New Stakes, not beating very much, it is true, for the Avington—Ankles colt is no more than moderate; but she won.

Another authority whose perception has to be recognised is Mr. George Lambton. Gemma, an own sister to Vedas, he said, was "likely to go as fast as her brother did as a two-year-old"; and Victorious, an own sister to Volodyovski, would, he had little doubt, make a name for herself. Gemma came out at Sandown in the Stud Produce Stakes (£1,757), and the result was never in doubt: she won all the way. Victorious opposed Ulalume at Gatwick and ran a dead heat with her, that Ulalume had to give 9 lb. being to no small extent balanced by the facts that it was for

Lord Derby's filly "first time out" and that she had bad luck in the race; for on luck in the draw, and on a clear course, a vast deal depends.

Black Arrow is a great, fine colt, and, as just indicated, his owner knew what to expect of him. There were eighteen starters for the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate, in which he was first seen, and as soon as the numbers were hoisted the ring affably offered to take 2 to 1. Backers would not lay it, and 11 to 8 on was returned as the starting price. A week before the time of writing the odds against Black Arrow for next year's Derby, if you please, eleven months away, were 5 to 2—thus the backer is invited to enrich himself!

A great fine colt, I have said, a wonderfully well-topped horse, but with not the best of forelegs, and a black. There is, I find, a great prejudice against black horses on the part of some of the shrewdest and most experienced trainers and owners; and recently setting out to defend blacks on the general assumption that there were good ones of all colours, I was surprised to find what weight of argument was brought against the colour of the son of Count Schomberg—how many promising black horses have "flattered to deceive." This one, however, will take a great deal of pegging back. I cannot recollect a favourite for the New Stakes starting at odds on, and 9 to 2 on was the price of Colonel Hall Walker's big colt. We shall see! Half the season only has sped by (at Black Arrow speed—and he did swoop up the hill at Ascot, as he had swept home in Pretty Polly-like fashion at Newmarket!), and we have to observe what will happen. Assuredly I was surprised at Mr. W. B. Purefoy's remark, made to me at Sandown, that as a three-year-old very likely Lally would beat Black Arrow, for I had never regarded the son of Amphion and Miss Hoyden as *that* sort of colt, and it makes one investigate Lally's claims to consideration, if that term be admissible when as a matter of fact Lally "claims" nothing; for it behoves the man who has any regard for the English language to write cautiously of horses, who are constantly being represented as "throwing down gauntlets," "hoisting signals," and doing what no horse ever did in the history of the equine race.

Lally came out in a Two-year-old Plate at Sandown in April, was not talked about, and attracted little attention, though, starting at 8 to 1, he finished third to Signet and the Orvieto—Hecuba colt, beaten barely a length. An easy win at Salisbury (6 to 4), another at Lewes (11 to 4 on), suggested that Lally was a horse, and when he had comfortably disposed of seventeen opponents in a Biennial at Ascot the impression was confirmed. Few young ones perform successfully a second time on the Royal Heath, and having won on

the Tuesday Mr. Purefoy frankly admits that he was "too greedy" in asking Lally to give weight on the Wednesday to Ulalume and Merry Moment, to whom he finished third, beaten a neck and half a length—"evens Lally" being the price.

Of other two-year-olds Alcanzor (Sainfoin—Aïda) had for a short time an undeserved reputation. In the July Stakes he showed that he was moderate, and he would not even do his best. Excuses had been made for his failure at Epsom in the Woodcote on the ground that he slipped up and nearly fell, and at Ascot it was truly pointed out that the placings behind Black Arrow meant nothing. He surely should have won the Woodcote, which, as it was, fell to Serenata, whom Lord Alington bought for about four times her value, 3,000 guineas. Asked what she was worth, I suggested 1,200 or 1,500 guineas; but she is, I fear, not so good as I had supposed.

Black Arrow so far seems to stand by himself among the colts, though Lally may come on. Of the fillies, Ulalume, Sweet Mary, Victorious, and Colonia seem the best, and may prove good ones. There is something to be said, moreover, in favour of Gemma and of Waterflower, a daughter of the exported Watercress, a big horse that was at Kingsclere contemporaneously with La Flèche and Orme. Possibly Malua will turn out a more than useful animal. He is a stable companion of the Ankles colt and several pounds the better of the pair, as he would have to be to prove anything at all out of the common. He ran very green, behind Waterflower 8 st. 7 lb. and Gemma 9 st. 2 lb., in the Fulbourne Stakes; but if tractable at the gate and inclined to do his best, he should win races.



BRIDGE

BY "PORTLAND"

IN a recent article the writer endeavoured to jot down a little advice as to the play of the double hand by the dealer upon a no-trump declaration. He would like to supplement what he then wrote by the few following hints upon the subject, which he trusts may not be of too elementary a character for the majority of his readers.

It is a common mistake to show too much dread of an established suit. Dire misfortune though it be to let in an adversary who has a series of winning cards to make, it is generally better for the dealer to risk this than to give up all idea of playing a strong game himself. By playing a strong game we mean attempting to establish the longest suit in his own hand or dummy's, and by so doing to score whatever number of points may be necessary to take him out. On the other hand, what may be called a weak game—though sometimes it is the right game to play—consists in refusing to take any finesse and making every certain trick in the two hands before letting the other side in. This is the way to get the least possible out of a hand, and is only justified when the adversaries are so strong that once in they will run off more tricks than you will give them the opportunity of making if you play out all your winning cards at once.

In deciding which game you will play, you have to consider what the effect on your hand will be if you have to make a number of discards to the enemy's long suit. Will you be able to keep each of the remaining suits guarded, or can they compel you to unguard them by forcing discards? A well-known double-dummy problem illustrates this position admirably, and shows how the grand slam is won from a player who, though starting the game with three suits guarded, is forced to uncover first one and then another.

It does not do, however, to be too much of a prey to fears of this kind. Boldness is generally rewarded at Bridge. The man who is always bent on saving games will not win many; and hence the novice, though it is well for him to be cautious in his declarations, should be brave in his play of the cards.

As a rule he is too prone to think that if he once loses the lead when playing a no-trump hand he will never get in again. He is apt to credit the original leader with every unplayed card of an established adverse suit, forgetting that his partner may hold some of them, and is generally too distrustful of his imperfectly guarded suits.

A king with one other card in suit is bound to make, if the lead comes from the right hand, and hence the dealer should manoeuvre to keep the lead in that hand. With knave singly guarded in one hand and queen doubly guarded in the other, he is safe for a trick if the suit is led by the adversaries, but not necessarily if he leads it himself. A queen three times guarded in either hand will generally act as an effectual stopper if the suit is kept intact, but the dealer should beware of discarding one of the small ones. The queen doubly guarded in dummy, with no support in the other hand, is practically worthless.

When playing a weak no-trump hand it is a mistake to display too much hesitation, as this gives the situation away and breathes confidence into the opposition. No matter how bad your plight may be, it does not do to let them know your difficulties, and they will be quick to guess where the shoe pinches, and perhaps lead the very suit in which you had rather not be attacked. A great part of the dealer's advantage at no-trumps arises from the "funk" which that declaration ordinarily inspires.

Each suit should be counted as the cards come out, and the non-dealer's discards should be watched for calls. A *rusé* player will often make a false discard purposely to mislead the dealer, but will seldom go to the length of calling in a weak suit.

Towards the end of a hand, unless everything is plain sailing, the dealer should endeavour to place all the cards—and if he has followed every indication afforded by his opponents' play it is astonishing how often he can do so. When, barring a certain favourable distribution of the cards, he cannot go game upon the hand, and his opponents' score stands at 24 or more, he should assume that the cards lie as he wants them to lie, and play accordingly. If, on the other hand, he can go game for a certainty, he must take care that he does go game before he tries for more, and in these circumstances he should take into his consideration the most unfavourable distribution of the cards, no matter how improbable. In the first instance it is a case of neck or nothing, and he can afford to be bold; in the second he must see that he does nothing to jeopardise the game.

A large class of players are too readily satisfied if they can win the game, however, and do not trouble their heads at all about over tricks. This is entirely wrong, since all the points count, and when tricks are worth twelve apiece one cannot afford to throw two or three of them away, to say nothing of the possibility of slams. When there is a certainty of the little slam, or, if a certain finesse be taken, the chance of winning the big one or only five by cards, it is a point of honour with most players to "go for the gloves." But

why should this be so? If there is any reason to suspect that the finesse will fail, it is better to make sure of the bird in hand.

With ace, king, knave of a suit, as with king, queen, ten, the finesse should always be deferred, if possible, until the second round, but not at the expense of a valuable card of entry from the other hand. Finesses have a way of going wrong, and the dealer must be chary of parting with the command of a suit which may be led by the adversaries. He will often do better, therefore, to give up a finesse altogether than to weaken his defences for the sake of it.

In opening a suit headed by three honours in sequence, two of which lie in one hand and one in the other, the single honour should not be parted with on the first round, as this leaves one with the option of subsequently finessing either way, and should one of the opponents fail to follow suit, an extra trick may be won.

In conclusion it should be remembered that there are two ways in which the dealer may set about playing a no-trump hand. One is to plunge into his longest suit at once, forcing as many discards as possible from the enemy. This method has its advantages, but is sometimes inadvisable, because discarding may embarrass him more than it does his opponents. He may disclose too much by the cards he throws away, and may find it difficult to keep his remaining suits fully guarded.

The other method is to go for the doubtful tricks first, and is frequently preferable when the strongest suit is ready established. By keeping off his big suit, perhaps the dealer retains two or three cards of entry in either hand, and can put the lead where he pleases when he gets in again, which may be of great importance should his finesses fail. Moreover, the concealment of his strength will often prove of service to him. If, for instance, he plays to establish a card or two in his shorter suits before letting the enemy feel the weight of his heaviest artillery, they will frequently hold up an ace and allow him to win the very trick he wanted for game, or possibly for a slam.

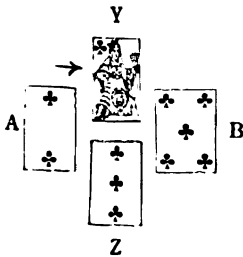
The following hand furnishes an instance in which the dealer, by keeping off trumps and threatening a ruff, induced the adversaries to lead them for him, by which means he was saved the trouble of finessing.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND

A and B are partners against Y and Z. Score: love all. Z deals, and declares diamonds.

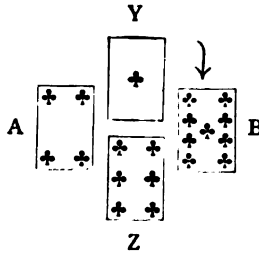
Y's hand (dummy).				Z's hand (dealer).			
Hearts	K Q 7 5 3	Hearts	10 4
Diamonds	Q 9 7	Diamonds	K 10 8 6 4
Clubs	A Q	Clubs	10 7 6 3
Spades	K Q 2	Spades	A 3

TRICK 1.



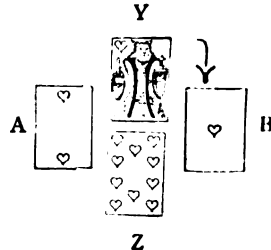
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.



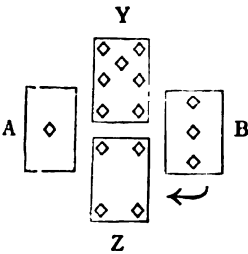
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 3.



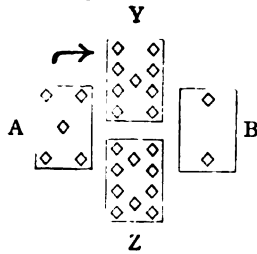
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 4.



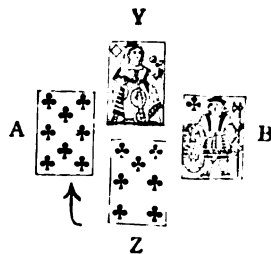
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 5.



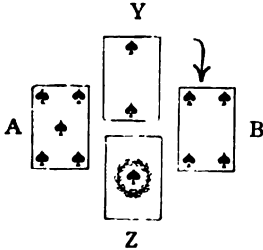
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 6.



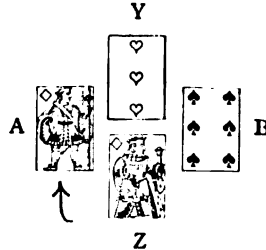
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 7.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 8.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 6.

The rest is quite plain sailing; Y Z win 5 by cards and the game.

Remarks:—

Trick 1.—A is marked with four clubs to the king, and B with three.

Trick 2.—Y can safely lead the ace of clubs, which paves the way for a ruff.

Trick 3.—The dealer is bound to lose two tricks, viz., the ace of hearts and ace of diamonds. To go game he must catch the knave of diamonds, but it is uncertain in which hand he should take the finesse. If he leads the king of hearts, however, and throws his own ten, threatening a double ruff, the adversaries may lead trumps for him.

Trick 4.—B, not wishing to lead up to dummy's strength in spades or hearts, nor to give him a ruff in clubs, is practically compelled to lead a trump.

A NEW SEAT FOR RACE-RIDING

A REPLY TO MR. P. A. VAILE

I.—BY H. G. FARRANT

I HAVE read with great interest Mr. P. A. Vaile's article on "A New Seat for Race-Riding" in the June number of the *Badminton Magazine*, but I venture to think that few, if any, of your readers will accept his views, opposed as they are to the generally received ideas on the subject of animal locomotion. For Mr. Vaile entirely ignores an important factor in the forward movements of a horse, viz., instability of equilibrium. Everyone who has studied the photographs of a horse in motion knows that at a certain period of its stride its centre of gravity, which is situated nearer the withers than the croup, comes in front of the base formed by its forelegs. At this period of the stride the horse's tendency is to fall forward; and it resists this tendency by shooting out its forelegs to the front. It follows from this that instability of equilibrium is an essential element of speed, for "the more unstable the equilibrium the quicker can the new base be formed."¹ In other words, if the equilibrium be rendered more unstable the stride is quickened; and not only this, but experiments have proved that the stride is lengthened as well. Now herein lies the chief advantage of the American seat, for by placing the combined centre of gravity of horse and rider further forward it renders the horse's equilibrium more unstable, and so quickens and lengthens his stride. But this has been entirely overlooked by Mr. Vaile, who proposes instead a seat which would have an exactly opposite effect, for by transferring the weight to the hindquarters it would render the horse's equilibrium more stable, and so reduce the quickness and length of its stride.

This is not the only error into which Mr. Vaile has fallen. He says in his article: "There cannot be the least shadow of doubt that every inch a rider gets away from the point of contact of (hind) hoof with ground increases the strain on the muscles which furnish the propelling power of his horse." Mr. Vaile gives no reason for this assertion, which I submit is opposed to fact. The muscles chiefly concerned in propelling the horse—as distinct from raising the forehand—are those which straighten the hind legs. Surely the more these are relieved of weight the more easily and quickly will the hind legs be extended. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the hindquarters are ill adapted for carrying weight compared with the forelimbs, and the "lift" of the former when the horse is

¹ Hayes, "Riding and Hunting," page 11.

galloping is relatively greater than that of the latter. If, therefore, the weight be placed far back, it would mean that limbs ill adapted for carrying weight would be set the double task of propelling the horse and raising the rider's weight; and not only this, but the latter would, at each stride, be raised through a relatively greater space than if the weight were over the forelimbs. For these reasons



ARTHUR NIGHTINGALL ON GRUDON

(*Photograph by W. A. Kouch*)

I consider that Mr. Vaile's proposed seat is wrong in principle so far as race-riding is concerned, although it might possibly be an advantage for purposes of traction, as it would enable the horse to obtain a firmer purchase on slippery ground.

Having dealt with the objections to Mr. Vaile's new seat, I may perhaps be allowed to agree with him in some of his criticisms of the American seat. There is no doubt that the latter largely increases the jar to the forelegs, and by giving increased work to the

muscles which aid in raising the forehand, tends to tire the horse in front. It is therefore in my opinion unsuitable for long-distance races, in which absolute balance is required between the different parts of the horse concerned in propelling and raising the rider's weight, so that one part may not tire before another. It would also seem that the American seat is quite unsuitable for riding over fences. Not only does it largely increase the horse's liability to "peck" on landing, but if he does make a mistake it prevents him from saving himself. Further, owing to the undue proportion of weight on the forehand, it must prevent him from getting quickly away when landing over a fence.

To conclude, for long-distance races and steeplechasing what is known as the "hunting seat" is probably best, and an excellent example of this is given in the accompanying photograph of Nightingall on Grudon, the winner of the Grand National. It will be seen that this seat places the centre of gravity of the rider more or less over that of the horse. It therefore enables the rider to balance his mount in a way that is impossible either with the American or Mr. Vaile's seat; for by altering the position of his shoulders and hands he can relieve the horse's forelegs when landing over a fence, and by lightening the forehand can assist it in getting away quickly into its stride. Further, by not giving either end of the horse an undue amount of work, it does not tire the forequarters before the hind-quarters or *vice versa*, and so enables the horse to stay better over a distance. It is in fact the seat of the "horseman" in the best sense of the word.

II.—BY P. LEIGH-BRANCKER

MR. VAILE's article on the new seat for race-riding is interesting as a commendable attempt to "find out something that's new," and so prevent us dying "of blue devils," as the old couplet has it; but I, for one, am unable to agree with him. To a mind that is professionally mechanical and only amateurishly horsey he appears to have argued from two totally wrong axioms, and I shall only be too glad to take back my remarks if Mr. Vaile will show me where I am mistaken.

Mr. Vaile's axioms are, I think, (1) that before a horse can gallop he must raise his forehand by the muscles of his back and quarters; (2) That a horse is mechanically a cantilever whose fixed point is at the quarters. Now, these axioms are incorrect. Taking No 1 first, we know that a man must lean forward before he can begin to walk,¹ and similarly a horse must lean forward before he can gallop; the raising of the forehand is quite a secondary considera-

¹ This is not absolutely correct. A man *can* lean backwards and step out, though it is unnatural, no doubt; but Mr. Leigh-Brancker says he "must" lean forward.—ED.

tion. Take for example a horse well trained to the starting-gate just before the start: he stands with his forelegs well under him. And study an instantaneous photograph of the start of a race.

No. 2: A horse is mechanically a beam whose points of support are the shoulder and the quarters; this is surely an obvious truism? The cantilever simile is approximately right for a kangaroo.

Taking, then, the horse as a beam on two supports, it does not matter from the leverage point of view where the jockey is placed, since if there be a long leverage from one support there will be a short one from the other, so that the dead weight of the jockey is a constant factor wherever placed. The Americans placed the jockey on the withers of the horse because they found by practical experiment that this position gave the animal greater freedom to use his limbs, and he took a longer stride in consequence.

It is obvious that the further forward on the horse's back the weight is placed the easier it will be for him to lean forward, which he must actually do before each stride; and this point is a great factor in the success of the American seat. The disadvantage of the forward seat is, as Mr. Vaile very rightly points out, that a large proportion of the jockey's weight is acting sheer down on the horse's forelegs, and in consequence they get an additional jar, which is not calculated to do them any good. The new seat would put the greater portion of this weight on the hind legs, which from their more curved shape are better adapted to stand jars. Undoubtedly horses ridden in Mr. Vaile's style will last longer than horses ridden American fashion, but that will not appeal to many owners if the horses don't win races.

Mr. Vaile, in speaking of the American seat, says that "an inverted V shape on a cone is not, mechanically speaking, good for grip"; but this is also wrong, as witness the Hele-Shaw friction clutch, which is on that very principle, and is quite one of the best.

From my point of view, as an outsider looking on, it has been amply demonstrated that the success of the American jockeys was due in a general way to their position on the horse from the fact that directly some of the English jockeys adopted the new position they were as uniformly successful as the Americans had been previously.

I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Vaile, but he evidently, like myself, has a penchant for trying to get to the root of matters, and I trust that he will take these remarks as written in that spirit.



BOOKS ON SPORT

THE COMPLETE GOLFER. By Harry Vardon. With illustrations.
London: Methuen & Co. 1905.

Four times Vardon won the Open Championship, and he was also American Champion in 1900. It is impossible that there could be a better proof of a golfer's excellence in all departments of the game. The only question that remained was whether the player could write, and, assuming that he had no assistance in the composition of this book, he writes admirably, saying what he has to say plainly and in well-chosen words. And what will chiefly strike the tiro, or the non-golfer who may take up the volume, is what an immense amount there is to be said. Nothing seems simpler at first sight than to put a ball on the ground and knock it towards and into a hole so many yards away; but in order to do this properly one has to think of about a hundred and twenty-seven different things. First there is the question of the height of the tee. Some people have it too high, and getting underneath the ball feebly knock it up in the air. The choice of clubs is another important point, and on the subject of grip discussion is unending. Here are photographs of grips with comments and explanations. Vardon's grip is "an overlapping but not an interlocking one," and it is, he says, coming into more general practice as its merits are understood and appreciated. It is not, as many readers will be aware, the grip taught by most professional golfers, but Vardon uses it in all his strokes except occasionally in putting.

There are two chapters on "Driving," occupying no fewer than a couple of dozen pages. Our innocent novice just referred to will be horrified to learn the "evil consequences"—no weaker a word than "evil"—which result from the dropping of the right shoulder. "Hit properly and hard" is a subheading—how anxiously some of us try to do so! An essay on "The Elusiveness of the Stationary Golf Ball" would appeal forcibly to multitudes of readers. "Simple Putting" and "Complicated Putts" occupy twenty pages, from

which the remarkable completeness with which Vardon treats his subjects will be inferred. Putting is all very well: it is the putts, indeed, that count; but to most people the glory of golf is the drive. Vardon preaches to the contrary. A long drive is not by any means everything, we are warned, and the young golfer is advised to resist any inclination "to strive for the 250 yards ball to the detriment or even the total neglect of other equally important, though perhaps less showy, considerations in the playing of a hole." Of course he is right: he would be a bold man who would venture to proclaim Vardon wrong; but when you really hit the ball right, when your ear assures you that you have done so and your eye marks down the neighbourhood of the distant spot where it landed, that is one of the supreme moments of golf. There is joy in getting out of a bunker successfully, no doubt, and we are not to be understood as depreciating putts, but brilliant driving is golf *in excelsis*. Vardon is hard on the niblick; it is a thing that "revives only unpleasant memories," he declares, and tells us that he "never looks upon the niblick with any of that lingering affection which is constantly bestowed upon all the other instruments"; which strikes us as ungrateful. The niblick is indispensable at times.

As regards foursomes, Vardon prefers the old-fashioned style in which both partners played with the same ball. The new four-ball game he denounces as a sort of mongrel mixture; also it is selfish, and, in short, he objects to it altogether; but it is at the option of the golfer to play which fashion he chooses. To the question whether golf is a ladies' game the author replies in the affirmative. Ladies have no special faults or weaknesses of their own, it will gratify them to read, as distinct from other players; having said which, however, Vardon goes on to remark that he has "found them more than usually addicted to inaccuracy in the backward swing," a matter on which they may wisely perpend. The photographs are well reproduced and consequently instructive, helping much to give value to this unquestionably authoritative work.

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY: THE AMERICAN THOROUGH-BRED. By Charles E. Trevathan. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1905.

This book is well enough done by a competent hand who is acquainted with the subject he treats. It does not, however, appeal to the English lover of racing as so many other books in this excellent series appeal to dwellers on both sides of the Atlantic alike. The racing is too exclusively American to interest us over here. Perhaps the history of the parent stock from which the

competitors on Transatlantic courses have sprung has been told so often that Mr. Trevathan is wise in avoiding trodden ground. He briefly says that "For the existence of this thing which we call the thoroughbred horse of America, we, in common with all countries of civilisation, must give thanks to England." "Back yonder," he curiously observes, for it is an odd phrase, "so far as there is record or even tradition to tell of a racehorse in America, there is mention, which is credited as true mention, of the importation to this country of a stallion called Bulle Rock." We can find nothing about him in Taunton's "Famous Horses," but it may be the fact that he was a son of the Darley Arabian and a Byerley Turk mare—if so he could not have been better bred—and having been foaled in 1718, was sent to Virginia in 1730. The names, to us unknown, of distinguished Americans who have owned horses of uncertain capacity cannot prove exciting to English readers.

We do not get to the "Racing of To-day" till near the end of the book, page 397, and this brief chapter is rather bald. Some of the races described appear to have been most bloodthirsty contests, and it would have been agreeable to find Mr. Trevathan denouncing the abominable cruelty of some of the riders whose methods, however, he seems to approve. "Cato" is the name of a "jockey" whom Mr. Trevathan considers an exceptionally fine horseman; but when on his starting for the second heat of a four-mile race we read that "Cato drew his whip on the very first jump," and finished, his horse and the others "being kept up to their rate by the most terrible punishment," so that "both jockeys were nearly faint with their exertions," we know what to think of Cato and his rival—we are almost tempted to add, and his eulogist. Mr. Trevathan indulges occasionally in the common racing reporter's slang, as, for instance, when he says that Iroquois "made his bow to the public by winning the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate." We saw the race, but do not believe that Iroquois performed this ceremony. The illustrations are chiefly portraits of American owners.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SCORES AND BIOGRAPHIES. By J. D. Betham. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1905.

The title explains the purport of the book, which gives the full scores of all University Matches since 1827, when Charles Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews, who was instrumental in bringing about the annual contest between Oxford and Cambridge, clean bowled seven of the light blue bats for an average of 3·42. Reference to the figures of these games will, of course, be an abiding delight to the many people who are interested in University cricket. The biographies are a little disappointing by reason of their extreme

brevity, half-a-dozen lines, sometimes fewer, rarely being exceeded in summing up the history of the subject. Lord Hawke, by the way, though he succeeded in 1887, is referred to as "Hawke, Hon. M. B.," but perhaps Mr. Betham thinks it best to describe him as he was when he played for Cambridge. He has twelve lines allotted to him. Now and then, but rarely, we do get an interesting fact, as, for example, in the case of C. I. Thornton. He is set down as "the biggest hitter of the day, and one of the most, if not the most, powerful ever seen. Among many fine hits may be mentioned his straight drive over the pavilion at Lord's during the Eton and Harrow Match of 1868, and a hit of 168 yards 2 feet made whilst practising at Brighton, the longest authenticated hit on record." The bowling feats of S. E. Butler, who in 1871 took all ten Cambridge wickets for thirty-eight runs, and of F. C. Cobden, who in 1870 took the last three Oxford wickets in successive balls, and so won for Cambridge by two runs, are, of course, noted; but we should have liked a little more detail.

LONDON TO THE NORE. Painted and described by W. L. and M. A. Wyllie. London: A. & C. Black. 1905.

We hope it is not doing injustice to Mrs. Wyllie to say that the chief attractions of this beautiful book are the sketches, reproduced in colour, which her husband, the distinguished artist, made of many places of interest during a prolonged trip down the river. The party sailed in a barge, probably because there was more time to sketch effects than there would have been from a steamer, and while he worked the author jotted down her impressions of the scenes they passed, or referred to various volumes to obtain the *histories* of famous houses and places. She writes pleasantly and *not seldom* picturesquely—the description of "the way in which the bargee keeps his ungainly vessel always on the best of the tide" is one of various bits which strike us as graphic and true; and many little riverside scenes, and scenes on the river, she depicts with notable neatness.

The full-page illustrations are sixty in number; they start at Westminster and end at Rochester: how the vessel progressed need scarcely be stated, for there is only one route: it was not possible to take short cuts! Mr. and Mrs. Wyllie, and Messrs. Black, have devised an altogether delightful way of spending a holiday. Let the man who does not know what to do with his time begin by buying this charming volume; then let him hire a boat, and in leisurely fashion follow the course here indicated, comparing the passing riverscape with Mr. Wyllie's realisations of it, and diverting himself with Mrs. Wyllie's good-natured gossip.

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THE GAME. By Jack London. Illustrated. London: William Heinemann. 1905.

"The game" is pugilism, and Joe, the hero of this book, loved it only less than he loved Genevieve Pritchard. It was to win a little money in order to marry her that Joe undertook a last fight—a last one, verily—with John Ponta, a heavy-jawed, bull-necked, gnarled, and knobby creature, the impersonation of brute strength and ferocity, while Joe was strong of course, but depended for his success upon cleverness and science. Genevieve is tempted to see the contest, and in boy's clothes she visits the hall. The fight is described with really admirable power, and ninety-nine readers in a hundred will be distressed at the narrative; for after poor Joe had gallantly held his own against the cruel odds a blow from Ponta kills him. The book is in truth an expanded short story, but what there is of it is excellent. Mr. London has the secret of presenting characters and scenes with wonderful strength, and there can be no question of his thorough knowledge of "the game." The illustrations, some coloured, others black and white outline sketches, by Henry Hutt and T. C. Lawrence, are without exception good and to the point.

TRAINING AND HORSE MANAGEMENT IN INDIA. By M. Horace Hayes, F.R.C.V.S. Sixth Edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

It may be taken for granted that there is always a sound reason for the issue of a sixth edition, the reason being that there has been a demand for the previous five. This volume has, indeed, for a good many years past received warm approval from experts who have put in practice the plans recommended in it. It was Captain Hayes' first book: when originally published we do not find noted, but the fifth edition came out in 1892. What applies to horse management in India applies in a great measure to the same thing elsewhere, and there is no one who has to do with the animal who will not derive instruction from a perusal of this work.

CRICKET ON THE BRAIN. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1905.

There is much in this brochure which is genuinely funny, though the fun is sometimes a little too obvious and simple-minded. The satire is to the point, however, in the contents bill of the *Evening Exciter*. "Middlesex v. Sussex: Big Score by Ranji," appears in enormous black letters; "Lancs. v. Yorks.: Sensational Bowling," is also "displayed"; and in small type at the bottom of the bill is just noted, "Germany declares War against England," and "Resignation of the Government"—matters of secondary importance.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the August competition will be announced in the October issue.

THE JUNE COMPETITION

The Prize in the June competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Lt.-Colonel Crawford McFall (on the cover) Brownestown House, Kilkenny; Mr. C. J. Waters, Epsom; Mr. Octave Lelard, Moulin, near Boulogne; Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham; Commander Harold Christian, H.M.S. *Excellent*, Portsmouth; Mr. John M. Knapp, Linford Hall, Wolverton, Bucks; Mr. Clive Bayley, Inverbroom, Garve, Ross-shire; Mr. F. M. Reginald Cobb, Margate; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down; and Mr. T. E. Grant, Leytonstone.



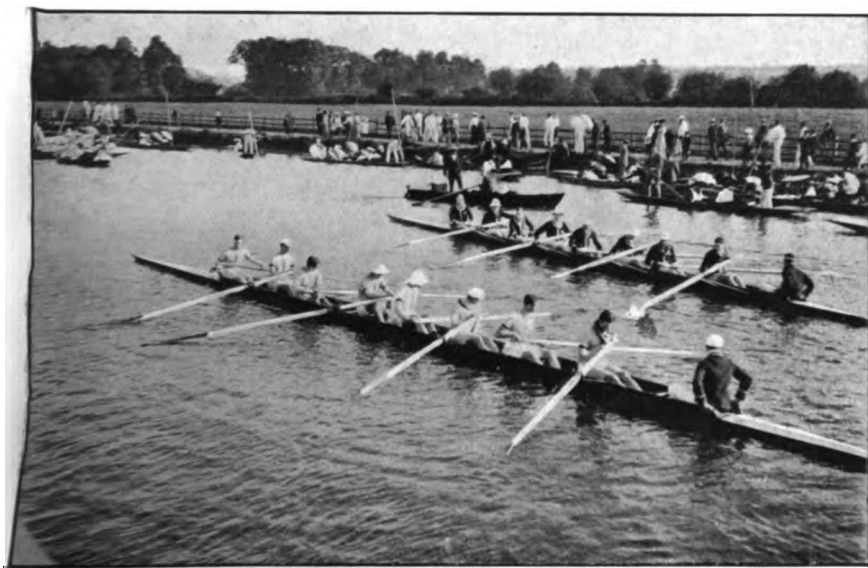
PRETTY POLLY WINNING THE CORONATION STAKES AT EPSOM IN THE RECORD TIME FOR THE DERBY COURSE, 2 MIN. 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ SEC.

Photograph by Mr. C. J. Waters, Epsom



THE CCUP DE GRACE—END OF A WILD-BOAR HUNT NEAR BOULOGNE

Photograph by Octave Le'ard, Head-Gamekeeper to Madame La Comtesse D'Hennisdal, Château de Souverain, Moulin, near Boulogne-sur-Mer.



EIGHTS WEEK, OXFORD, 1905

Photograph by Miss Monica M. Davy, Copyhold, Cuckfield



WILD DUCK ON HER NEST

Photograph by Mr. Philip T. F. Oyler, Durie, Leven, Fife



HILL-TOP SELLING STEEPLECHASE, HEXHAM SUMMER STEEPLECHASES, 1905

Photograph by Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham



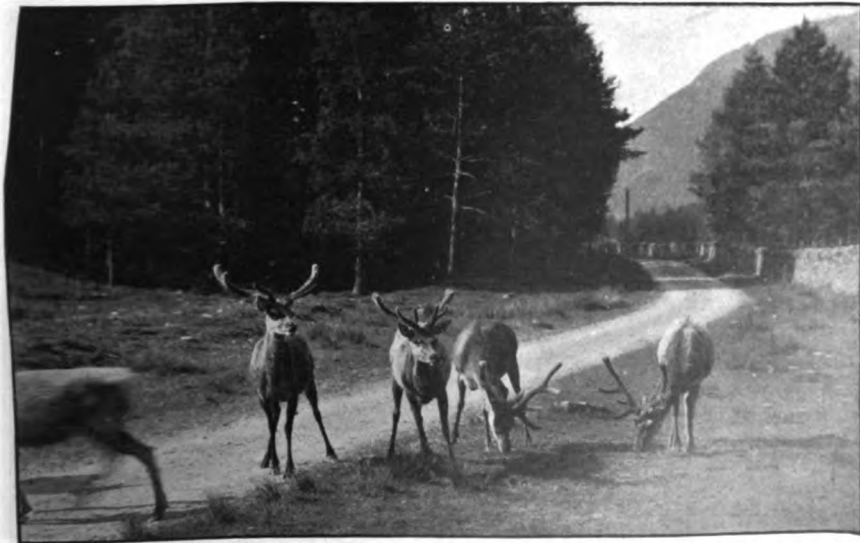
FINISH OF THE HUNDRED YARDS, H.M.S. "EXCELLENT" SPORTS, JUNE 1905

Photograph by Commander Harold Christian, H.M.S. "Excellent," Portsmouth



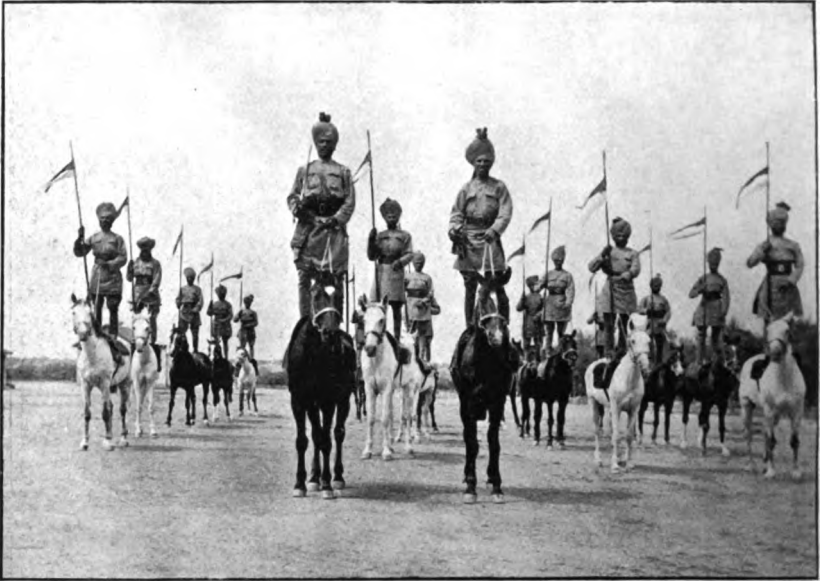
THE BUCKS OTTER HOUNDS ON THE OUSE—DISLODGING THE OTTER FROM HIS HOLT

Photograph by Mr. John M. Knapp, Linford Hall, Wolverton, Bucks



STAGS IN THE FOREST OF BRAEMORE

Photograph by Mr. Clive Bayley, Inverbroom, Garve, Ross-shire



MEN OF THE 30TH LANCERS (GORDON'S HORSE) DOING THE LANCE EXERCISE
STANDING ON THEIR HORSES

Photograph by Major E. A. Stotherd, Bangalore, India



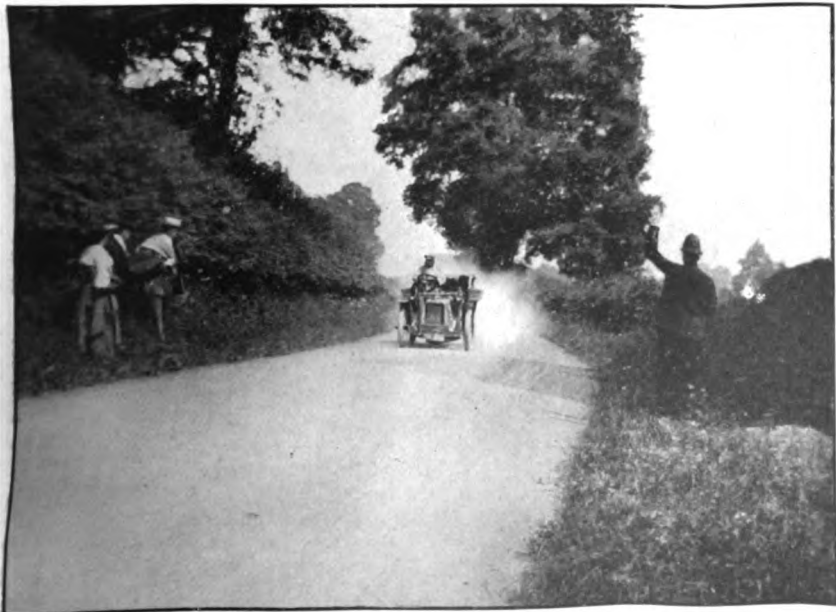
JOCKEYS GOING FROM WEIGHING-ROOM TO PADDOCK AT EPSOM

Photograph by Mr. C. J. Waters, Epsom



WITH THE HALSTEAD BEAGLES

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



A POLICE TRAP ON THE ROAD BETWEEN CHIPPENHAM AND MELKSHAM

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Lyon, Hollybrook House, Broughton Gifford, Melksham



A GOOD FENCER

Photograph by Mr. F. M. Reginald Cobb, Margate



BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN SOUTHERN INDIA

Tiger Shot and Photograph taken by Major Cyril Murray, Indian Army, Poona



TILTING THE BUCKET—A PAIR WHO DID NOT GET THE POLE THROUGH THE HOLE, BUT WHO DID GET THE WATER ON TOP OF THEM

Photograph by Commander Harold Christian, H.M.S. "Excellent," Portsmouth



BOWLED—CRICKET AT GRAND CANARY

Photograph by Major F. R. Loveband, 2nd West India Regiment, Sierra Leone, West Africa



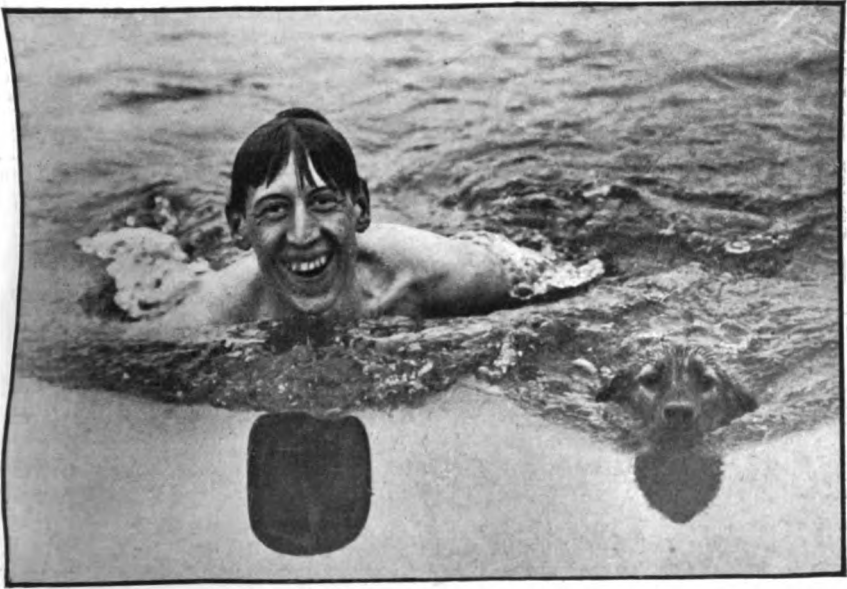
THE DOUBLE AT THE ULSTER AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION SPRING SHOW

Photograph by Mrs Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craiguva, County Down



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, HEAD OF THE RIVER, JUNE 1905

Photograph by Mr. G. C. W. Whitmore, Magdalen College, Oxford



A SWIMMING SCENE IN THE RIVER CAM
Photograph by Mr. T. E. Grant, Leytonstone



ST. EMO (MR. LONGWORTH) WINNING THE COTSWOLD HUNT POINT-
TO-POINT AT CHELTENHAM

Photograph by Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire



TEDDINGTON LOCK

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



UP THE HILL AT EPSOM

Photograph by Mr. R. Whitbread, Wellington Barracks, S.W.



THE CHÂTEAU OF GÖHRDE—GENERAL VIEW

"Fait pour les plaisirs de la chasse du cerf en 1717," by King George I of England, injured by the French in 1813, and demolished 1827

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.I.M. the Kaiser)

The Badminton Magazine

ROYAL HOMES OF SPORT

XII.—HOMES OF SPORT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS OF PRUSSIA : THE GÖHRDE

(Written by gracious permission of Kaiser Wilhelm II.)

BY J. L. BASHFORD, M.A.

ONE of the most interesting of the Kaiser's "Homes of Sport" is the Göhrde, a forest near the Elbe, not far from Hamburg, and within easy access of Lüneburg. The Göhrde cannot fail to attract English readers, because of its associations with the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg. Just two centuries ago to a year it became the property of the Elector Georg Ludwig, son of the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, who, nine years afterwards, succeeded to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. It was here that the Electress Sophie, youngest child of the Elector Palatine and Elisabeth, eldest daughter of James I. of England, through which lady George I. inherited the British crown, took part in a stag hunt on October 24, 1714, when she was in her eighty-third year, and came in at the

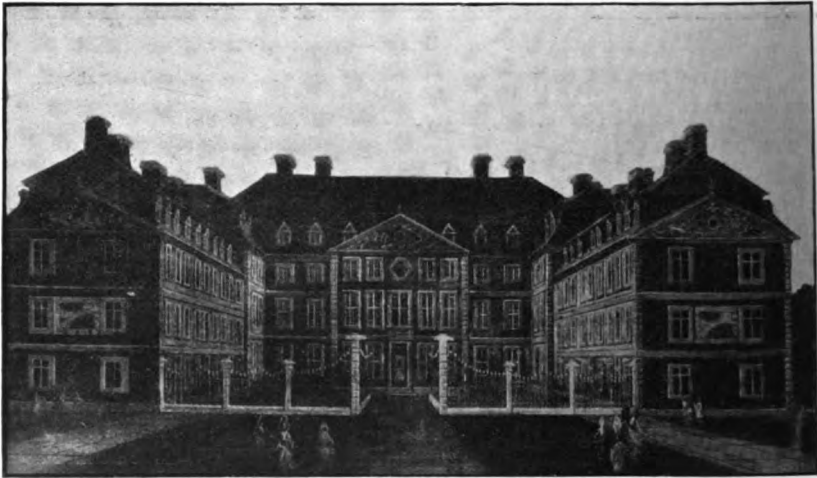
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death. The incident is mentioned in an inscription under her portrait at Herrenhausen. In the days of the Hanoverians ladies always took part in the "parforce" hunts; but "parforce" hunting had long been abandoned at the Göhrde before it passed into the possession of Prussia.

The first big shoot under the new *régime*, that is to say after 1866, when the kingdom of Hanover was annexed to Prussia, was on December 3, 1871, when Kaiser Wilhelm I. gave a shooting party, in which the Crown Prince took part.

Under George I. of England a stately château three stories high, with two wings, was built, in which brilliant festivities used to take place. On an old plan now hanging in the residence of the



THE CHÂTEAU OF GÖHRDE—ENTRANCE

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.I.M. the Kaiser)

Ober-Förster, or Warden of the chase, it is described as having been 'fait pour les plaisirs de la chasse du cerf en 1717.' In 1813 this château was seriously injured by the French at the time of the battle of the Göhrde on September 16, 1813; and finally, in 1727, as no funds were at hand to repair and restore it, orders were given to pull it down. In June 1817 the Duke of Cambridge, brother of George IV. and William IV., was there, and expressed a wish that the buildings should be kept in order, whereupon General von der Decken replied: "It is quite possible that within twenty years Hanover will be separated from England, in which case the future sovereign would not be satisfied to reside in the former stables if the château were demolished." The possibility foreshadowed in these words, that

the crown of Hanover would leave England, was actually realised to the letter on June 20, 1837, exactly twenty years afterwards.

After the French war in the early years of last century, the Göhrde was neglected, until King Ernst August came to the throne in 1837. That monarch had one of the existing houses set in order for him. In 1869 the old stables were fitted up as a *château de chasse* by order of Kaiser Wilhelm I., and it is in this building that the Royal party resides whenever a shooting party is given—a simple and comfortable abode, one of the rooms of which, by the way, contains an old German billiard table with six pockets—monstrous holes—



GÖHRDE, DECEMBER 15, 1899

The Kaiser, Prince Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg, and Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg-Schwerin after a boar drive

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.I.M. the Kaiser from his private collection)

the only specimen of the kind I have ever come across in Germany, though I am told that, until the French tables were introduced, they were the only ones used in that country. The present *château* is rendered picturesque by the magnificent lime trees in its immediate vicinity that tower high above it, and afford it shade in spring and summer.

The Göhrde is 5,597 hectares, *i.e.* 13,830 English acres, in extent, but the soil is only of moderate quality—sand and marl. The forest consists mainly of pines and oaks, amongst which are also elms and beech-trees. There are here some very beautiful old oak trees, at least

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400 years old, and the undergrowth, consisting of ferns and bilberry plants, is fairly luxuriant. Unfortunately there is a scarcity of water, which is a sore trial in the hot summer for the boars and deer. There is no river or streamlet flowing through it, and the water does not lie well in the few pools that are scattered about.

When they go to the Göhrde the Kaiser and his guests leave Berlin at eight o'clock in the morning and have a boar drive the same afternoon. They dine and sleep there, having a boar drive the next day before lunch, and a stag drive in the afternoon, whereupon they return to Berlin. It was here that a former War Minister, General von Bronsert, tickled the reigning monarch's fancy one day



THE RESIDENCE OF THE KASTELLAN, ERECTED 1632

by saying: "The delight derived when one kills one's quarry is only surpassed by the pleasure derived from the misses of one's neighbours!" An egoistic phrase, forsooth, hardly betokening that its author was a pleasant sportsman. The Kaiser, no doubt, thought so too. The party at the Göhrde usually consists of about thirty to thirty-five guns.

The earliest historical accounts of this part of the country dilate upon the quantity of game and the kind of hunting in vogue in the Göhrde, whose various proprietors have always striven to keep it as a hunting preserve, refusing to allow any part of it to be put under the plough. There was a château here in the early part of the seven-

teenth century, with stabling for from forty to fifty horses. In 1666 the property came into the possession of Duke Wilhelm of Celle; and in 1681 "parforce" hunting was introduced here in place of what the chroniclers called *die deutsche Jagd*, that is the German form of hunting—stalking or driving. In the following year the house, now occupied by the Kastellan, was built by Duke Wilhelm; it is situated opposite the present château. In 1686 the residence where the Warden (the Ober-Förster) lives was erected.

On approaching King George's château, above spoken of, one was confronted, as is seen from an old illustration, by a guardroom



THE OBER-FÖRSTEREI OR RESIDENCE OF THE OBER-FÖRSTER, THE
WARDEN OF THE CHASE, ERRECTED 1686

on the left (the guard was generally composed of "invalids"), and by a dwelling for the pages of the King on the right; and in the immediate vicinity of the château were a kitchen, a bakehouse for patties and pastry, a theatre, a coach-house and cow-sheds. The stables were spacious, having room for eighty horses. Besides these stables, specially belonging to the château, there were others also, so that in all there was room for at least 300 horses.

A network of roads, called by the French term "routes," was made for the purpose of the parforce hunts, and they were always kept clean and tidy, nobody being allowed, under heavy penalties, to cart wood or any heavy burden along them. It was a time for

hunting in a splendid and luxurious style—these years under Georg, Elector of Hanover, afterwards King of England; and from 1709–1724 the Court entertained and gave shooting parties without interruption from the middle of October to the middle or end of November. The huntsmen were collected together from different parts a few weeks sooner, in order to exercise the hounds and get them into training. In these years from twenty to thirty stags used to be caught for the hunts—of course only warrantable stags were hunted.

King George II. hunted several times at the Göhrde. In 1736 there was a stock there of 123 warrantable stags, 102 others, and 1,091 hinds; and on October 16, 1743, a boar hunt took place, at which forty boars were killed—no red deer being shot. The subjoined account of the fêtes given by the King in honour of St. Hubert's Day in that year at the Göhrde, written by the Master of the Royal Hunt, Ober-Jägermeister von Beaulieu, is humorous:—“The Court dined in the ordinary way, and in the evening, at six o'clock, a comedy was played; and the Schomann comedians, who came for that purpose, were put up at the village of Nahrendorf. At 8 o'clock the King and the Court attended the play, and at 9.30 p.m. his Majesty went to supper. I, as Master of the Royal Hunt (Ober-Jägermeister), was the only person at table with him. Half-an-hour afterwards I left the dining-room at His Majesty's command, in order to fetch all the officials connected with the Royal hunt. They were in uniform, wearing their hangers and horns—the chief-huntsmen, five prickers, two grooms on a visit, five young forester-aspirants—not including the two youngest who carried the head of the stag with a laurel twig in his mouth, the Ober-Jägermeister in front, the forest officials behind them, up to the table opposite His Majesty, where they remained standing, those who had taken part in the hunt being drawn up behind. I took up my place with my horn behind the King's chair. His Majesty then ordered a huge cup to be brought to him, which was presented by the captain of the château (Schlosshauptmann) von Wangenheim. His Majesty drank to the health of the officials of the forest, and ordered me to address the company; he gave the glass cover to the Schlosshauptmann, who handed it to the Countess of Yarmouth, whereupon the company in turn drank from this glass. The customs of the chase were now followed, and I gave the first signal to blow a fanfare on the horn after His Majesty had drunk out of the glass. On my having slung my horn over my shoulder again, all the officials blew theirs in harmony, and sounded another fanfare each time the glass was raised to the lips by one of the company. After the guests, consisting of five ladies and nine or ten gentlemen, including the Duke of Newcastle, had drunk from

the glass, His Majesty rose from the table and desired to see the ladies'-maids, who were looking on, dance, as there were not enough ladies present for a regular ball. . . . At about one o'clock His Majesty withdrew."

Up to the outbreak of the French Revolution a gay time continued to prevail in this "Royal Home of Sport," many Royalties being guests in the château from time to time.

Hanover suffered a good deal during the French wars from 1806-1815, and the sound of the drum and the noise of war replaced



THE KAISER GIVING THE COUP DE GRÂCE TO A FULL-GROWN WILD BOAR AT THE GÖHRDE
(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.J.M. the Kaiser from his private collection)

the baying of hounds and the blare of the horns in these days in the Göhrde. On September 16, 1813, a battle took place in the Göhrde, in which the French were totally routed and cut to pieces. A monument was subsequently raised to the memory of those who fell. At this engagement a wounded chasseur, who passed under the name of August Renz, belonging to Lützow's corps, was being carried off the field. A lieutenant who offered to dress the wound, a bullet-wound through the knee, learnt that the soldier was a girl named Eleanore Prohaska, daughter of a Prussian non-commissioned

officer, born at Potsdam in 1785. The gallant maiden died in the neighbouring town, Dannenberg, about three weeks afterwards, and was buried with military honours.

Naturally the stock of game diminished in consequence of the devastation of the soldiery, and dwindled down to 300 head. All lead from the roof of the château was taken to be made into bullets, and, as above stated, it was seriously damaged. By 1837, however, the Göhrde was again looked upon as a "home of sport," under King Ernst August, uncle of our Queen Victoria, who had the nets, etc., brought over from Linden, and big battues were arranged for the King. From 1837 to 1851 His Majesty went to the Göhrde every year, often remaining for some time, and the best shoots took place between 1842 and 1847.

It is recorded that at a battue on January 14, 1845, the King shot four roe deer at one shot! The bag on one day in that month consisted of 206 red deer, 45 boars, 66 roe deer, 5 foxes, and 9 hares.

In 1847 the Prince of Prussia, afterwards Kaiser Wilhelm I., took part in a battue at the Göhrde, the only time he was at this chase until after the annexation of Hanover by Prussia, when on December 3, 1871, the first big hunt under the new *régime* took place, as above stated—the bag being 43 stags, 84 hinds, 17 roe deer, 140 boars, of which the Kaiser accounted for 3 stags, 7 hinds, 18 boars, and 4 roe deer.

I may note here that Kaiser Wilhelm I., who never professed to be a sportsman, as is his grandson, used to use buck-shot when shooting deer or boars, whereas the rule naturally is only to fire with bullets.

King Ernst August had a fence erected round the forest at a cost of about £700 in 1848—no doubt owing to the intrusions of poachers in the revolutionary years. Two years afterwards two foes unusual in Germany appeared there and committed some havoc—namely, two wolves, one of which, weighing 100 lb., was shot by a keeper on January 10, 1851, at a spot since called in memory of the feat "Wolfshof," and is now to be seen stuffed in a glass case in the château. The other one was also killed shortly afterwards, but nothing is recorded about the details of his fate.

During the early years of the reign of the blind King Georg V., Duke William of Brunswick and Duke Friedrich Franz of Mecklenburg-Schwerin shot a good deal in the Göhrde as the King's guests; and from 80 to 100 boars used to be killed with the assistance of the quaint pack of hounds kept for the purpose.

As was his wont, Kaiser Wilhelm I. used to give court hunts here pretty regularly from 1871 to his death. On November 26,

1872, the annals describe the day as follows: "Es war eine höchst erregte Jagd; die Kannonade der Schützen war gewaltig; es fielen über 2,000 Schüsse!" "It was a most exciting shoot; the cannonade of the sportsmen was tremendous; over 2,000 shots were fired!" Result—271 red deer, 159 boars, 18 roe deer, 1 fox: total, 449; of which the Kaiser shot 18 stags, 23 hinds, 19 boars, 3 roe deer, and 1 fox.

In 1880 the reigning monarch shot at the Göhrde for the first time: he was then Prince Wilhelm. His illustrious grandfather and father were not there; but amongst the guests were Prince Carl and Prince Friedrich Carl of Prussia and Grand Duke Wladimir of



A DEER DRIVE IN THE GÖHRDE AMONGST THE OAK TREES, THE DEER
MOVING DOWN THE LINE

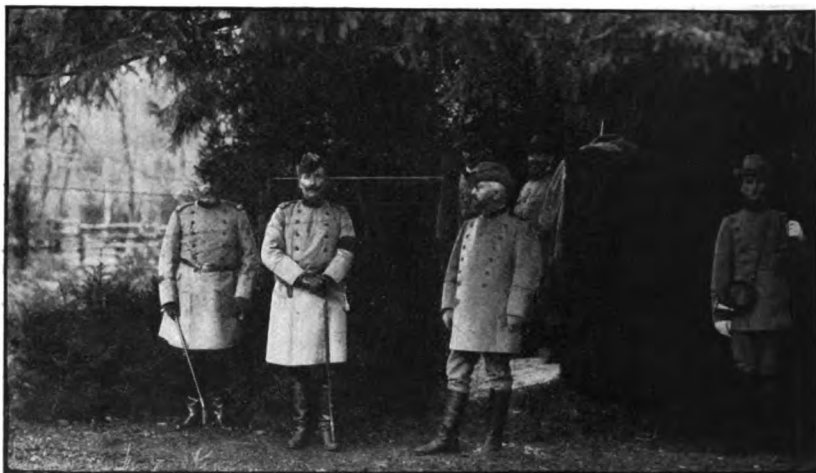
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Russia; and in 1888 His Majesty went there on December 14 for the first time after ascending the throne. He shot 20 out of 100 boars over two years old on the first day, and 20 boars, 6 stags, and 3 hinds on the second day.

I may note here that in German sporting language, when speaking of wild pigs generally, the term Sauen—sows—is used. Thus, where we should say he killed 20 boars they say here 20 Sauen (sows). A Keiler is a full-grown wild boar; grobe Sauen are pigs over two years old; an Ueberläufer is a singler; and a Frischling is a pig of the sounder.

During the last fifteen years Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein has been a regular guest of the Kaiser at the Göhrde, and in 1893 Prince Christian was there.

Boar shooting is very good here, and greater importance is attached to the boar shooting than to the red deer shooting. The stock of the latter is about 750, of the former about 1,000 to 1,200. In the course of the year some 400 pigs are killed, and about 150 red deer. The red deer here have good molar teeth, but their heads had greatly degenerated by the end of last century, and twelve-tiners were a rarity, but abnormal antlers were often found, especially those that are here called "corkscrew-shaped" antlers. The colour of the antlers is good on account of the bilberry brows-



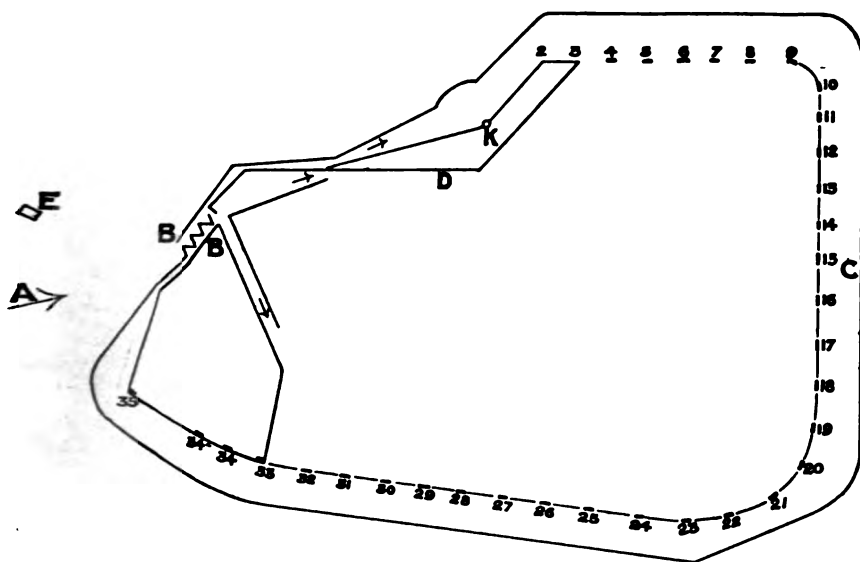
THE KAISER OUTSIDE HIS STAND WITH THE MASTER OF THE ROYAL HUNT, BARON VON HEINTZE, ON HIS RIGHT

ing. Owing, however, to the general poorness of the browsing in the forest, the deer have taken to biting off the heads of the young fir trees in many parts of the forest, whereby a very curious effect is produced, the young trees throwing out shoots from the bottom and afterwards appearing like thick bushes instead of trees.

There is a possibility of an improvement in the red deer. In June I saw a very fine ten-pointer, with antlers, of course, in velvet.

The preliminary arrangements for a Royal battue are extremely interesting. The Ober-Förster (the Warden) begins to superintend this work about a fortnight or three weeks beforehand. It is no easy task, and the pleasure of the Sovereign depends on the way it is carried out. The pigs are collected together from the whole forest by being fed in the neighbourhood of the area over which the battue

is to take place. The accompanying plan will perhaps give a rough idea of the process. It may be supposed that the pigs are being collected in that part of the forest marked A, whence they are gradually brought nearer and nearer to the "chambers" and narrow passages fenced off by wooden piles of suitable thickness, very elaborately and substantially put together. In these "chambers" they are confined and sorted, and passed on again to other "chambers" according to their size and quality. A certain number of over two years of age are set apart for the Kaiser, another lot for the princes, and the remainder for the other guests. The



- A. The direction whence the pigs are gradually brought to the "chambers."
B. The "chambers."
C. The rendezvous before the hunt.
D. The rendezvous after the hunt.
K. The Kaiser's standing.
2 to 35. The standing of the other guns, the last numbers being the last places.
E. A "Körnung" or feeding ground.

PLAN FOR A BOAR HUNT AT THE GÖHRDE

chambers and the various narrow passages are small enough to enable the men to direct the movements of the pigs without fear of their escaping; but some prudence in carrying out the work is necessary. In the open the boar is harmless enough, and in the feeding grounds it is possible to walk about amongst boars, sows, and the younger pigs; but in confinement and in a narrow passage he is an ugly customer to meet with. Of course the pigs are not continually in motion when they have arrived in the area represented in the plan. The dogs, which are kept for the purpose, are used for routing them out of their places of concealment—

mongrels and terriers of all kinds and descriptions that display aptitude for attacking the boar.

The area of the place where the battue takes place is about 150 morgens = about 90 acres. The guns meet at C, and at the appointed signal the Kaiser repairs to his standing (K), and the others are told off according to rank at the places marked with numbers. The "chambers" are provided with doors that can be moved according to the direction the quarry is to take, and the best full-grown wild boars and sows over two years old are let out singly or in pairs in the direction of the Kaiser's standing, sometimes three or four at a time. His Majesty selects those he wishes to fire at, letting the others pass on to his neighbours. Whilst these are



AFTER A DEER DRIVE AT THE GÖHRDE—THE HEADS ARE QUITE
DEGENERATE AND POOR

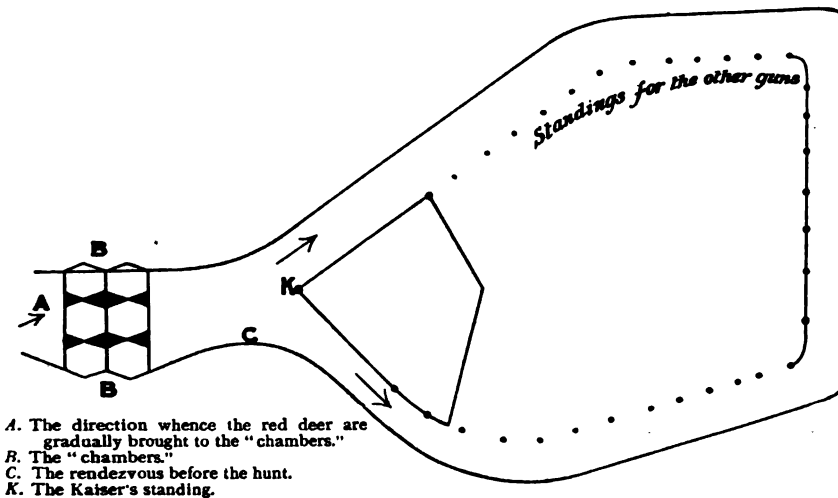
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being let out from his special chambers the other "chambers" are emptied in order to "serve" the remainder of the guns. In all, there are ten "chambers"—three for the Kaiser, two for the principal guests, and the other five for the rest of the party. When the battue is over the guests reassemble close to His Majesty's standing and the "bag" is collected. Each gun can claim to have shot those pigs that have fallen in front of his standing and within a certain distance right and left of him.

The weight of a good boar here is 160 lb.; sometimes, but rarely, they scale 180 lb. The average weight is from 140 to 145 lb. In the course of the year all inferior specimens are shot, some eighty

in general. A good stock of game could not exist in the Göhrde without artificial feeding, so the pigs are regularly fed every evening all the year round. There are three feeding places in the forest, called "Körnungen." The food consists of maize, potatoes, and turnips—chiefly maize, whence the name of the feeding grounds (Korn = grain). About $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of maize per day is allowed per head.

An evening visit to one of these "Körnungen" affords a very interesting sight. The pigs know the feeding hour, and by the time the attendants have arrived with their supply of maize the ground is already black with them. In June, when I was there, the Warden of the forest kindly drove me about in all directions, and we visited



PLAN FOR A DEER HUNT AT THE GÖHRDE

the "Körnungen" and saw the full-grown wild boars, the sows and pigs of the sounder of this year, all feeding happily together, over a hundred of them at a time.

A large number of the pigs when killed are purchased by dealers in Munich and are converted into sausages; but there is a demand in all parts of the Empire for wild boar, which fetches a good price in the market.

Special preparations are also made about a fortnight beforehand for the deer drive. The deer are similarly brought together gradually from the whole forest by means of feeding in the neighbourhood where the "chambers" are intended to be formed by means of sailcloth, toils, etc.; and on the day of the battue they are let out singly, in pairs, or several at a time, in the direction of the guns. The drives do not always take place in the same part

of the forest. The last place selected in 1903 was a most picturesque spot amongst oaks of about four hundred years old, scattered about as in an English park. The accompanying illustration gives, in a rough way, an idea of how these drives are arranged. The deer that have been gradually brought up from the direction indicated by the arrow at A into the "chambers" at B B are let out in the direction of the guns. The Kaiser has his standing at the apex at K, thus getting the best shots and the pick of the stags, the best ones being retained for him. The other guns are placed according to rank, and the ground over which the stags are driven is bounded by sailcloth and toils so that the stags cannot get through. His Majesty is fond of long shots. At the last drive in 1903 it was arranged that he faced the rising ground, so that the stags came towards him splendidly.

In talking about the Göhrde one is constrained to make a passing reference to the picturesque old Hanse town Lüneburg, that is about forty minutes distant from it by rail, and to the Lüneburger Heide. The houses, the churches, and the Rathaus of Lüneburg give ocular demonstration of the wealth of the city in past centuries; but Lüneburg now takes a back seat far behind Hamburg. The Lüneburg Heide, the extensive tract of heath country extending from the River Elbe to the Belgian and Dutch frontiers, is notorious for the unproductiveness of its soil, the monotony of its landscapes, its silent beauty, and the uniqueness of its general character as compared with similar tracts of land in Gascony, Scotland, Norway, or the Baltic provinces of Russia. In the mind of the people it is famous for its honey and for a peculiar race of sheep, called Heide-Schnucken, whose meat has a gamey taste savouring somewhat of venison.

In conclusion, I may record the fact that there were Bülow, ancestors of the present Chancellor Prince von Bülow, in Hanover in the Middle Ages, and that a Bülow formerly possessed the forest land at Hitzacker on the Elbe in the Principality of Celle, not far from our George II.'s favourite "Home of Sport." In the days of the Bülows the country was inhabited by Wends; and, not being able to hit it off with the natives, they were driven from the neighbourhood of the Göhrde in 1464. In these days, when the so-called "Robber Knights" played a part in North Germany, the Bülows, like the others, were mixed up in most strifes.



DIFFICULT SHOTS

COMPILED BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

[Including the opinions of the Marquess of Granby, Earl de Grey, Lords Walsingham, Ashburton, and Westbury, Prince Victor Duleep Singh, The Hons. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy and Harry Stonor, Major Arthur Acland-Hood, Messrs. R. H. Rimington Wilson, F. E. R. Fryer, Reginald G. Hargreaves, T. S. Pearson Gregory, Arthur Portman, and H. W. Gilbey.]

THERE are few more pleasing sights than that of an absolutely first-class shot hard at his favourite game; for it may safely be assumed that it is his favourite or he would not have won distinction at it. To some extent I believe that what are called "natural shots" exist; that is to say, some men have a peculiar aptitude, a certainty of eye and hand, an instinctive grasp of the subject, which enables them to do with comparatively little practice what other men practise assiduously to attain; just as on the contrary some men exist who are extraordinarily keen about shooting, regard it as the chief delight of their lives, but who never become even moderate shots, notwithstanding that there are no physical defects to account for their failure.

What are the chief characteristics of the good shot? Perfect ease is among the most notable, and the best are all alike, so far as my observation has gone, in their extraordinary quickness without the least appearance of haste or hurry. Note the indifferent performer, when, at the end of the beat, the pheasants come thick and fast. He jerks his head and pokes about with his gun, unable to make up his mind which to shoot, or to shoot at, for the last little word is all-important; and fluster is fatal to success. The good man has no hesitation. He has picked his victim at the moment of its appearance; he raises his gun with one decided action, swings to his bird, pulls the trigger, the pheasant falls heavily to the ground; it lies motionless, though he has not seen it come down. As he fired he knew that the bird was dead, and whilst it is falling he is repeating the process in a fashion which appears leisurely for the reason that it is all done with such certainty and decision.

But our crack *sometimes* misses, and it is the object of this paper to show by a consensus of expert opinion what shots they are which most puzzle the men of absolutely the first rank. It has been my

privilege to shoot with a number of the best, and to watch their almost unerring accuracy. One grows so accustomed to see their guns raised with the well-nigh inevitable result that it is surprising when there is a break in the run of success and one watches birds fly away uninjured; for there is this merit about the crack, that as a rule with strangely few exceptions he either kills dead or misses. And this brings us to the expression of the somewhat paradoxical opinion that formerly men killed a considerably greater proportion of game—kills to cartridges more closely approximated—and yet that they were not nearly such good shots—were not so phenomenally accurate. I will presently suggest the reason.

Going back to the Badminton volume on "Shooting," there is a record of all the shots that the then Earl of Malmesbury fired during the period from 1798 to 1840—a curious calculation which few men, I take it, would have had patience to make. He made it, however, and states that he discharged his weapon 54,987 times, killing 38,221 head and missing 16,766. It was more than 2 to 1 on a kill, it will be perceived; and yet a few years ago in this magazine many of the best shots joined in a correspondence on the subject of kills to cartridges, the opinion (of Lord Walsingham amongst others) being that taking all sorts of days and all sorts of game, 30 per cent. was a fair total of success for a *good* shot.

Here is another example of how men shot a century since. There was some sort of competition in the year 1811 among keepers as to who would maintain the best head of game, to be tested by the number killed within a certain period, and this was the winner's score:—

		Killed.	Missed.
Cock pheasants	378	199
Hen pheasants	51	39
Partridges	506	301
Hares	177	94

Here and in Lord Malmesbury's game book it will be seen that no account is taken of wounded birds; they were either killed and recorded or they were set down as missed. I will not quote Hawker: the Colonel's book is available for reference, and it will be found that his success was amazing.

The explanation above promised seems to be that driven grouse and partridges, and high pheasants, are infinitely more difficult to shoot than birds walked up and pheasants which lumbered out of a hedge-row, as they are always depicted in the drawings of the period of muzzle-loaders. The shots which beat our modern expert, the early nineteenth-century sportsman never even imagined; for it will be seen that there is a remarkable agreement among those friends,

acquaintances, and a few kindly strangers (to whom best acknowledgments are due and are most cordially tendered) as to the most difficult shots.

We will begin with that superb sportsman, Lord Walsingham. Thus he writes :—

“The most difficult shot I know is a bird which comes *straight* over your head at a moderate height, and which for some reason, such as an empty gun or a thick wood close in front, cannot be shot when approaching. You must then turn round and shoot under the bird as it is going away. If you let it go far it becomes almost impossible, and if you are ever so quick, with a second gun or otherwise, you have to calculate how far to hold below the bird that it may fly into the charge, the object being to put the shot under the neck-feathers and not through the tail—a calculation which is extremely difficult to make instantaneously. It comes off all right when you know how to do it, but I have seen very few men who could kill such a bird with any degree of certainty. Of course, if the bird is the least on one side or the other the shot becomes comparatively easy.”

Lord de Grey I chanced to meet before he had replied to my letter, and received his answer *vivâ voce*. A high pheasant coming down wind with a drop and a curl is, in the opinion of this leading authority, the bird that there is most excuse for missing and that is oftenest missed.

Lord Granby, with his accustomed kindness, treats the subject at welcome length. Here are his views :—

“In giving an opinion as to what kind of shots are the most difficult for the sportsman possessing average shooting attainments to overcome, it is only possible to allude to those which continually defeat oneself. For it is very rare to find any two persons who have exactly the same quality and condition of eyesight. One man’s left eye is the ‘master’ eye, with another it is the right one, while the third has the vision of both fairly equal.

“Moreover, the great variations of build of body as regards length of arm, form of chest, shoulder, and jaw, tend to create certain extremely slight, but nevertheless very essential, differences in the manner in which the gun comes to the shoulder of almost every shooting man. Consequently it often happens that a bird coming at a particular angle is considered by one gunner as a very difficult shot to kill, while very likely the man next him would take a very different view of it. So the matter can only be dealt with from a selfish and personal standpoint.

“Starting then from this position, let us see which appear to be the most difficult shots in pheasant-shooting.

"Probably the bird which is in the first place a really high one, but which in addition is *dropping* all the time, is as often missed as any. If such a bird is also 'curling,' then I think, were a general vote of the ordinary class of gunner to be taken, it would obtain a large majority over all others. Many men miss what would seem to be comparatively 'easy' pheasants when walking through cover and shooting at them as they—the pheasants—go forwards. They 'fluff' them or touch the end of a wing, and strong runners are the only result. But happily this form of shooting is rare nowadays, and is hardly ever in evidence except in the wild day's covert-shooting in the foot hills and low grounds of Scotland, where the size of the woods and general conformation of the ground render it impossible to kill the pheasants in any other way; at least, in many places this is so.

"In 'walking up' partridges it would not seem that there is any particular shot which can be characterised as specifically difficult; that is, supposing people do not shoot at birds at absurdly long ranges, as is often the case in this particular class of shooting.

"When we turn to grouse-driving, however, a different state of things presents itself to our notice. For here there is, at any rate, one kind of shot which I have frequently seen freely missed by the best men—this is, the bird which swings up and *into* the wind when just coming within gunshot of the butts, and then fairly 'hovers' before swinging off again. Such birds when flying close to the heather, as they do generally under such circumstances, present the most deceptive shots; and, as is above stated, are often missed in a manner which brings dismay to many a really good gunner.

"On the whole, however, it has always seemed to me that a genuinely 'tall' pheasant, when 'sailing' with perfectly motionless wings, especially when 'curling' and possibly almost imperceptibly dropping in its flight as well, is far the most difficult bird to kill."

Prince Victor Duleep Singh agrees with the majority, it will be seen. He writes:—

"To my mind the most difficult shot is a high dropping pheasant with a wind behind, coming over high trees, and over the guns placed in a narrow cutting or valley. This makes it imperative to take a snap-shot at the bird, and as its wings are practically motionless one has no visible sign of its speed. I'm afraid I express myself very badly, but I could show you what I mean, for instance, at the beech-tree rise at Highclere."

It would certainly be a most interesting exhibition.

Here, too, is Mr. R. H. Rimington Wilson, who, dating from Broomhead Hall, says:—

"You ask me to give an opinion as to what I consider the most difficult shot. I incline to think that really high pheasants—in a

wind and with a curl—defeat the gun more frequently than any other sort of game ; but shooting, of course, is in a great measure a matter of apprenticeship. The high pheasant stand, the partridge fence, the snipe bog, and the grouse butt all have their specialists, and the man who reaches the highest standard under all these conditions is very rarely met."

Lord Ashburton writes from The Grange, Alresford, Hants, as follows :—

"I think the most difficult shot you can have is a pheasant, when about thirty-five or forty yards away, crossing you, and dropping from some height, with his (or her) wings motionless. You have, of course, two different allowances to make, one for the distance and the other for the rapidity of fall ; added to which, the wings being outstretched and motionless seem to afford considerable protection. It is, fortunately, a shot which does not often present itself, but I have never yet seen pheasants well killed under these circumstances.

"Partridges in an up-wind drive, when four previous drives had been down wind, I have seen utterly upset a splendid team of guns, and no one found the right spot during the whole drive ; but the want of accuracy in this case is, of course, self-evident—first, half-a-gale behind the birds, then the same against them, alters everything."

The Hon. Harry Stonor is good enough to send an opinion and a hint :—

"I received your letter a few days ago and am sorry I have not been able to write to you before or call to see you. In your letter you mention the Golden Valley, which is a wood at Warter Priory belonging to Mr. Charles Wilson, and is quite the best day's pheasant-shooting I have ever seen. With regard to difficult shots, I should most certainly say a high cock pheasant in the open flying down the line of guns with his wings outstretched and motionless is the most difficult shot I know, and I am sure the best way to kill a bird of this kind is to take a snap-shot at him."

Mr. F. E. R. Fryer, beyond all question one of the very best of contemporary shots, writes from Bury Hill, Woodbridge, and sends these most interesting notes, for which I am extremely grateful :—

"I am very pleased to give you my opinion for what it is worth on the question you ask. The difficulty of hitting a low skimming pheasant is in most cases caused by the bird going very much faster than it looks ; if any distance out, and flying against a dark background, it is extremely difficult to judge the pace it is going, and there is also a tendency to shoot low at anything travelling on or near the ground ; but I think the primary cause is the difficulty of judging

the pace. These shots are in most instances the lot of the outside forward guns heading a cover, and in this case the bird is mostly going on the outside edge, *i.e.* away from the gun. This will naturally increase the difficulty of the shot.

"In my opinion the correct pheasant shot is one that in the Eastern Counties is styled 'a nice high one.' It is only when they go one story higher that the difference between a good and moderate shot is apparent, but this is equally so at the long, low crossing shot. This shot is had to perfection at Euston, where all pheasants are wild, and they are just as likely to fly into open space as to the nearest wood, and moreover, being accustomed to use their wings, they go a tremendous pace.

"I am not quite sure from your letter if you wish me to give an opinion as to the *most* difficult shot—a very high bird or a low skimmer; this would be rather difficult unless the distances were defined. For instance, I should say it would be easier to kill a skimmer at forty yards than a high one overhead at that distance, partly on account of former giving you the chance of hitting the bird on a vulnerable part, *i.e.* under the wing. If I can help you further please let me know."

Mr. Reginald G. Hargreaves is one of the very few who do not go for the high dropping pheasant. He says:—

"I think the most difficult shot I know is to kill with the *second* barrel at a flock of teal well on the wing. When the first barrel is fired they twist in all directions at great speed, the greater part of them upward. It is difficult to pick a bird, and when you have done so you have to judge the angle, etc., very quickly, and the shot is very often at a quickly rising bird, which is, if possible, more difficult than that at a quickly dropping one. Some of the most difficult shots I have ever had were at a ptarmigan drive round the top of a hill in Scotland. There were no butts; we had to hide behind stones; and as soon as one moved to shoot, the birds dived and twisted faster than any other birds I have ever seen; but I have only had one experience of this, and it may have been an exceptional case."

Here are Lord Westbury's views, and though he does not seem quite aware of his reputation, there is no doubt about it or about the sound basis on which it rests:—

"I am sorry to be unable to plead guilty to being 'a shot of exceptional merit,' but I've frequently seen shots of that description make very indifferent practice on *cock* pheasants dropping across the open with outstretched wings from a very high covert into a low covert behind, particularly when twenty-five yards wide, the birds having a good outside (*i.e.* away from the shooter) 'curl' on.

"I find it almost impossible to allow for the pace, the drop, and the curl. In my opinion pheasants are, under certain conditions, the most difficult of ordinary game birds to kill properly."

The Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy is brief, but to the purpose:—

"In my opinion, by far the most difficult shot is at a pheasant which has come straight at you too low to shoot at in front; which you turn round to, and try to take going away."

These are the opinions of Mr. T. S. Pearson Gregory, and without them this article would be sadly incomplete:—

"I find that the most difficult shots are naturally the ones that one has the least practice at, and of these personally I think that the hardest are pheasants coming down a hill-side from above and skimming with a curl below, and driven grouse in a hilly country flying in a similar manner. I assume that in both cases the birds cannot be shot at in front. I attribute the difficulty of such shots to the fact that the birds are dropping at a great pace, and, personally, I find it very hard after getting on the bird to swing or throw downwards quickly without getting off the true line of flight, leaving the curl out of the question. The ordinary skimming pheasant is also dropping, though more slowly, and shooting well underneath is my best alternative, though not a good one, to a miss."

Mr. Arthur Portman belongs to the select company, and says:—

"Here are my views: Far and away the most difficult birds to shoot are high pheasants, the hardest of all to kill in my opinion being a soaring bird coming off a hill with its wings out. These floaters are going far faster than they appear to, and in consequence judging the pace they travel at is almost impossible when there is no apparent movement of the wing. Another very hard pheasant to kill is a low bird crossing to the right some way off."

Mr. Henry Walter Gilbey is in agreement with the majority:—

"I have no hesitation in giving my opinion that the most difficult shot is a real high pheasant, and especially so if it should have a slight 'curl' on."

"The reason I think a 'rocketting' pheasant is so difficult is because to kill it properly and neatly you can only take it in one position—straight over your head, thus shooting it in the neck, which is the only vulnerable spot you can hit to bring it down stone dead; any way, this is my opinion."

"Any further information I can give you, you have only to command me."

Major Arthur Acland-Hood, owing to the nature of my scrawl, mistook the question; and I am rather glad, as it brings me his views on another exceedingly interesting subject. Here they are:—

"You ask me to give you my opinion as to the best shot to use."

Though feeling very flattered at your thinking my humble ideas worth having, at the same time I feel very shy at putting them on paper, and trust that your readers will forgive my presumption and put the blame on the right head—*i.e.* yours.

“Some years ago I was reading Colonel Hawker's most interesting diary, and there was one passage in it which stuck in my memory very much, and this was somewhat as follows: ‘Taking it all round, the sportsman who uses No. 7 shot throughout the season will find, on looking back at his performances at the end of it, that he has killed cleaner and wounded less frequently, and, in fact, given himself more satisfaction, from using this size of shot than any other.’ Colonel Hawker was, as every shooting man knows, the greatest authority of his time on the art of shooting; he was also a very great authority on guns and gunmaking in general. So I determined to give No. 7 a trial some years ago, and have stuck to it more or less ever since.

“In these days *most* of the game you shoot is killed by driving, and I think it will be agreed that the *average* distance at which you kill your game in a day's driving is not over thirty yards; therefore large shot with great penetration is not so much required as in the old days of walking-up wild grouse and partridges, when nothing but their tails and backs were visible to the shooter as a rule, though Colonel Hawker was even then in favour of No. 7 shot. When driving grouse or partridges, or covert-shooting, it is, I imagine, the object and ambition of everyone to hit his game in the head or neck; if this be done the bird falls in a satisfactory manner, instantly and cleanly killed. Well, the ordinary good shot, and still more the ‘moderate’ performer, will, I think, find that by shooting 1 oz. or $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. of No. 7 shot he will meet with more satisfactory success than if he shoots with 5 or 6. For this reason: the pattern is better, it is larger and closer, and the killing powers of No. 7 are quite sufficient to bowl over a hare running *across* you at forty-five yards, or any grouse, partridge, or pheasant you may meet up to that distance. Making a practice of shooting at game over that distance is in most people's opinion a cruel and unsportsmanlike act.

“Again, though I have no actual experience of pigeon-shooting, what do the professors who want to kill *every* bird shoot with in order to try to win money? Why, 7 or 8 in the first barrel and very often 7 in the second barrel; if they thought 7 had not sufficient penetration would they use it?

“There are a few very good and brilliant shots who can afford to use No. 5 and shoot with a modified choke, and they get good results; but for the majority of men the pattern would be too close, and the margin for error would be too small.

"With regard to 'velocity,' it has been proved that up to thirty-five yards there is nothing in it between 7 and 5. It has also recently been proved that the large charges of shot are a mistake, as the larger the charge the more friction and damage to the shot, some of which get distorted in an extraordinary way as they rush out of the barrel, and thereby a loss of velocity and penetration occurs—not to speak of pattern; this fact has produced the tendency to reduce the shot charge from the old $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. to $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. or 1 oz., as a rule.

"To sum up, then, I think for general purposes No. 7 shot, either 1 oz. or $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz., is the best to use, except for grouse in November (they are so thickly and strongly feathered that No. 4 would suit these late birds better), and also for a big rabbit day, when a small charge of No. 4 shot will kill them clean and not spoil them, as one is apt to do if shooting with any smaller size and failing to hold far enough forward every time. I have seen grouse, partridges, pheasants, ducks, snipe, and hares killed beautifully clean with No. 7 at all ordinary heights and distances."

Reverting to the question at issue, however, Major Acland-Hood says:—

"I think that of all the many difficult shots one gets, a low partridge or pheasant (especially the latter) on one's *left* is as a rule that which defeats one more frequently than any other, for this reason: first of all there is the knowledge, especially in partridge-driving or pheasant-shooting, that owing to the low flight of the bird there may be somebody's head on the same level and beyond the bird (the other side of a hedge, perhaps). Well, this makes one think of other things besides the bird, and also causes one to take before shooting a very quick, comprehensive glance in the line of fire to see that all is safe. In doing this I think a man is apt to misjudge the pace the bird is flying and shoot behind it. Again, the reason why I think birds to the left are more difficult than to the right (at any rate, in my case) is that when swinging to the left the left arm naturally makes a curve downwards, unless one remembers to counteract the natural tendency, and that makes one shoot below the bird. If you try first swinging to the left on an imaginary bird you will see what I mean, and then try swinging to the right; you will find that the left arm has a natural inclination to go up, and that helps the shooting, as in nine cases out of ten birds are missed by shooting *under* and behind, but more especially under. Of course there are many shots which are as near the impossible as anything can be—for instance, a teal down wind darting about in the dusk; but that is as a rule an exceptional shot to get, whilst that which I have dealt with is an everyday occurrence."



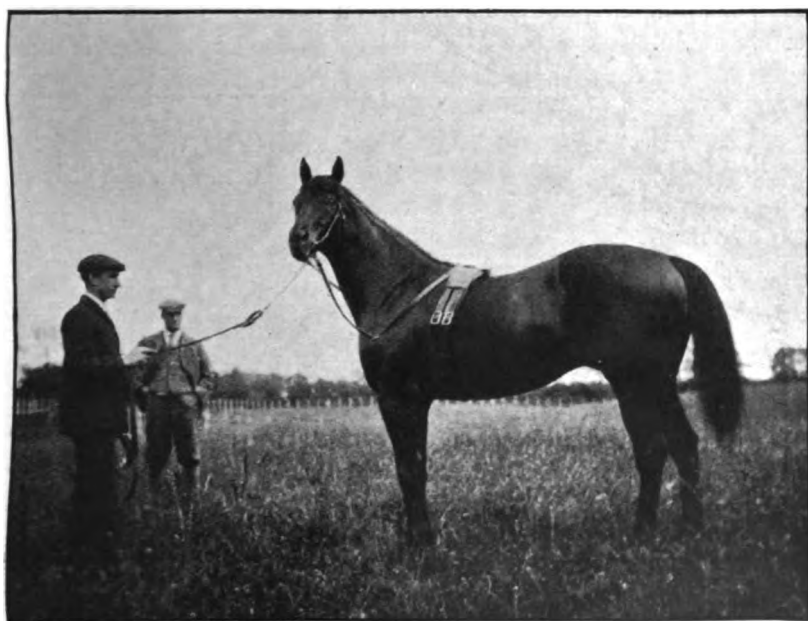
LADY CLARE BY DINNA FORGET—SISTER CLARE, CHAMADE BY AYRSHIRE—BUGLE,
MINEOSTA BY VELASQUEZ—MINN, BALRAZIE BY AYRSHIRE—HIDERA

THE JORISTOWN STUD FARM, COUNTY WESTMEATH

BY EVA WHITE WEST

It would be hard to find a pleasanter way of spending a June day than in looking over a stud farm, especially when that farm is run on model lines, thoroughly up-to-date in every detail, in fact as near perfection as it would be possible to get it. Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Reid Walker, who gave me permission through my old friend Captain Bernard Daly, I spent a most interesting and pleasant day at Joristown Stud Farm near Killucan, County Westmeath. Leaving Broadstone with Captain Daly by the 8.15 a.m. we were soon passing through part of the Meath and Ward country; then Maynooth, Kilcock, and Enfield, the extreme north of the Kildare country; even this was a pleasure to me, for I had never hunted as far down as this, and passing through a new country is always full of interest to a lover of fox-hunting. Between Ferns Lock and Enfield a tree-crowned tumulus beside the remains of a very old churchyard and church looked full of interest. On the right-hand side from a short distance outside Dublin the line mostly

follows the course of the Royal Canal. As we sped along and I watched the patient horses dragging the heavy boat, it made me go back in imagination to the "good old days" (by the way, *were* they good, and why?) before the advent of steam, electricity, and motor power, and wonder did our ancestors get more enjoyment out of life in their easy-going, slow way than we do in the oftentimes mad rush and bustle of the present-day existence, they taking days and weeks to do what we do in hours now. At any rate they had ample time to enjoy the scenery they passed through, and I cannot help thinking that it must have helped to give a man a better eye for a



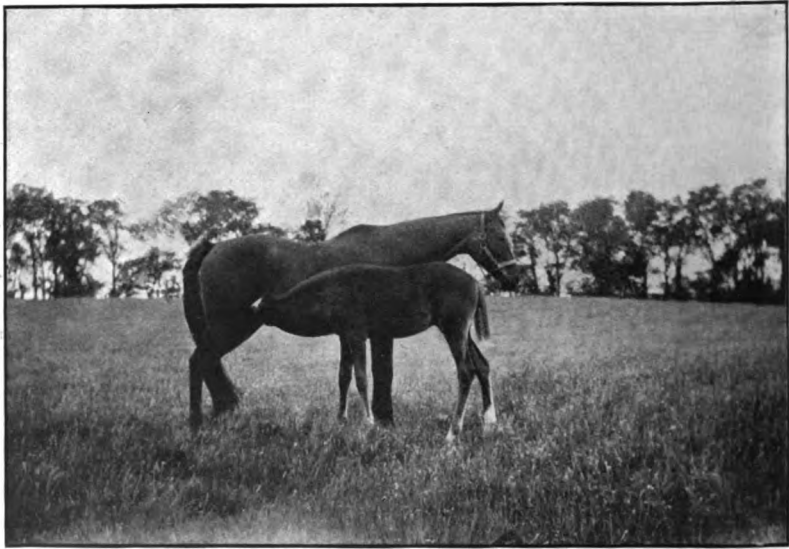
DINNA FORGET BY LOVED ONE—BAROMETER

country than "hunting from a train" could possibly do. How often flying along one has to take the bad place, though a little more time would have shown the easy one lying quite handy out of a difficult corner of a field; but the train had gone past before one could take a second look.

Then came a stretch of bog. How pretty it was, with the busy turf-cutters and the heaps stacked for drying! Had I had time, a ramble over it in search of sun-dew or other delightful bog plants would have been full of interest; but soon we had left that behind, and were passing through the rather uninteresting flat land that precedes Killucan. Arriving, we were met by a typical Irish

jaunting-car with a real Paddy on the box. Even to the thick frieze coat he was a true son of Erin; and, by the way, right glad were we that we had brought *our* coats, for the morning, though fine, was more like November than June, and the blazing fire that greeted us on our arrival at Joristown was indeed a joy to see.

E. H. Elliott, the clever manager and stud groom, received and made us welcome, and after a "heat at the fire" we proceeded to inspect the horses and farm. Having brought my camera, I was of course anxious to get the best of the light, which indeed was very bad at the best, much to my disappointment; but thanks to the fine lens in the No. 3 F.P.K. supplied by Hurman, Ltd., of Grafton Street, Dublin, the photos came out far better than I thought they possibly could.



TRANCE BY ROYAL HAMPTON—SUBLIME. FOAL BY FORTUNIO

Of course the beautiful brown Dinna Forget was the first for inspection; and what a picture he was, so full of life and fire, the gloss on his coat and his alert eye showing the perfection of health and all the care lavished on him by Elliott and his attendant, M. Dunne, who indeed are justly proud of him! Bred in 1892 by the late Captain Peel (by Loved One out of Barometer) he stands, a trifle under 15.3 hands, on very short legs with good flat bone, short back, beautiful loins and quarters, fine shoulder and rein, and well set-on head; it would be hard indeed to pick a fault in him. Mr. Reid Walker's great ambition is to revive the Herod blood,

and in Dinna Forget he has a direct descendant. It would take more space than I have at my disposal to enter fully into his distinguished racing career, but a short summary of the principal races he won will not I am sure come amiss. At the Leopardstown August Meeting of 1895 he brought off an 8 to 1 chance in the Grand Prize, upsetting a hot favourite in Athcliath. As a four-year-old he won the Visitors' Plate at Ascot, the High Weight Handicap, also at Ascot, the Alington Handicap at Stockbridge, and the Prince of Wales's Cup at Lingfield; the next big race being as a six-year-old, when he won the Great Jubilee Stakes, and two months later the Liverpool Summer Cup. When eight he won the March



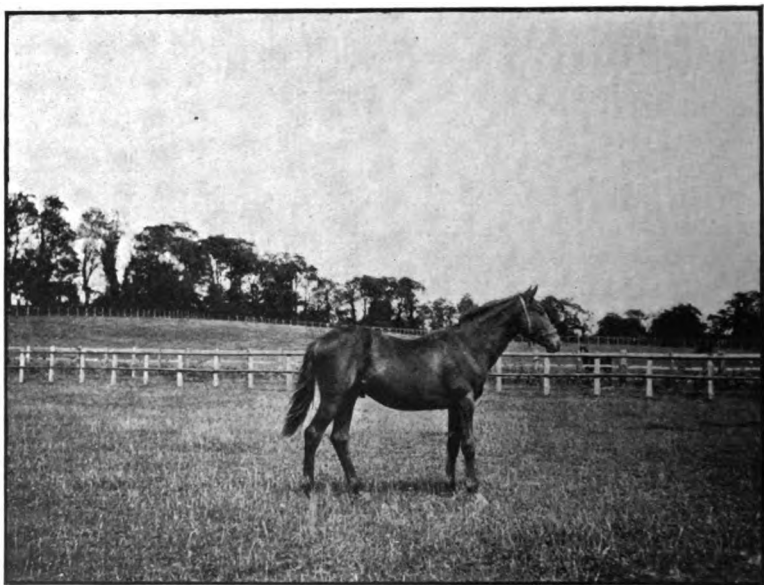
RED VIRGIN BY GALLINULE—THE SABINE, AND BLACK FILLY BY DINNA FORGET

Stakes at Newmarket, and as a nine-year-old started stud life. A great performance was when he ran second in the Prix de Conseil Municipal, carrying 9 st. 9 lb., being beaten by Wingfield's Pride. His racing career earned for his owner £8,000. He has a lovely temper, allowing me to pull him about to get him to stand well for the photograph which is here reproduced, and letting his pet companion, a clever-looking Irish terrier, play about his heels.

The brood mare Trance (by Royal Hampton out of Sublime) described by Elliott as "the tap root" of the stud, greatly took my fancy, but evidently I did not take hers, for as soon as she saw I was "one of those camera fiends" she marched haughtily away, tossing her head as much as to say she did not want her portrait

taken, while her lively Fortunio foal gambolled and frisked around her. It soon came to a case of "who will tire who?" the luck coming my way when the youngster would not be denied refreshment, and I then secured the wished-for negative.

A lovely mare is Red Virgin by Gallinule out of The Sabine. Her Dinna Forget foal is full of promise, and she has not long returned from a visit to Diamond Jubilee, a union which ought to turn out most successfully. Then Goosander—a handsome brown mare who seems to possess all the qualities one looks for in a brood mare—by Gallinule out of Rose d'Amour, no fault can be found with her breeding. With her clinking Dinna Forget foal, she looks



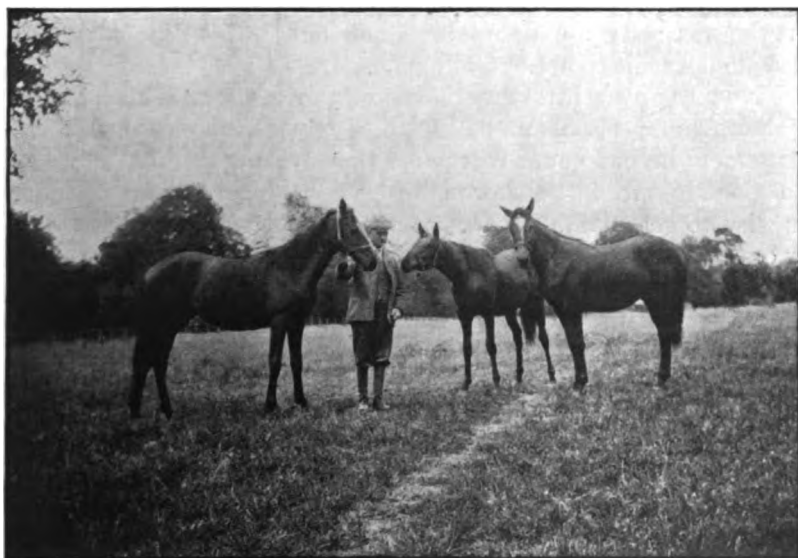
QUEEN'S ADVOCATE BY DIAMOND JUBILEE—RED VIRGIN

like paying back the 1,000 guineas Mr. Reid Walker gave for her. Such a pet too; she rested her soft nose on Elliott's shoulder while her portrait was being taken. Bugle by Ben Battle out of The White Witch is another nice mare, and has a fine Dinna Forget foal. It would take nearly a whole copy of *Badminton* to go over separately the eighteen matrons at Joristown, so I must ask my readers to see them for themselves in the pictures accompanying this article, and will go on to the yearlings.

I suppose pride of place must be given to Queen's Advocate by Diamond Jubilee out of Red Virgin, a chestnut—too big I thought; in fact, he looked more like a two, or even three-year-old, than a

yearling, and showed how well he had been done. I found him a very difficult colt to photograph, and could not get him to look interested till I thought of neighing like a pony; this so astonished the lad that he pricked his ears, and I succeeded in getting him right. He is heavily engaged, and I wish Mr. Reid Walker the success he deserves with him.

In another paddock two lovely Ayrshire fillies, a handsome chestnut Velasquez and a Dinna Forget, ran together. Then came three Dinna Forget fillies, charming little ladies all full of promise and so gentle! If some of these do not come to the front it will be a queer thing; breeding, looks, and being done the very best, what more can the thoroughbred have or want?



THE THREE DINNA FORGET FILLIES THAT TOOK SUCH INTEREST IN THE CAMERA
WHEN IT WENT WRONG

Filly by Dinna Forget—Orsels, Dinomls by Dinna Forget—Goosander, Bell Flower by Dinna
Forget—Bella Gallina

If only another photographer had been there that day what an amusing snap could have been got! I had finished one roll of twelve films, and proceeded to refill the Kodak. Under the directions of Hurman's clever manager I had easily put in the spool the day before; I did so with equal ease this day, and then replaced the back to snap it into place before winding on to the number against the red glass. By a stupid mistake I put it on upside-down, and pressed it, as I thought, into place, but where, oh! where was the click that I heard the day before at Hurman's? Flopping down on the grass I examined it closely, and soon discovered that I had jammed it on most

horribly, and to get it off seemed an impossibility. Captain Daly and Elliott, seeing something was wrong, came to my assistance, each trying in turn to pull it off. The three Dinna Forget fillies I had just photographed soon joined the party: I felt a soft nose at one ear, then a gentle tug at my hat as if to see what sort of straw it was made of. At last we got it off. Putting it on right *this* time, it gave the joyful click, and my wild Irish "Hoorah" startled the little ladies so much that off they scampered with tails in the air, soon to return and stand gazing at the creature they had taken for a photographer, but who turned out to be an escaped lunatic!

Then off to lunch. It was one o'clock, and as we had breakfasted at 7 a.m. we were fairly ready to "eat our boots" by this time. I had been promised a chop and a cup of tea, so was not prepared for the perfectly appointed luncheon laid out for us, that would have done credit to a London chef.

Now to give a little description of the farm, and how Mr. Reid Walker came to possess it. Like a great many other English sportsmen, he had come to realise that Ireland was, *par excellence*, the place to breed the thoroughbred. Telling Captain B. Daly of his wish to get a suitable farm over here, and to be on the look-out for one for him, great was his delight when the Captain wrote to say he had discovered just the place he wanted. Coming over and inspecting the property Mr. Reid Walker at once saw the many advantages of it as a stud farm, and sent his agent, Mr. Frank Sugden, to make a careful valuation, and report on it. This being done, Captain Daly entered into negotiations with the owner, Mr. C. Hannan, the breeder of Irish Ivy, who knew very well the value of the property, and was not keen to part. Mr. Reid Walker, however, was not to be denied, and eventually the three hundred acres were purchased for him upon the basis of Mr. Sugden's valuation. The same gentleman's experience, together with that of the owner, was brought to bear most successfully in the designing of the new buildings and the alterations to the old, making now, together with the adjoining temporary residence of the owner, one of the best thought out and most comfortable stud farms in the United Kingdom. It seems a thousand pities that Mr. Reid Walker is unable to pay more than a flying visit now and then to Joristown: the house is charming, beautifully furnished, and has such a home-like feel about it. From a chat I had with one of the natives I was glad to see they fully appreciate the untold benefit the country at large, and the neighbourhood of Joristown in particular, derives from a stud farm such as this, and the great liberality and goodness of Mr. Walker to those in his employment.

As I approached the farm I was struck at once by the undula-

ting character of the fields, and the splendid shelter afforded by the screens, which on close inspection were seen to have suffered terribly by the disastrous storm of February 1903, great piles of timber being stacked up close to the yard, and I was told a large quantity had already been used in some of the many improvements about the farm. Needless to say the land is of limestone formation, rich and good; cattle (a fine herd of eighty black polls) are run over the paddocks in turns with the horses to keep them sweet and fresh.

The water, a never-failing supply—a well 62 ft. deep located by a professional water diviner, with seldom less than 50 ft. of water in it—is pumped by a horse to a tank containing 2,000 gallons



TRANCE AND FORTUNIO FOAL AND A LAVENO FOAL

in the yard, and so arranged that an ever-changing supply is in all the boxes and troughs throughout the farm. Each paddock is fenced off from the ditch by a strong wooden creosoted paling. It struck me what a tidy farm the two feet or so of land from the paling to the ditch would make if it were all of a piece; indeed many a farmer would be rich if he had half as much good land as all this would make. Elliott told me last year they were too busy to do anything with this grass, but that they hoped this year to be able to turn it to some use.

A tree-crowned hill at a little distance overlooks Joristown, known by the name of "Knochieban," which being interpreted means "The Hill of the White Fairy." If the good little lady still

resides there, and is of a sporting turn of mind, it must delight her heart to see the stately mares, handsome yearlings, and playful foals parading the paddocks, all enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

The bank from which I took the photograph of the house was thickly covered with large beech trees which quite overshadowed the house and yards, keeping all air away. When Mr. Walker came into possession he wisely cut all down except the outer fringe along the fence, and planted with rhododendrons, barberry, and other shrubs, which are doing very well indeed, and in a short time will form a nice thick low-growing, ornamental plantation. Certainly the whole arrangement and laying out of the stud farm does Mr. Frank Sugden, the energetic and well-known agent, the greatest credit, and



CHAMADE, BALRAZIE, LADY CLARE, AND MINEOSTA, WITH SOME OF THE BLACK CATTLE

well may Elliott be proud of the perfect health of his stud—18 mares, 9 yearlings, 10 foals, and Dinna Forget, and not a sick one amongst them! The perfect confidence of all, from the brood mares to the youngest foal, showed better than anything his constant care and attention to them. It was greatly owing to his patience and courtesy that I was enabled to get these pictures. Before leaving he conducted me to his “den,” and how cosy it was! A photograph of Mr. Reid Walker and Mr. Frank Sugden hung at either side above the fireplace, “in good company,” as he said, for our sporting King and his gracious consort were also there.

Having secured a portrait of Elliott and a charming retriever called Prudence of the Harding-Cox smooth-coated breed, it was

now time to think about returning to "dear dirty Dublin," so mounting our car and giving our driver "the office to go," we were soon over the three miles between Joristown and Killucan, and reached Dublin by five o'clock, after having spent a most enjoyable day, and wishing I had it all before me over again.

My wish was soon gratified; for, being anxious to try to get a few quick moving photographs with a Goerz-Anschutz camera I had just purchased, I journeyed down another day to Joristown, this time taking my bicycle and riding out from Killucan. It had rained heavily in the night, the first *real* good shower we had had since May 2nd, and this was the 16th of June! No wonder the



JORISTOWN HOUSE AND FRONT YARD—DINNA FORGET STANDING BY THE HOUSE

oats looked parched and the meadows very light and burnt throughout the country. The grass in consequence of the shower was very wet, though it had not gone the smallest eighth of an inch into the land; in fact, had only laid the dust and washed the grass. Rigged out in a pair of boots kindly lent by the housekeeper, and leggings of Elliott's, I was able to defy the moisture, and started to try to get a couple of pictures of the graceful fillies careering about. How astonished they seemed to be to be asked to show off and gallop, always ending by rushing up close to us and standing still with extended nostril and questioning eye, as much as if to ask had

they shown off enough for me! They seemed so interested in the proceedings, and so anxious for me to get what I wished, that I felt sure they must have heard me telling Elliott what I wanted the pictures for, and were determined to appear to the best advantage in *Badminton*. I wonder would they appreciate a copy if I sent it them?

Not being satisfied with these photographs when developed, the light being so bad, I made one more effort to get a few. Fixing June 20, at 6 a.m. it looked so threatening I decided to give it up and go the next day. At 7.30 it cleared up, but it was too late to catch the 8.15 from Broadstone. Hastily looking out the trains, I found that by running through Killucan I could get to Mullingar by 10.46, and this I decided to do, taking my bicycle to ride the ten miles out. I was well rewarded, for the day turned out ideal for the work I had

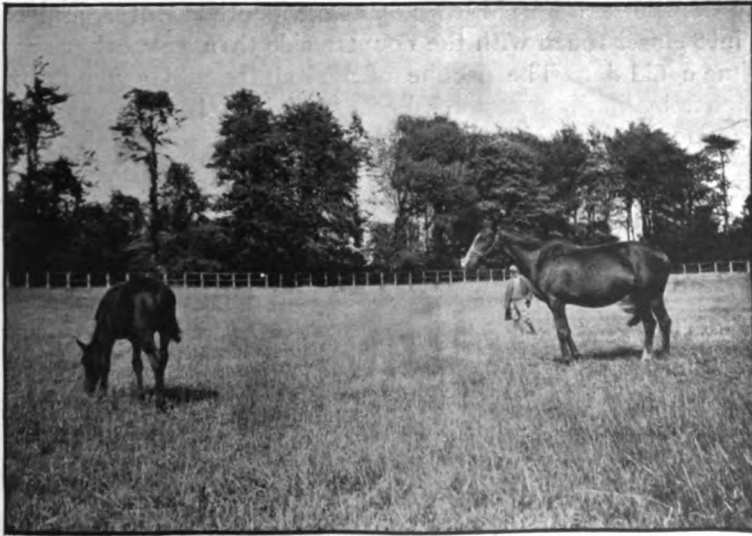


IN THE Paddock

in hand—bright sun, blue sky well flecked with white fleecy clouds, the reflection from which I knew would be of untold value to me in the taking of photographs at 1-500 sec., the speed I intended to try. Arriving at Mullingar I found a *good* half gale blowing, mercifully in my favour, and I thanked Providence for the blessing! The ride was most enjoyable, the dust having been well laid by the heavy rain of the night; and how fresh and sweet the country smelt after it! The hedges full of dog-roses and elder flower helped the fragrance, while the smell of burning turf as I flew past the cottage doors was delicious, as it always is in the open air.

As I passed through a stretch of bog, white with the graceful tufts of cotton plant waving in the wind, a lark high overhead

pealed forth his joyous carol, while a ladybird settled on my dress and accompanied me most of the journey, which I took as an omen of good luck. Welcomed by Elliott, Mrs. Woods (the housekeeper), Prudence (the retriever), and all the mares and fillies, who by this time had come to look upon me as quite one of themselves, I was soon happy roaming amongst them and trying my hand at the new camera, I am glad to say most successfully as far as the slow photographs went ; but, alas ! not drawing the blind quite straight (which I did not discover till I got home) the 1-500 sec. photos were not good, as half of the plate hardly got any exposure at all ; but one has to buy experience, and if the kind Editor of the *Badminton* will give me another chance, I hope to be able to show before very long what one *can* do in the way of quick photography with a Goerz-Anschutz camera, for I have in my mind's eye an absolutely unique series of sporting pictures which I intend to procure before long.





HUNTING PROSPECTS AND CHANGES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

[Including the views of the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Yarborough, Lords Portman and Fitzhardinge, the Rev. E. A. Milne, and other Masters on the present condition of Fox-hunting.]

AS I write there are many signs to remind me of the speedy approach of another fox-hunting season—that keenly-awaited period which keeps the sportsman in his own land during the winter, and brings him into closer touch with the country-side than any other sport or pastime could do. The decline of agriculture in England is not a subject to be lightly discussed, but it may be asked in passing how much worse its state would be were there no fox-hunting, with its many sources of income to the forage-grower and the horse-breeder? At the puppy shows and earth-stoppers' dinners a great deal has been said regarding the supply of cubs for the hunting months now at hand. It is pleasant to record that the majority of reports are entirely satisfactory, and undoubtedly it has been a good fox-breeding season. Mange has left certain districts rather badly off for the raw material, but I think there is less of the disease about than two years ago. The Essex Union has been declared absolutely free of the scourge, and similarly gratifying accounts come from most of those countries touched by the mange during its curious passage from the South Eastern counties to the Scottish Border. So far, then, as the supply of foxes is concerned, the prospects for the season are bright enough.

The question is often asked nowadays—and I expect we shall hear it put pretty frequently during the approaching season unless sport happens to be extraordinarily favourable—is fox-hunting as good as it was in the old days? People have grown so accustomed to casting the blame on to the foxes for the supposed deterioration of sport that they are apt to forget that there are other reasons

tending to that end. The fact is sometimes overlooked that hounds have improved immensely during the past fifty years, and that foxes have to be uncommonly good to beat them on a fair scenting day. Indeed, one is almost tempted to ask whether we are not breeding our hounds rather too good for our foxes. I have asked several Masters of Hounds for their views as to the falling off of sport, and the Duke of Beaufort has expressed very clearly his opinion of the relative merits of hounds and foxes. "Hounds are faster and fitter," he considers, "than they were in our great-grandfathers' time, and therefore a fox is sooner burst up if hounds get away on his track on a good scenting day; and it is accordingly not the fox that has deteriorated, but the hound that has improved." There are no changes from last season in the Duke of Beaufort's country so far as the staff is concerned; and as for sport, his Grace anticipates a plentiful supply of foxes, and sees "no reason why we should not do as well as last year, providing the weather is favourable." Apart from the improvement of hounds, the Duke says that he fails to see much difference in the sport of to-day compared with, say, thirty years ago. "Of course," he continues, "railways have increased, more houses have been built, and barbed wire has made its unwelcome appearance in places. Also more people hunt, and I fear that increased numbers has not brought increased knowledge of hunting, so that in different ways they spoil their own sport. However, in our country we are not troubled with many large game preservers, so that foxes are not played tricks with in the summer, and we have a good stock of old wild foxes who on four or five occasions last season gave us good points of ten or twelve miles."

In mentioning the ignorance of many of those who now go out with hounds, the Duke of Beaufort suggests another important reason why sport is not so good as it was in the old days. By sheer want of knowledge of the unwritten laws of the hunting field—I say "unwritten," though it is hardly correct to do so, for many valuable books and articles setting forth advice to followers of hounds have been published—people exasperate Masters and huntsmen, make enemies of the farmers, and generally do much to spoil sport every day of the season. The Duke of Beaufort's opinion in this matter is strongly confirmed by the Master of that historic Berkeley country which borders on the wide-spreading Badminton. "Although I seldom hunted for nearly thirty years until I succeeded my brother in 1896-7, I am quite certain," writes Lord Fitzhardinge, "that fox-hunting has much gone down, owing to the large number of ignorant and jealous people who come out now." The noble M.F.H. goes on to relate an incident which strikingly exemplifies his meaning. "Three or four years ago," he says, "I ordered my hounds to be

stopped, and a few minutes afterwards, when the crowd came into a favourable place, I explained what I had done and what I intended to do the next time my huntsman and hounds were not given fair play. One of the best men near told me he was requested by some to thank me for explaining, *because* one half of the field did not know why the hounds were stopped, and the other half did not know they had been stopped. Can anything be plainer than this?"

Mr. C. W. B. Fernie thinks that a marked change has come over hunting, but "seasons vary so," he adds; while Mr. Albert Brassey, writing more particularly of the Heythrop country, says that wire is rather on the increase in some places, but the Heythrop farmers as a rule remove it during the hunting season. Mr. Brassey considers that landlords might do more in providing rough timber for the repair of fences. The Rev. E. A. Milne, writing from the Cattistock country, endorses the Duke of Beaufort's opinion of the improvement of hounds, and he has also a good word to say for the horses. "Yes," he writes, in answer to my question, "I consider sport in our day quite equal to the old days. Formerly horses were not so fast or in such good condition—hounds ditto—and I think a fair run now would have been considered wonderful in old days. Also a great deal more was made then of the good days, and why? Simply because they were not so frequent."

As the *doyen* of our Masters of Foxhounds, dating his experience as far back as the year 1858, Lord Portman's opinion on this interesting subject is extremely valuable, and must be received with the deepest respect. He is very emphatic. "I consider that the sport of fox-hunting is distinctly on the down grade" are the exact words he uses, and so far as his own pack is concerned he is inclined to attribute the deterioration of sport to the advance of shooting interests. "Speaking for my own country," writes Lord Portman, "I do not hesitate to say that sport in it is far inferior to what it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. The foxes do not make such good points. As in the best part of my open hill country no outlying fox is allowed to live—in the interest of partridge preserving and partridge driving—and as so many of the owners and occupiers of the large coverts do not hunt, and close their coverts to hounds in the early part of the season, it is only due to the large extent of my country that in November and December I am able to hunt three days a week—and that with difficulty. The foxes in the big woods do not get hunted sufficiently in the early part of the season to scatter them about the country." Another prominent Master who believes in the falling off of sport is Lord Yarborough, but he does not join with those who consider that hounds are more formidable in the field. "No doubt many more people follow hounds

now than ever did so before," writes Lord Yarborough, "and probably the horses in the fashionable countries are as good as or better than they were formerly, but I think the sport was probably better fifty years ago, and certainly there were more good runs than is the case nowadays." And thus we see how doctors differ, for Mr. Milne has just expressed an opinion diametrically opposite to Lord Yarborough's. "In many countries," continues the Master of the Brocklesby, "there are far more foxes than formerly, and more people to head them; the consequence is you hear of fewer good runs. Hounds are continually changing foxes, and the latter do not make the same points. Hounds have far improved in looks, but I don't believe they go as fast as the hounds of fifty years ago; the horses of course are better and faster than they were then." In reference to the coming season Lord Yarborough says that the accounts of cubs in the Brocklesby country are very satisfactory, and there is every prospect of good sport.

Complaints have come from the Lake district during the last two or three seasons regarding the flagrant way in which cubs have been stolen and sent to the South of England. Although the Lake district is not Leicestershire, nor even Surrey or Sussex, the fact remains that fox-hunting is carried on there by several old-established packs, and the various Masters are just as keen and as anxious to show good sport as are the leaders of more fashionable packs. It is certainly not right that those good sportsmen of the North should be robbed of their foxes, and I can only hope that those who buy the cubs are misinformed as to their origin, though this is a matter about which a right-thinking sportsman cannot be too careful. Mr. John Benson, who has hunted the Mellbrake Hounds from Cockermouth for nearly fifty years, expects to have a good season if the weather will permit. This has much to do with hunting in their wild hill country, wind and mist being their great enemies in the winter, and frost and very dry weather in spring, for stones will not hold the moisture like grass. "Cub-stealing is still carried on," adds Mr. Benson, "but it is not so bad as formerly, because two years ago it was discovered who took them and where they went to, and one or two strong paragraphs in the sporting papers helped to put a stop to it for a while."

Another M.F.H. of the Lake district of many years' standing, the Rev. E. M. Reynolds, who has hunted the Coniston since 1881, writes interestingly on the present state of fox-hunting in his particular country. His letter is as follows:—"Foxes were scarce last season, and it is to be feared they may not be plentiful this year; the rest depends chiefly on the weather. Of cub-stealing I have little exact knowledge, as those who practise it seldom say much

about it. It has always existed, and has lately been systematically followed. The number of foxes has not as yet been greatly diminished, but there is a great change for the worse in their size and appearance, and their habits are different. They lie lower on the fell side, and are harder to find; nor do they run so straight when found." Mr. H. Howe, the deputy-master of the Blencathra Hounds, so long in the hands of the late Mr. John Crozier, considers that fox-hunting in the Lake district is as good as, if not better than, it was in the old days. "But I am sorry to say," he writes, "that fox-cub stealing is, and has been for some years back, a regular business. Unscrupulous people send cubs away to the South, and also to dealers. It is well-nigh impossible to stop the practice, for as long as there is a market for cubs, these poachers—I cannot call them anything else—will always sell, when they can get 10s. to 15s. a head. Personally, I think that the sending of fox-cubs from one country into another is one of the most fruitful sources of mange." Since last season, by the way, the Master of the Blencathra, Mr. J. W. Lowther, has attained to a new dignity in another sphere, but this will not affect his position with the hunt. "I am glad to think," wrote Mr. Lowther to the hunt, "that my acceptance of the Speakership will not preclude my continuing as Master of the Blencathra."

From the Blencathra to the Quorn country is rather a big jump, but we may as well begin with the crack pack in running through the changes of masterships that have been effected since last season. The retirement of Captain Burns-Hartopp, often threatened towards the end of his seven seasons in office, is now an accomplished fact, and everyone in the Shires is anxious to testify to the sporting qualities, the great tact, and the kindly consideration for his followers and his farmers shown throughout by the outgoing M.F.H. It is tolerably well known, in the Shires at all events, that there was a certain amount of friction towards the end of his command, and I cannot think that the methods pursued by one or two of those who agitated for a change would commend themselves to the sporting community at large. My opinion is that Captain Burns-Hartopp was quite successful, considering the various difficulties under which he laboured, chief of these, perhaps, being his own very bad accident in the field and the loss of Tom Firr. Huntsmen of Firr's genius are not to be found every day, but Tom Bishopp seems to have satisfied the critical followers of the Quorn, and I hope he will show many seasons' good sport under Captain Frank Forester's mastership. Of late years the Quorn hounds have unquestionably suffered from the lack of proper accommodation at the kennels; but this drawback, of course, will be obviated when they

get into their new premises. Writing from Saxelbye Park, Melton Mowbray, Captain Forester informs me that the kennels are likely to be completed by the end of the present year; but the hounds could not well be moved in the middle of the hunting season, so it will in all probability be the spring before the new building is occupied by the pack. Bishopp, as I have mentioned, remains as huntsman, and Peter Farrelly, second whipper-in last season, takes the place of W. Farmer as first whipper-in. The last-named has gone to the Old Berkshire, and the remaining place with the Quorn is filled by Molyneux, from Lord Fitzwilliam's.

Those who know the Shires will agree with Lord Belper that the mastership of the Quorn is "not everybody's job." The number of those who were willing to take up Captain Burns-Hartopp's duties was limited, but even more limited was the number who were qualified to fill the position. Captain Forester does not come as a stranger to the country, being widely known in the Shires, and he starts with the goodwill and best wishes of all connected with the pack. We all know him as not only a genuine sportsman, but a grand horseman who will find no difficulty in keeping his place when hounds are running. His previous experience as M.F.H. in Ireland and Berkshire is a great advantage to him, for he begins with a complete knowledge of hounds, kennels, stabling, and all that most concerns his position. I think we shall find that Captain Forester will at once set about improving the pack. The new kennels will give him a better chance of doing so than the retiring Master had. Landowners as well as farmers have heartily welcomed Captain Forester, and whatever happens eventually it is certain that the new M.F.H. will get all that could be desired in the way of a start in November next. It should be mentioned as an interesting financial detail of the change, that instead of the customary £3,000 he is guaranteed only £2,500 by the Committee; but Lord Lonsdale has liberally promised to guarantee the other £500 per annum for so long as Captain Forester remains in office. The love for the chase may be said to have been bred in the new Master, for he is descended from the Foresters of Shropshire, who kept hounds for many years; while there are people happily still with us who recollect Lord Forester's mastership of the Belvoir. The Quorn country will be hunted four days a week during the ensuing season.

In the Midlands another interesting change has occurred owing to the Hon. E. Douglas Pennant's desire to be relieved of the responsibilities of office. For fourteen years he hunted the Grafton country so perfectly as to gain the regard and admiration of all. No difficulty has been experienced in finding a successor to him. Lord Southampton was willing to accept the position, and nobody in the

Grafton country could wish for a sportsman better adapted to fill it. And so this season we find that good sportsman once again in office; and though he has himself alluded to the difficulty of following such a man as Mr. Pennant, no one can question his ability to do so. Lord Southampton dispenses with the services of a huntsman, and Charles Morris, who formerly occupied this post, has been engaged to hunt the Albrighton Hounds by their new Master, Lieut.-Colonel Cuthbert Goulburn, a gallant soldier and experienced follower of hounds. He is a relative of Mr. Foster, of Apley, one of the largest landed proprietors in Shropshire, and followers of the Albrighton are glad to have secured a gentleman so well qualified to succeed Captain Whitaker.

I am glad to say that the changes of Masters are appreciably less numerous than usual this year. Out of more than 200 Masters and Joint-Masters of Foxhounds in the United Kingdom, there are only sixteen—so far as can be gathered at the time of writing—whose names will not be found on the Hound Lists for the season of 1905-6. The actual changes, of course, number more than this statement would suggest; but this difference is in part accounted for by the fact that two or three Masters are merely giving up one country in order to take over another. One of them is Mr. Charles Brook, who goes from the Badsworth to the Holderness. Increasing years have induced Mr. Arthur Wilson to seek retirement; his services to the Holderness during twenty-seven seasons of mastership will never be forgotten in the annals of that hunt. Like Lord Southampton with the Grafton, Mr. Brook will be his own huntsman with the Holderness. His place at the Badsworth helm is taken by Mr. H. J. Hope Barton, the son of a former Master of the pack. Mr. Peter Ormrod is another M.F.H. who exchanges countries. He forsakes the Exmoor for the more central and important Craven pack, with whom his predecessor, Mr. de F. Pennefather, was unable to hunt all through last season on account of ill-health. Fortunately the Exmoor are not left without a leader—Mr. H. F. Brunskill, who as Master of the South Pool Harriers has gained a lot of experience that will prove serviceable, having accepted the vacant office. The Dulverton Hounds have not been so fortunate, no successor being forthcoming to Mr. Jasper Selwyn up to the end of July. In reality this is the only vacancy remaining to be filled, although one or two packs have to be knocked off the list altogether. For example there are the Hundred of Hoo Hounds in Kent, given up mainly through the lack of an influential Master; Mr. Burdon Sanderson's Hounds in Northumberland, a pack now in the kennels of the Waterford Hunt, Mr. Pollok having purchased the lot; and Sir John Hume Campbell's Hounds in Berwickshire,

which have to be removed from the list on account of their Master having accepted the command of the Ormond country in Ireland, in succession to Mr. R. G. Evered. In Shropshire Mr. Nelson does not go on with his private pack, and in Ireland the young Ponsonbys are ceasing to hunt the pack known as Lord Duncannon's.

In Wales the small pack of foxhounds called the Plas Machynlleth disappear on account of the greatly lamented death of Lord Henry Vane-Tempest, which occurred so suddenly at Melton in the middle of last season. The veteran Scottish M.F.H., Mr. W. J. Paterson, also passed away during the season; while Mr. W. E. Rigden, whose name will ever be linked with the Tickham pack, died just as his hounds were beginning cub-hunting. Foremost among those ex-Masters of Foxhounds whose deaths we have had to mourn since this time last year, must be mentioned Colonel John Anstruther Thomson, than whom no greater M.F.H. finds a place in the archives of fox-hunting. Another notable Master, whose memory will live long in the Blackmore Vale, was the late Mr. Merthyr Guest, who had his idiosyncrasies, yet was heart and soul devoted to hunting. Ireland has lost a number of ex-Masters during the past twelve months, among them Colonel Holroyd Smyth, Mr. John La Touche, Mr. W. A. Riall, and Captain Woodley; while on this side of the St. George's Channel Mr. W. J. Buckley, Mr. E. R. Sworden, and Mr. B. C. Chaston are unfortunately no longer with us.

To set against the various small packs whose end has just been mentioned, I am afraid that I cannot announce many new hunting establishments. Mr. W. A. Ewbank is hunting a young pack in the low-lying marshes of Lincolnshire, but it would not be accurate to term it a new hunt, as a start was made as far back as last December, and some capital sport was shown during the season. Mr. S. Conyers Scrope submitted to the Bedale Hunt Committee a proposal that he should hunt at his own expense the rough moorland country above Leyburn, but it has been considered inadvisable to acquiesce in the establishment of a new pack in this part of Yorkshire.

Our list of changes is growing sensibly smaller, but there has yet to be mentioned the new arrangements in the Blackmore Vale country. The retiring Master, Mr. John Hargreaves, showed exceptional sport during his five seasons with the pack, his fine knowledge of horses and hounds and how to use them to the best advantage enabling him fully to maintain the traditions of the B.V. This pleasant country was not likely to remain for long without an M.F.H., and very quickly the Blackmore Vale people were able to find one among their own ranks in the person of Colonel

Percy Browne, who may be said to have won his spurs when Master of the South and West Wilts several years ago. A minor change has been made in the neighbouring country, the Cattistock, where the Rev. E. A. Milne is doing so well, that gentleman now being joined in the mastership by Mr. W. F. Fuller, who, like Mr. Milne, has graduated for the position by a term as Master of the North Bucks Harriers. Similarly Mr. E. Lycett Green is joined in the command of the York and Ainsty by Mr. Harry Preston. In the extreme west the North Cornwall Hounds have found a new leader in Mr. H. M. Fitzherbert, of Mansfield, and in the New Forest Mr. H. Martin Powell comes into active service again, having succeeded Mr. Compton in the control of the foxhounds.

One of our best authorities on hounds and hunting is Mr. C. B. E. Wright, and we should have liked his connection with the Old Berkshire Hunt to terminate rather more pleasantly. But it is by no means the first time in the history of the chase that differences have arisen between Master and subscribers as to the employment of a professional huntsman, and this was a case in which neither side would give way. Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake, who does not lack for experience, has accepted the vacant mastership, and his name alone offers a guarantee that the country will be efficiently hunted. Colonel Newland is now at the head of the Tivyside Hunt in place of the Committee, and a keen young Yorkshire sportsman, Sir William Cooke, has gone to North Herefordshire to take the place vacated by Mr. H. F. Courage.

One more small change in Ireland—Mr. W. Nicholson's acceptance of the sole mastership of the United Hunt Club on the resignation of his partner with the pack, Mr. A. F. Sharman Crawford—and the list is completed so far as the foxhounds are concerned. Mr. R. C. Forster does not give up the command of the Ledbury Hounds, but, having been ordered abroad on account of ill-health, he will not be found in his accustomed position with the pack this season. Among the staghounds the end of the Barnstaple and Mr. Ormrod's packs has to be recorded, while the followers of the West Surrey have not yet been able to find anyone willing to take over Mr. Ernest Robinson's duties.

This article must not come to a close until I have expressed my warmest thanks to those Masters of Hounds and others who have been courteous and kind enough to assuage my thirst for information regarding the season's arrangements. Their assistance has rendered the business of compilation most pleasant to the writer, who can utter no more appropriate wish than that the favourable prospects that exist for sport during the ensuing winter months may be fulfilled beyond the most sanguine expectations.



PARTRIDGE-DRIVING ON SMALL SHOOTS

BY OWEN JONES (GAMEKEEPER)

WHEN one reads of the mammoth bags obtained during a single day's driving on some of the great partridge estates, the predominating thought, explanatory of such huge success, is, I am led to believe, of the magnificent planning out and management of the drives. Surely the commander-in-chief, usually the head-keeper, must be one of the select band of the princes of partridge-driving. These and such-like thoughts are all very well, but I can assure my readers that, while giving the fullest credit to whom it is due, it is the man who has to drive partridges on the smaller (probably on eighty per cent. of) shoots who has by far the most difficult task. Let me briefly mention and compare the different conditions and circumstances before I indicate some points specially applicable in getting a maximum of shooting by driving on a small acreage of ground.

It is a difficult matter to state definitely how many acres are sufficient for a full day's partridge-driving. A high wind in any direction means that quite double the area is required. One has to know whether the ground consists of great rolling fields, or ten and twenty acre plots intersected by hedges, which means that the beaters on one such field cannot see those on another; aye, and what

makes driving several of these fields together much more difficult, the birds on or rising from one field are not able to see the beaters on another till right over them, when it is nearly always too late for the beaters to alter the direction of the birds.

Does all the available ground lie together in one block, or does it consist of a series of peninsulas and promontories by reason of woods, boundaries, or a village? Of course, provided there are sufficient birds—birds for driving as opposed to walking being much more important than cover—and the ground lies fairly well together, without any of it being absolutely isolated from the remainder, a thousand acres should insure a decent day's driving. Many a good day—twenty or thirty brace mean a nice lot of shooting to the average shot and moderate sportsman—is obtained on ground not half a thousand acres in extent.

At Ware Park, Essex, on September 14 last year, four guns bagged 224 partridges by driving on the home farm of only 450 acres. Such a bag a month later with the same guns would probably not have been approached. The greatest advantage one small shoot can have over another of similar acreage, *et cæteris paribus*, is a conformation allowing drives of the to-and-fro variety being worked, so that birds driven from one boundary over a hedge near the centre will not carry on over the opposite boundary. This is the enormous advantage a large shoot has over a small. The planner and manager of the drives has practically no cause to worry about boundaries. If he loses his birds they are not irretrievably lost for maybe the whole of that day; they simply go to swell the packs on another drive; in fact, if the beaters are made during the first part of a drive to encircle a wide enough expanse, sufficient according to human calculation, *but with a margin*, and to go back say a quarter of a mile further than is deemed sufficient, there is not much fear of losing birds on a big shoot of say three thousand acres and upwards.

I cannot cite any advantage that a small shoot has over a big one, except, perhaps, that whereas the plan of campaign for the latter has to be arranged long before, and more or less rigidly adhered to, with the former it is quite unnecessary, and decidedly inadvisable. Most certainly plans should be carefully thought out for the whole day, but always with alternative arrangements to fit the direction of the wind on the actual day of shooting. Do not forget the small details: for instance, that safe man who gets stealthily to some spot where birds always try to break, ready to show himself, and possessing the knowledge just *when* to show himself.

While most decidedly of opinion that no driving should take place on large shoots till October, I hold that on small shoots, if a

~~For~~ really good days only are required, some driving should be done during the latter part of September. In this month there will yet remain patches of sainfoin and after grass, not good enough cover for successfully walking up birds, yet quite sufficient to collect them for driving purposes. A succession of short drives is best at this time of the year. One thus avoids tedious waiting; besides, the birds cannot yet stand long drives. While otherwise making good the ground, it is an excellent plan, if the ground is frequently driven, always to leave one field as a sanctuary or asylum for the birds.

Recently I read a strong protest by "Five days a week throughout the season" against interminably long beats in both pheasant and partridge driving. As this writer truly said, huge drives were often carried out simply that the keeper could boast of so many brace from only so many drives, but longish drives are absolutely necessary after mid-October, or even after the end of September if the ground is bare. Later in the season if short drives are tried the guns going to their stands will cause birds to rise, sending them over the beaters before they start driving, and *vice versa*. I consider that many guns are much too impatient during necessary waiting. Beaters have not only to walk the length of each drive, but first to get round it, often by a circular route to avoid disturbing ground. Prince Victor Duleep Singh in this magazine last February, writing of partridge driving at The Grange, Hants, was against walking the birds at all, especially to be blazed at by boys. With regard to boys, or men who are bad shots and chiefly succeed in wounding birds, I agree with the Prince; but I certainly think a little walking, with light shooting, by those who will have the management of the driving, helps tremendously in the planning of the driving later on. Walking up birds does not afford one shot in twenty equal to the average driven shot in quality. When driving, bad guns cannot do much damage in the wounding line, while good ones enjoy the cream of shooting.

The great thing in successfully working a small shooting is careful forethought. The state of things that will prevail respecting agricultural conditions and operations on the day of the shoot must be found out beforehand. Arrange days when sheep and the farm horses will be in that part which affects driving least; avoid fixing on a day just as sheep are starting to feed off a good turnip field, for this field will be of ninety per cent. less value for driving, and probably a good stretch of sainfoin and stubble as well ditto. It is not only one or two drives that may be spoilt, but the whole day, as the drives which should all hang together in one chain may be entirely thrown out of gear, as it were. One has to remember that in carrying out any individual drive there are two things equally important, viz.,

getting as many birds as possible on the ground taken over the guns, and influencing at the same time the direction and locality of alighting of these birds *after* they have been shot at. It is far better to stick to the same birds than to be continually going for fresh ones; fifty scattered birds coming over in driblets will give much better shooting than two or three hundred in half a dozen packs.

It will pay to take any drive in a direction in which perhaps an indifferent fence mars the quality of the shooting or in a direction which means less shooting for that individual drive, provided the majority of birds will be available for the following drives, instead of having one terrific drive, but at the expense of being without these birds in the drives to come.

Such exceptionally tempting drives may be indulged in at the end of the day, or as a prelude or finale to a covert shoot, when the temporary loss of many birds is not material. Suppose, for instance, there is some stubble or other feeding ground adjoining roots in the vicinity of a covert to be shot; it is not an easy job for a keeper to drive the stubbling pheasants successfully through the roots into the wood. Should there be no fence or hedge to hide the guns, never mind, do without. There will be a good chance—if the partridges have not been too much driven—of a capital sporting drive, and the pheasants will come willingly good high birds. When the covert is being beaten many varied shots will be offered by the partridges scattered in the underwood. To my mind there is a great charm in stopping partridges hurtling over a woodland ride.

One of the most annoying features of a small shoot, which is a common experience, is that as the autumn days are nearly over all the holding cover is represented by a few root fields bunched together. The saying of hunting authorities that the worst thing for hunting is too few foxes and the next worst thing too many, is equally true when applied to the holding ground in partridge driving. If instead of there being on a farm, say of four hundred acres, three good pieces of root adjoining each other, there had been only two on the whole farm but situated at the opposite ends, how much better would the state of things be for driving purposes!

A few seasons ago I was present at a drive on rather a small extent of ground, but the day was very much against good results—a high wind with rain. The keeper began, and rightly too, with a drive off bare fields down wind of about half-a-mile. The birds, under the circumstances, came over very well—like brown pebbles from a mighty sling—but one or two guns did not get a shot (and I am quite certain they would not have hit anything if they had). The next drive the keeper wished to take was further up and nearly down-wind, the ground being thinly dotted with

occasional plants of charlock and kale, the field being only about forty acres. The keeper was reckoning on a successful up-wind drive with the birds from the two first drives. The owner of the shoot, however, said he did not like big drives. On many estates at the time of year the ground for the whole day's operation would have been taken at one single drive. The keeper was ordered to divide the beaters and bring down the forty acres in two divisions. Of course he suggested this would make a mess of the field—a favourite one for birds—but his employer insisted. I ought to have mentioned that one end and one side of this field were boundaries. Absolutely not a bird went over the guns; most of the partridges—a fine lot, too—went clean off the place. After one or two more indifferent drives the keeper was appealed to. He said he could not now retrieve the position; in fact, no one could have done so. It is most essential to look ahead all the time in driving, and to study as nearly as possible what will be the effect on the birds of each successive drive.

On small shoots—generally driven many times in a season—try as far as may be to vary the scheme of the drives, so that the ground is taken in different directions, with the guns lining different hedges. Here one encounters one of the chief drawbacks of the small shoot, as there are often fields—perhaps the best—which have three of their sides boundaries, and so make it a case of Hobson's choice.

One of the greatest aids in getting birds over the guns when they have become *driving-shy* is to have a gun or two with the beaters. Certainly blank cartridges are better than none, and indeed sometimes advisable in the cause of safety; but good keepers, I consider, should have cartridges with shot in them. I have seen many a case of rank rebellion on the part of the vanguard of a fine lot of partridges nipped in the bud by a gamekeeper firing at long range ahead of the leading birds. Personally I do not see any great harm in a qualified keeper stopping a persevering old cock as he gallantly rockets over the line of waving flags. This would possibly, on occasions, cheer up the guns and prove that these fast high birds are not *out of range*, and can be stopped.

Beware of sending beaters to drive partridges into very wet, dense roots long before the guns arrive, with the idea of saving time. The birds will not stay there long.

If after a drive on some part of a small shoot one cannot help losing the birds, take such a drive at the beginning of the day; the birds will work back if that locality is left quiet, and another such drive will be possible later in the day. I have done this with success three times in one day, and found as many birds at home again at the third time of driving as the first. Remember after

partridges are driven from their home the first thing they think of is how soon they can get back.

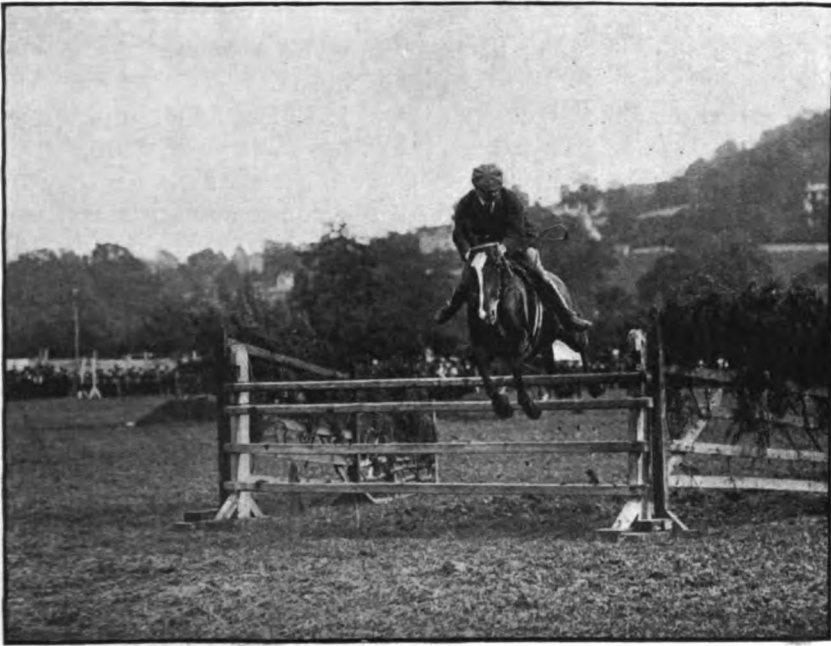
After the shed grain on the fields is gone the birds will be sure to hang about newly-sown fields and patches of young clover. A little judicious feeding, say down a furrow of some holding ground, will tremendously help towards good drives; even a pint of "tailing" grain regularly every day for a fortnight before shooting will make all the difference.

I have not considered it necessary to enter on the simpler details of partridge-driving, yet it is attention to details that commands success. I have tried to prove to shooting men that as a rule the smaller they shoot the greater the difficulties in the way of successful driving.

One has often heard such very amateurish desires expressed as follows: "Now let us have a drive over that belt of trees," or "We can stand out in this meadow, and have the pheasants over us high in the open." Quite likely the belt of trees was a boundary, and the meadow stand meant a direction that nothing would ever induce pheasants to take on the wing. With partridges especially it is not a case of how man wishes to drive them, but how they will allow man to drive them.

Owners or lessees of small partridge shoots are often under the erroneous impression that having a fair lot of birds they can have good drives in proportion to the number of birds on the ground at any time of the season they wish. This is not so; at the same time with good management and forethought—both frequently wanting—a greater amount of shooting is obtainable on a small shoot than on a large one in comparison to the acreage.

Let us hope for fair seasons, which alone make good driving possible; yet we must not be greedy and feel disappointed if partridges do not approach in numbers the flints on some Hampshire fields.



WELL OVER

BREAKING AND SCHOOLING OF YOUNG HUNTERS AND 'CHASERS

BY MAJOR ARTHUR HUGHES-ONSLOW

THE success of the 'chaser and hunter depends, if not altogether, at least to an enormous extent, on schooling, and too much attention cannot therefore be bestowed on the subject. For a long time the education of the young hunter and 'chaser should be on exactly the same lines, for I am certain that a thorough course of schooling in jumping slowly over trappy and awkward little fences is of the greatest advantage to a steeplechase horse. All the best and safest of those that I have ridden had been thoroughly schooled in jumping slowly all sorts of natural fences, the cleverness and resource which they then learnt being invaluable to them later on. The only difference is that if the youngster be intended for steeplechasing his education will probably begin when he is two years old, whereas if hunting is to be his game he will generally be given another year ; but many a steeplechase horse is not started with till he is three, and it is by no means a bad plan to begin the schooling of a hunting colt at two if you have the time to spare.

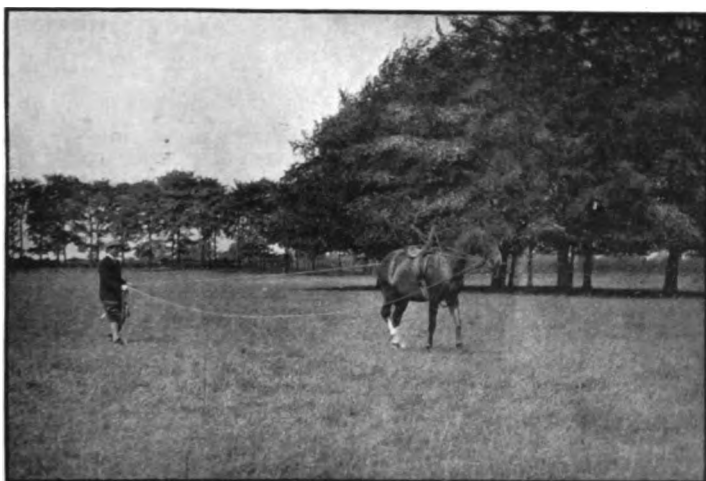
I am quite certain that a young horse's mouth should be thoroughly "made" before anyone is allowed to get on to his back. This is best done by driving him about with long reins, and a dumb jockey on his back. You have tremendous power over a horse with this tackle, and most men have good hands so long as they are standing on the ground. I do not think you require anything more than a plain snaffle in his mouth, but some people prefer fancy breaking bits, with bunches of keys, etc., hanging on them, which are supposed to prevent the horse leaning or boring on the bit. If the young horse be excitable or awkward, it is a very good plan to give him his early lessons in a barn, or in a corner with high walls on each side, where there will be nothing to upset him or distract his attention.

He must be taught to bend to both hands, to turn on either his fore legs or his hind, and to rein back steadily and collectedly before he is mounted. In teaching him how to turn properly you supply the place of the rider's legs by flapping him on the side or quarter with the rein, or by using a driving whip. It is most important to teach the young horse to obey the leg as readily as the bit, but few do so, chiefly, no doubt, because the great majority of riders, especially among the classes who usually break horses, have no notion of how to use their legs properly, their only idea of guiding their horse or turning him being to tug with more or less violence at his mouth. Many a nice young horse is ruined every year by some heavy-fisted lout clambering on to his back before his mouth has been in any way educated. The "breaker" takes a good firm grip of the reins and maintains a strong and continuous pull on the bit, varied only by a hearty job in the mouth if the young one show any signs of freshness or inclination to indulge in a bit of a kick or jump. Meanwhile he clings on desperately with his legs, utterly ignorant of the fact that he should use them quite as much as his hands in conveying his wishes and commands to his horse. The young horse is therefore held as in a vice, with a heavy and unmeaning pressure on his mouth and on both his sides, the result being the wooden-mouthed, stupid, clumsy brute one so often meets with. Months of careful, patient riding may or may not eradicate the effects of this bad beginning.

Before mounting the young horse it is best to drive him about for a few days with a saddle on his back instead of a dumb jockey, and to fasten on to it a sack half full of sand to accustom him to the weight of a man. If these precautions be taken it is very rarely indeed that the young horse will make any attempts to get rid of his rider. It is also wise not to give him too much corn at this time; he will learn his lesson much more easily if he is not "too full of

beans," as the saying goes. The work is not hard at first, and as you increase the work you should also increase the corn.

Directly he goes quite quietly with a man on his back begin teaching him to obey the leg; for these lessons you will find a barn or small paddock far better than an open field; of course there is nothing like a riding school, but that is not often obtainable. As soon as the pupil is fairly obedient to the leg, there is no better practice for him than the opening and shutting of gates, for to do this well he will have to turn to both hands on both fore and hind legs, to rein back and to passage. There is no greater criterion of a well-broken horse than that he should be perfect at gates, and nothing is more annoying than to ride a clumsy brute who is utterly

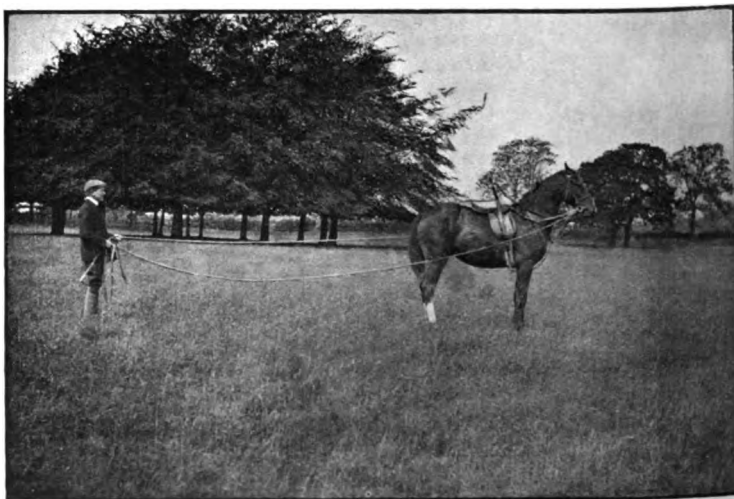


TWO-YEAR-OLD HUNTER IN BREAKING TACKLE—TURNING HIM TO THE RIGHT

regardless of your efforts to get him into the right position. It is quite impossible for a horse to be good at gates who has not been thoroughly taught to obey the leg.

You cannot begin to teach horses jumping too soon; and it is an excellent plan to pop them over small ditches and little fences when you are driving them in the long reins. A horse's jumping powers are developed very early in life. Foals a few months old have often been known to jump very big fences if they have been separated from their dams. A park I know well is subdivided by iron railings about 4 ft. high, and these have been repeatedly jumped by the foals and yearlings, but very seldom by the two or three year olds.

I am certain that the best way of teaching a horse to jump is to drive him over the fences with long reins, if you have a man who can do it properly. Some Irishmen are wonderfully clever at it; of course it is much easier to follow the horse over a bank and ditch than over a thorn fence. The way they do it is to have long light ropes instead of reins; as the horse approaches the fence the man should be within a yard or two of his tail, with the ends of the ropes trailing behind him, when the horse jumps he lets the ropes run through his hands; after he has landed he pulls him up and scrambles over the bank after him. I have seen young horses when driven by a good man jump astonishingly big places in this way; I have also seen it done with another man in front with a leading



THE RIGHT WAY

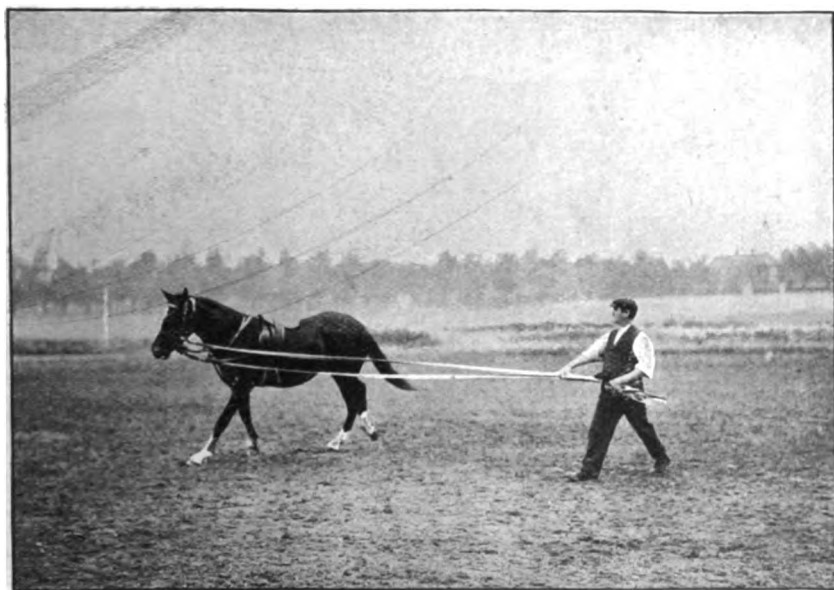
rein, but if the driver be a good man the horse will jump much better with no one in front of him, though of course there is no harm in having a boy on the landing side to hold the horse while the driver is getting over the fence.

Circular schools or straight lanes, with artificial fences, into which you turn the horse loose, are also very useful, especially with a careless horse who is inclined to go through his fences; for you can build them stiff enough to give him a fall or a bang on the shins which he will not forget.

It is very important not to overdo a young horse. Give him plenty of jumping, but do not ask him to do anything very big till he has got thorough confidence in himself. When he knows

enough to be ridden over fences, the best education in the world for him is to ride him with harriers if there are any within reach. The excitement of seeing the hounds will give him pluck and make him anxious to be with them, and there is not the same rush and bustle as with foxhounds. With harriers you can take your time and pick your places, and there is no fear of your being left very far behind.

It used to be great fun to go out with the Newbridge and Kildare Harriers, who hunt the country round the Curragh, in Ireland. Kildare is a great horse-breeding county, and the Curragh is the Newmarket of Ireland. You would find a couple of dozen



THE WRONG WAY

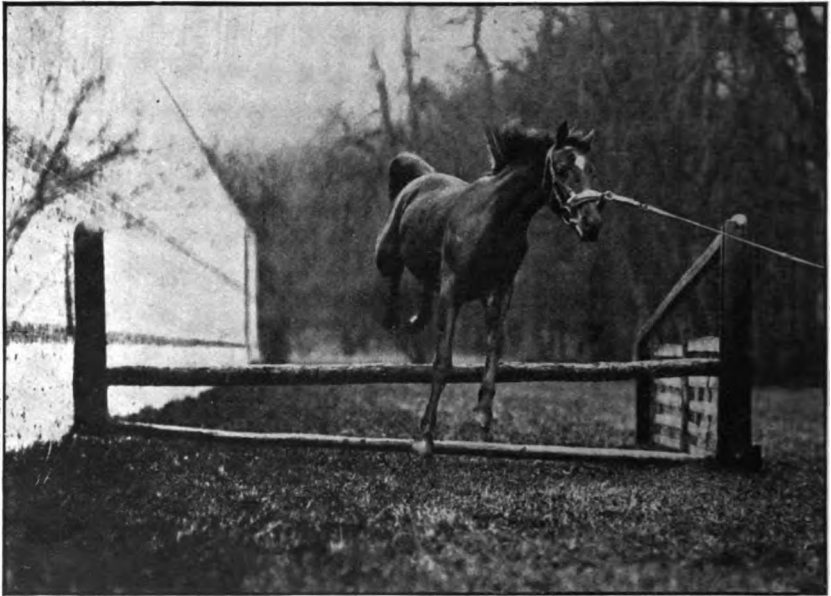
or more young 'chasers and hunters ridden by the bravest of boys, and the way they used to jump, scramble, and fall over the country was a caution. Every now and then they varied the performance by running a drag, and there was no lack of excitement then, I can assure you.

There is nothing like a bank-and-ditch country for teaching a young horse to jump, for he has to use his wits and be much more careful as to where he puts his feet than in a flying country. Anyone who last September saw the series of photographs in this magazine called "The Leps of Tipperary" will agree with me. I am quite sure I am right when I say that a horse educated

over such a country will always have a leg to spare and be most unlikely to fall unless he is too tired and blown to rise at the fence.

It requires more intelligence but less physical effort to cross a bank and ditch country than a flying one, consequently an over-fresh and excited horse is most likely to make a mistake in the former, while the tired one takes the heavy toss from sheer inability to make the effort required to get over the latter.

The end of January is, I think, the best time to begin riding the the three or four year old with hounds; all the rough grass and weeds have died down in the ditches, and the leaf is off the fences,



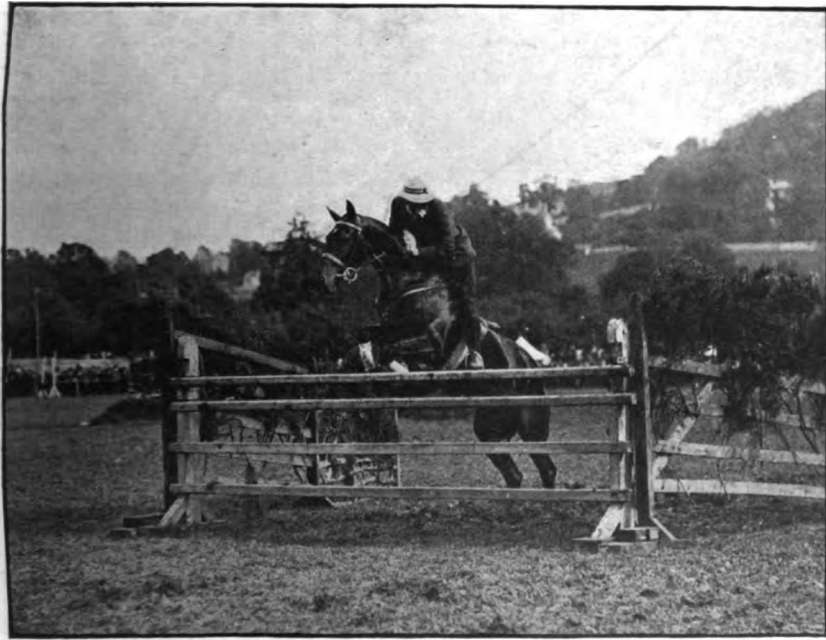
OVER THE BAR

so that he can see exactly what he has to do. Take him out often, two days a week if you can, but do not keep him out too long; about three hours with the hounds will be quite enough.

If he be bold and keen do not wait for a lead, but try to take your own place at the fence and jump it first; you will find he will go much more kindly than if he is kept messing about behind, and seeing a lot of others, some of whom are sure to do it badly, jump before him.

If he be timid and inclined to refuse, it is an excellent plan to get someone to canter up to the fence and jump *alongside* of him, or, if possible, to have one on each side; he will jump much

better than if you went behind someone else. If you follow another horse you have either got to keep so close that you somewhat interfere with your own horse's view of the fence, and also risk an accident in case the leader falls, or else you must keep so far back that the encouragement of the lead is greatly lost. When you keep alongside the old horse the young one gets a fair view of the fence, he is encouraged by the close company of the other, and will also measure his stride by the other's, so that he will take off at the right place. I need hardly say that for this work the old horse must be a good one.



RISING AT THE GATE

This is the regular recognised way of sharpening up the young 'chaser. You put him alongside a good quick jumper, with orders that they are to go steady between the fences, but come a good rattle at them, slowing down again directly they are over. Before you take your young horse out with the hounds, it is your plain duty to do your best to ensure that he will not kick them. I always let my dogs run into the horses' boxes when I go to stables, and also take them out to exercise, and I am certain that this is an excellent plan; it gets the horses used to having dogs running about their heels, and if they show any inclination to kick you can check them

at once. But whatever precautions you take beforehand you should be most careful when you first ride your young horse with hounds. Whenever possible, turn his head towards them and keep playing with his mouth and talking to him; be always on the look-out when you are in the rides of a covert, for when a hound crosses one of them he comes suddenly out of the undergrowth with a rustling noise close under the horse's heels, who is very apt to lash out at the sound without exactly knowing what causes it.

Above all things, be careful to keep well out of the way when hounds are breaking up a fox: the smell of the blood and the



PRACTISING OVER HURDLES

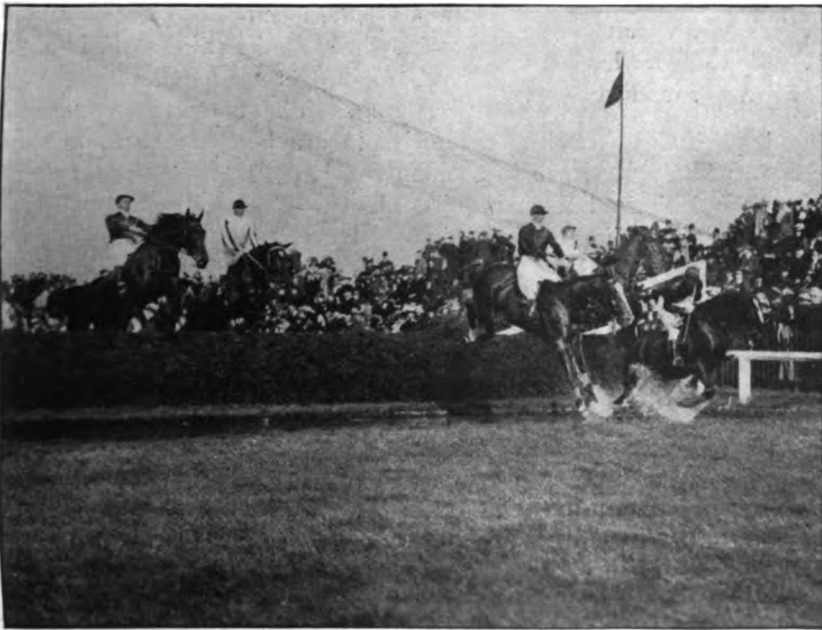
growling and quarrelling of the hounds have a most exciting effect upon horses, and even the steadiest old hunter can hardly be trusted at this time.

SCHOOLING OF YOUNG 'CHASERS.

So far the education of the young hunter and 'chaser has been identical, and it only remains for me to deal with the special schooling which the 'chaser will require before he makes his appearance upon a racecourse. If he has been thoroughly grounded in the long reins and in being ridden over natural fences he will not need

many lessons over the artificial and highly conventional obstacles which he will meet on the course. A few schools alongside of a good old horse and a few more with horses all round him will soon sharpen him up; but a school, however fast, is never quite the same thing as a race, and he will have much to learn on the course itself before he becomes a really good steeplechase jumper.

If he have a clear course and nothing interferes with him he may jump as quickly and brilliantly the first time out as ever he will; but it is when he has had two or three bumps, and cannot see the fence properly for the horses in front, some of whom may be



THE WATER JUMP AT AINTREE

jumping sideways, and when other difficulties occur, that the experience and resource of the veteran stand him in good stead.

I have seen and ridden over a great many schooling courses, and have been much struck by the difference of opinion there seems to be among trainers as to what is the best height and thickness for the fences. Some schools I have seen quite as big as the ordinary racecourse, and some not half the size.

When possible I think it is best to have two courses, one about the size of an ordinary racecourse and the other a bit smaller. I am sure it is a mistake constantly to gallop horses over very small fences, for they learn to stride over them instead of jumping; in

fact, to treat them as if they were hurdles. A few movable guard-rails are very useful; they can be put in front of different fences and at different distances from them, and so give a bit of a variety to the schooling course. If there are any other schooling courses in the neighbourhood you should certainly get permission to use them occasionally in return for lending your own, and the managers of the gate-money meetings will sometimes allow a school over their courses before the fences are made up again after a race meeting; the young horse cannot have too much variety in his education.

On one point all trainers seem to be agreed: that it is no use putting up on their private courses an imitation of the horrible trap called the regulation water-jump which is compulsory in a steeplechase. I have hardly seen one anywhere, and I think this is a sufficient proof of what an absurd and dangerous fence it is. When schooling it is always wise to put long, soft boots or cotton wool and bandages on all four legs. The boots are best, as bandages may come undone and cause an accident.

Steeplechase horses require plenty of schooling, not only to keep their jumping muscles in good trim but also their eye for judging distance, so that they may take off at the right spot. Both in hunting and 'chasing, if the horse takes off at the right place it is long odds against his falling. Something like eighty per cent. of the falls at ordinary steeplechase fences are caused by the horse getting too near them before he jumps, while practically all those at the water are from his taking off too far in front of it.

The value of plenty of practice is plainly shown by the way the old selling platers who run about once a week get round the course with scarcely ever a mistake; as a rule they jump much better than the high-class horse who perhaps runs once a month, and very likely gets no schooling between his races for fear he should hurt himself. I certainly think that a 'chaser should at least jump a few fences every week.

BITS AND BRIDLING

A word or two on bits and bridling.

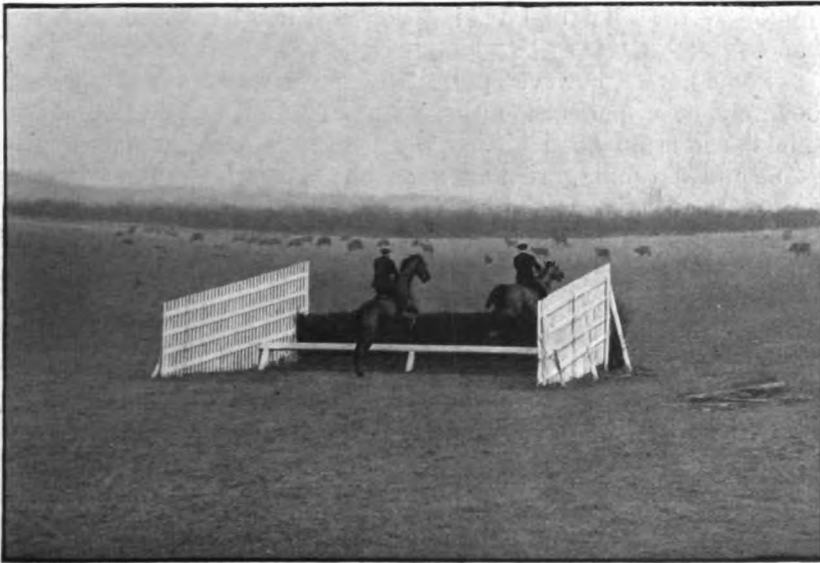
My own experience leads me to believe that if a horse will not go nicely in an ordinary double bridle, he will not go well in anything, and I have no faith in the multitude of patent and other marvellous bits which are supposed to work wonders.

I have often heard it stated when talking of a horse with an awkward mouth that his mouth is like a lock, and will work all right when the right key is found. In my opinion that key will only be found in the rider's hands, and not in the ingenuity of the designer of the bit.

I do not like a snaffle for hunting ; it is very difficult to keep a horse sufficiently collected and balanced and to turn him quickly enough, and he is much more apt to hang and bore, especially if he is getting tired, than on a double bridle.

The weight of the bit and the length of the cheek pieces depend very much on the size and weight of the horse and the strength of the rider. It is, I think, obvious that a big heavy horse requires a stronger bridle and more holding together than a light corky one, and that a light lady should ride with a more severe bit than a strong man.

While I do not believe in many different types of bits, I strongly



THE OPEN DITCH

hold that the size and weight of the bit should be carefully adjusted to the requirements of the horse and the rider. In fact I hold the same opinion on bits as many first-rate authorities do upon salmon flies, namely, that it is not to the multitude of patterns, but to the selection of the correct size, that we must look for success.

A gag snaffle in combination with an ordinary curb bit is very useful for a horse that bores, and is specially suitable for a lady.

When a martingale is necessary it should be used on the curb reins and be carefully fitted. I have frequently seen martingales so long that they would be every bit as much good if they were hanging in the harness room at home ; many people ride all their hunters in martingales, but I think this is a mistake, as they are undoubtedly apt

to get hitched up and give trouble when opening a gate. A martingale or breastplate, however, is a great help if you want to get up in a hurry, especially on a hog-maned horse.

A standing martingale fixed on the nose-band is often very useful when hacking a young horse who gets his head very high or throws it about, but I do not recommend it out hunting except in extreme cases. It is, however, of paramount importance that a horse should look where he is going, and if you cannot keep his head down without it you should certainly use a standing martingale.

I am not going into the question of what is best to do with a horse who has a heavy dead mouth, for I hope and believe that if you follow my plan of breaking you will not be cursed with such a one.

Some horses, however, pull hard from excitement and keenness; they may have perfect mouths, but go half mad when hounds are running; it is no good biting them severely, and perhaps a plain snaffle and a running rein are as good as anything; but above all their rider must have good hands and patience.

Always see that the bit is properly fitted in the horse's mouth before you get on to him; many grooms are very careless in this matter, and one often sees out hunting that some masters are no better; also take a look at the saddle and see that the girths are all right and so fitted that on one side at least they are in about the middle holes of the girth tabs. Only last season I was riding a horse for a friend, and when I wanted to tighten the girths I found that they were in the very top hole on one side and the very bottom one on the other, with only about an inch of slippery strap to get hold of.

A young horse should always be saddled a quarter of an hour at least before he is wanted, for he is very likely to buck when the weight of the rider presses the cold saddle on to his back, and it is a very nasty habit for him to get into.



THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF SPORT

VIII.—MOTORING

BY MAJOR C. G. MATSON

IT is within the common knowledge of everybody that of late years the self-propelled vehicle, both designed for pleasure and also for business purposes, has "come in with a rush." To employ the familiar expression the motor has most unquestionably "come to stay," and much more than that can be said. It is not only growing in popular favour *when properly used*; it has become an absolute necessity for a vast number of persons who can afford the luxury; but it is to the advantage of all concerned, manufacturers and users, that the evils and abuses attendant on the new machine should be sedulously and severely checked. Some written laws were enacted in a violent hurry in 1903, by a body of persons having but little real acquaintance with the whole subject, in order to regulate the new-fangled traffic. The chief enactment was that no motor car should under any conditions whatever proceed along the public road at a pace exceeding twenty miles an hour. The immediate answer of the motor-owning section of the public was either to import or have built in this country automobiles capable of running at thrice the legal limit, and so the whole question of speed is at the present time in a state of flux or chaos, the magistrates and police very properly attempting to do their duty in carrying out the law, the motorists as a body holding evidently to Bumble's opinion that the "Lor is a Hass," and more or less openly defying it, with results daily becoming worse for themselves from a pecuniary standpoint, old offenders being at times mulct of £20, threatened with gaol, and having their licences withdrawn.

The unfortunate part of the whole movement seems to be, to use just plain English, that a considerable number of the ultra-vulgar-rich own motor cars. These individuals simply *have* no manners either in automobiles or in any other situation where they may unfortunately find themselves exposed to the public gaze. They are just on a par really with hooligan beanfeasters who drive round the country, which they make hideous with their evil behaviour. This caste of automobilists buy the "40-horse this" or the "60-horse that," or the "90-horse the other," and they care no more for the disgust, rage, imprecations, and threats of the rest of the community so seriously incommoded by their abominable violence than if they moved in another planet. The owners of nearly all these monstrosities are well known, at any rate in the localities which have the misfortune to harbour them. In some cases they are magistrates themselves, M.P.'s or other "big pots," and really appear to be outside the reach of the law; but let us hope not for long, as the Motor Car Act, 1903, shortly comes up for revision.

The man who owns a vehicle capable of going as fast as a railway train will more than probably be tempted at times to drive it at its full speed, or if not his *chauffeur* will, to the general discomfort of the public.¹ Why go "scorching" along the roads? To say nothing of the danger, the blinding clouds of dust raised are in proportion to the speed attained, and a car running at forty miles an hour on a calm day will leave a trail of dust quite a mile long in its wake to ruin the clothes, property, and temper of everyone within reach. Why be such a selfish wretch? Go slow. Proceed at half the speed, except in absolutely deserted country. At fifteen miles an hour but little dust is raised, and in passing pedestrians, horse traffic, and cyclists, any decently-minded driver should slow down so as to inconvenience them as little as possible. It is difficult to get these notions into the head of the professional driver. His idea of horsepower is to use it at all hazards, to "show off" generally as much as possible; and, although there are large numbers of excellent and careful British drivers, there are numerous rank offenders amongst the ruck of undesirable aliens who steer many of the freak cars one sees on the roads, imagining that, because they can go at any speed along the *Routes Nationales* of the Fatherland, such a pace is permissible on the curly roads of Old England.

One cannot get away from the fact that the public road is for the public. It is the king's highway, and the motorist has just the

¹ Certainly this is not always the case. Some of the owners of the most powerful and speedy cars are the most scrupulous in fulfilling every possible requirement and in showing the utmost consideration to all users of the road.—E.D.

same rights and privileges there as has the tramp, neither more nor less. The sad reason for all this folly is that the motor car is even at this time of day being exploited as a speed machine instead of being merely employed, as it is bound to be in the end, as a common-sense vehicle, for getting about in quickly and cheaply. Precisely the same foolishness occurred with the bicycle in the early days. "Speed men" were then paid by tyre makers to see how fast they could travel on machines so fitted. Nowadays the bicycle speed expert is extinct as such, but nothing would surprise me less than to hear that he was driving a motor car to the common danger, in order to teach a gaping public how fast it can travel.

In musing over these and other cognate matters I often put to myself the searching question, "Are we motorists as a body slowly becoming bereft of the Englishman's most cherished possession—common sense?" Is it to be imagined for a moment that the long-suffering public will for *ever* tamely submit to the idea that the roads of this country are *mainly* intended for motor tracks whereon any person owning enough cash to purchase and impudence to "operate" a modern high-powered automobile may be let loose to disregard everything save his own pleasure? Chief amongst the "unwritten laws of motoring" stands out the maxim that one is free to enjoy this or any other form of pleasure only on the understanding, as the lawyers say, that no one else is "damnified." Dust is after all the greatest nuisance, and as a logical sequence one should annoy no one with one's dust, and this has a very large application indeed. It is no excuse for the motorist to say "the dust is there, I cannot help stirring it up." He *must* help it, if it is an injury to others. If he be raising much dust he must, either on overtaking or meeting any other traffic or going through populous places, slow up. I have frequently seen drivers of cars, to all outward appearance most respectable and even amiable citizens, perfectly lost to all sense of decency while in charge of self-propelled vehicles. They will drive past a carriage full of ladies, going perhaps to a garden party, and leave them half asphyxiated with billowy clouds of dust in the twinkling of an eye, or shoot by sedate cyclists whom they will completely plaster with mud on a wet day, without even a "by your leave"; whereas the same individuals in every other social environment will be most polite and indeed perhaps even courtly personalities, men who would immediately give up a seat in a tram to a tired factory girl or lead a blind beggar over a crossing, but who when in a motor car "play such tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep"; they simply violate the unwritten law, not only of motoring but also of society at large, "Do as you would be done by." Supposing, for instance, that all "carriage folk" went out nowadays, in order to

"get some of their own back," with a bushel basket of dust on the driver's seat in charge of the footman, who had stringent injunctions to throw a spadeful of it over every motor car that came along! This would probably make things about square between the horsed and the horseless carriage, but would perhaps introduce complications into the normal amenities of the road. I, for one, can discern but little difference between my car smothering Sir Thomas and his party with offensive dust as I pass him, and the action of Sir Thomas's menial in deftly emptying three pecks of road grit into my tonneau as I go by. I commend this idea to the Highway Protection League.

Chief among the unwritten laws is to remember that *you* know what you are going to do and can invariably perform in traffic, but that *no one else does*. The "personal equation" of the horse and his vagaries is removed, and you can and do steer and stop your car to an inch; but you must not overlook the fact that nearly everyone else views you with suspicion, opines that you are no better than you should be, and only wishes you to get on, out of sight and out of scent, with the greatest possible expedition. Horses no longer mind motor cars; one may drive for months without causing one to turn a hair; the trouble is with old women and retired colonels, who appear to view the automobile as an invention of the evil one. Children are a constant terror, and bicyclists still come swooping round corners to one's horror and amazement; and for all these one must be in the constant and most acute state of expectancy, never letting for a moment one's attention be diverted by any extraneous matters whatsoever.

I have been driving now for over five years, and at present own an up-to-date and rather "nippy" car of 10-14 horse-power; so far (*absit omen*) I have never even been warned by the police or complained about, as far I know, by any human being. This may be simple luck, and possibly I may get "pinched" to-morrow; but if I know nothing else, I flatter myself that I can get about in a motor car without being execrated by everyone I pass in my journeyings, now extending into very many thousands of miles.

There are, of course, the usual "courtesies of the road." Meeting another car, the driver of which waves his hand before his face, jerks his thumb over his shoulder, and then holds up three fingers, you are aware that three miles behind him, and in front of you, is a police trap; so dropping into your middle gear, lighting a cigarette and assuming a bland and innocent expression of countenance, you proceed gaily, if slowly, not as one going to his doom; and it is, of course, the bounden duty of every driver having safely emerged from the trap to inform every other

motorist he meets of the existence of the "abominable thing." The public themselves seem to dislike these traps, by the way, and I have many times been warned of their existence by working men and villagers whom one would have thought likely to enjoy the spectacle of the local constables arresting the progress of "My Lord No Zoo."

Noise is a very fine thing in its way, but one of the unwritten laws should be that of this enough is as good as a feast. Some cars are unfortunately born noisy, and rattle over the uneven cobble stones of certain of our country towns with an absolutely nerve-shattering *obbligato* effect; but I allude more especially to hooting. One long blast on a low-toned horn is as good as a dozen. Every one hears it and arranges accordingly; but I have known a man sound his horn six times at one corner.

I regret to notice the appearance of a new terror in the shape of a sort of railway whistle operated by the exhaust gases, which is already adopted by certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort." Such outrageous noises would, I take it, only be tolerated in our own dear country, where—in the streets, at any rate—everyone is allowed to shout and sing, whistle and hoot, until he gets tired. I often wonder what has become of that truly beneficent corporation, "The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises." If it is still going, might I commend to it the "motor exhaust whistle"?

The Act of 1903 set motorists free—free, that is to say, for a time, for it very shortly comes up for revision; and at the present moment it is undoubtedly true that the country as a whole, most motorists included, is absolutely disgusted with the Road Hog, who is the misbegotten offspring of the Gordon Bennett race and of the press, which for years has waxed enthusiastic over this incredible piece of folly.

Another of the unwritten laws is that at elections one's motor-car is to be at the disposal of one of the candidates as a matter of course. Well, all I can say is that no prospective legislator sees me burn any petrol on his behalf unless he is sound on the Motor Question, and with me "soundness" means "the high road for everybody and not only for Herr von Hoggenheimer and his congeners." I think it is a mistake to have any speed limit. Because it is lawful *sometimes* to drive at twenty miles an hour it has almost become an unwritten law to drive at that rate (or a little over it) whenever possible. It is not a question of "miles per hour," but of what is right and proper under the circumstances that should guide the motorist. Two miles an hour is often too fast to travel, and one may at times go thirty without danger or inconvenience to any single person. However, if motorists, or even an inconsiderable

proportion of them, think that they are going to defy the unwritten laws of good manners which should obtain when driving a car almost more than in any other connection, all I can remark is that the next piece of motor legislation will be a written law of a more drastic type than they now imagine, and in the present state of public opinion even motoring M.P.'s will have to put their own ideas on one side and listen to what their constituents have to say on the question of suppressing the objectionable person who tears from Land's End to John o' Groats at some outrageous speed, and then boasts about it in the press. Without, I hope, being considered pharisaical, one must remember, after all, that there is a class of motor users who care nothing for speed *per se*, who would not cross the road to see so-called "Motor Races" along the front at Brighton or elsewhere, who care not one brass farthing whether such-and-such a car can go at the rate of 102 miles per hour or only at 98½, and who, as a matter of fact, view all these puerile proceedings with simple and unaffected disgust.

Years ago I was permitted to enter a plea in the columns of this magazine for the "modest man," but he seems to me to be now even more scurvily entreated than ever. Few makers seem to want him or his £300, and although he well might form the backbone of "The Industry," on account of his numbers, he is as yet as nothing in the presence of the high-powered "scorcher," who every day gets more objectionably prominent; and it may be as well that someone should bluntly remark that the absolute giving over of our roads to any section of the community was not only never contemplated by the legislature, but unless there is a good deal more "give and take" displayed than there is at present the same legislature will be forced by public opinion to put some sort of check on what has unfortunately developed into the position of a scandal.

The unwritten law of "consideration for others" would remedy the matter at once. I met a man the other day who complacently observed "that with the extra powerful acetylene lamps which he had, he was enabled to travel forty miles an hour at night!" What can one do with a person like this?

Passing, then, from the question of speed, which is another word for danger and dust combined (the more it is indulged in), there arises the question of evil odours, which are to a certain extent inseparable from every automobile. It should be an unwritten law not to make more smell than is absolutely necessary; and this is arrived at by burning the best motor spirit, by seeing that the proportions of air and gas are correctly adjusted, and chiefly by taking care that the engine is not being over lubricated, with the result that everyone in the neighbourhood is annoyed by clouds of evil-smelling

blue smoke proceeding from the exhaust. This is, moreover, an offence against the written law, and one or two drivers have of late been successfully proceeded against on account of it.

As an example of how not to observe the unwritten laws, take the case of motor cars in Hyde Park, the one place in all England given over at certain hours of the day in the season to horse-drawn carriages containing all the rank, and fashion, and beauty of the metropolis. "To them," as they say in theatrical parlance, enters the motor car, throwing up clouds of dust, shooting in and out amongst high-spirited horses, emitting disagreeable perfumes. What wonder that its entry was promptly "barred"? The electric brougham and one or two types of petrol "landaulettes" might conceivably take the air in the Park, but in this case the innocent had to suffer with the guilty. One is lost in wonder at the lack of sense of proportion which induces any sane person to take a 40 h.p. automobile into the midst of a great crowd of horses on a fine summer's afternoon, unless he (like the Fat Boy) wishes to "make their flesh creep."

In the early days, before motor cars had attained the perfection that they have now, it was sufficient for one car to stop by the roadside to cause all others passing along to pull up to offer assistance; but nowadays one seldom comes across a regular "breakdown." A driver may have a tyre punctured; well—he must "dree his ain weird," and change his inner tube without expecting much help or even sympathy from anyone else. It is Fate. No one is free from such mishaps; the perfect tyre is still to come, and seems nearly as far off as ever; all one may observe as one slides by the gentleman *en panne* is, "Alas, poor Yorick!" and heave a pious sigh that such a fate may not be one's own for some time to come. *More* than this one dare not hope.

Electric troubles in connection with the ignition are often the cause of involuntary stoppages, especially for novices, and here one can often be of some little use in effecting an adjustment, or even by going so far as to proffer the loan of an accumulator.

Some time ago I met an automobile with an interior economy most seriously deranged, so after a certain amount of "havering" over the mischief with the disconsolate owner, I departed in search of a rope with which I presently returned and towed the invalid car five miles to the nearest town. I was only too pleased to be of any service, but the one I succoured evidently thought that there must be some unwritten law in these contingencies, and while I was away from my car for a short time refreshing with him the inner man, it appeared that his chauffeur had been instructed to act the part of a beneficent Santa Claus, for some time after I had

left I found that my petrol tank had been surreptitiously filled up to the brim and all the pockets of my driving coat stuffed with most excellent cigars. On the other hand, when endeavouring to assist a lady who was apparently in difficulties with a defective plug, I was the recipient of the somewhat curt information that she "was perfectly capable of managing her own car," on receipt of which news I clambered abruptly into my own driving seat and departed "with never a glance behind."

Nowadays, when I see people tinkering at the machinery of a motor car by the roadside, I naturally conclude that they are enjoying themselves and need no stimulus from me; but if they stand around, doing nothing in particular, and turn an appealing upward glance as one comes along, then, and only then, I get out and see if I can be of any use. This I find to be the best plan. "Once bit, twice shy," is an unwritten law with me.

Another of the unwritten laws, which may interest prospective sellers of cars who perhaps wish to dispose of a vehicle a little out of date for something more modern, is that the driver, if you keep one, expects "something out of it" for himself. He keeps it in a state of "spick and span" polish, "puts it about" with all the other chauffeurs with whom he foregathers, who all unite in describing it to anyone whom they know to be in search of a car as a vehicle of most transcendent merits, with the result that one day someone "casts up" and relieves you of the vehicle at a fair price and without much trouble to yourself. You may on the one hand acquire a patched-up, worn-out freak, worth really nothing, or be offered a sum for your really useful and even elegant carriage that will almost make your heart stop beating for a time.

Motoring, to use a commonplace, is in its infancy. There are many conflicting interests pulling in all sorts of ways in connection with it, and the general lines of its progress will be naturally along those of the least resistance. It seems that just at present it behoves such of us who "run" motor cars to be both wary and discreet to the utmost degree in the management of them, in order that in the end their general utility may be made manifest to the numerous class now so greatly prejudiced against them. So shall the industry thrive.



STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

VII.—FLETCHER'S MAD HAGGARD

▲ TRUE AND WEIRD TALE OF MODERN FALCONRY

BY MAJOR CHARLTON ANNE

"It's no good, gentlemen, we must give it up! Feed all the birds, Jim, we shan't fly to-day. The only thing that we can do is to go and eat our luncheon."

There was no possibility of our seeing any falconry that afternoon. The wind, which when we had started on our fifteen-mile ride over the fells that morning was but a bracing breeze, had gradually increased in force as we progressed, and had by the time we reached Blenshope Castle developed into a regular gale accompanied by a blinding rain. There was no question of it; it was the autumn equinox that had begun, and with a vengeance. It was a cruel and unlooked-for disappointment. We had given up a whole day's shooting on the moor we had rented that year, and a large party of us had come over on the invitation of the owner of Blenshope to see what to most of us was indeed a novelty—an afternoon's grouse hawking.

Colonel A. cordially welcomed us on our arrival; but, alas! with a dubious shake of his head. With a tap on the barometer he remarked:

"You don't know the falconer's old couplet,

"If the wind be high,

Do not fly,

or I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you all here to-day. Falconry is, *par excellence*, a fine-weather sport, and if I were

to put up one of my birds on the wing in such a hurricane as this I should stand a very poor chance of ever seeing it again, and indeed should richly deserve to lose it. But come along, I see we've an hour yet before lunch; the unexpected may happen before two o'clock even now! We'll go to the mews and have a look at the birds, and we'll hear what my gamekeeper has to say about the weather, although I always find the local weather prophet most unwilling to commit himself. When he does do so he is, as a rule, entirely wrong."

We had smoked many cigarettes and had admired the half-dozen peregrines sitting in a row on the screen in the mews, looking smart and alert in spite of the hoods they all wore. We had noticed the beauty and perfection of their plumage—had been told of the mysteries of the imping and sewing-in of feathers; had discoursed with our host and his falconer, James Hare, on the difference between eyesses and passage hawks, red hawks, and haggards—had learnt something about bewits, jesses, "waiting on" and "raking out," and had heard many other technical terms which the modern exponents of that delightful old-time sport of our fore-elders still make use of, when the luncheon gong sounded in the castle, and Colonel A.'s orders to his falconer put a death-blow to our hopes for the day.

We departed to derive such consolation as could be obtained from a good lunch, in which some of the grouse previously killed by the hawks of course found a place in the *menu*. We soon determined to make the best of it. Champagne and conversation flowed, and by the time that coffee and cigarettes made their appearance we had almost forgotten our disappointment.

Colonel A. was an excellent host, and also, we soon found out, an admirable *raconteur*. The conversation, from shooting, hunting, and sports of all kind, presently turned to the subject of Blenshope Castle itself—its antiquity, and the legend of the ghost of a certain white lady which was still reputed to walk on the battlements. One of us, who belonged to the Psychical Research Society, and who therefore took the greatest interest in anything to do with the supernatural, plied Colonel A. with questions as to whether he had, during his residence at Blenshope, ever come across its ghostly inhabitant.

"No, I can honestly confess I never have," replied the Colonel. "At the same time, that such things may be I am quite willing to admit. Nay, I will go further. I believe as firmly as I am sure that I am sitting here now that I once saw a ghost myself. But it was a long way from here, where

nothing of the sort has ever occurred to my knowledge sufficient to upset the nerves of a neurotic patient."

"Tell us all about it," "Where was it?" "Never believed in anything of that sort in my life!" was echoed about the table; and very soon, with very little pressing, Colonel A. began:

"It was in the early seventies—in fact, the first year that I came up here after having taken this place on a long lease—and uncommonly lucky I looked upon myself, when everything was signed and settled, in having got hold of a nice house in the very centre of the best bit of moor in the North of England for my purpose. Nothing could be better from a falconer's point of view. It lies away sufficiently from any other big shootings, and I can pursue my favourite sport without fear of having any disagreeables with the votaries of the gun, who are apt, in this twentieth century, to look upon a falconer as a nuisance, and somewhat of a pariah amongst the other sportsmen. You see these two thousand acres or so, besides being exceptionally well heathered, are to all intents and purposes practically flat—a great advantage in grouse-hawking; and then, the castle being exactly in the middle of the moor, I can slip out and be on my ground in a moment—a great pull in such an uncertain climate. Well, I spared no pains in getting together a likely lot of hawks for my first season—eyesses most of them; that is, birds from the nest, and these were from the best nests, for I may tell you that some eyries have the reputation of always providing good birds, whilst there are others whose young I would not have at a gift. Old Jack Martin was my falconer in those days, with my present one, then a mere lad, as his underling. I hurried up to take possession as soon as everything was settled, as time was getting on and we had a lot of work to get through before our young birds could be trained and fit for the Twelfth. Everything went smoothly for the first few days, when a nasty accident happened which at first looked like spoiling our whole season. Jack Martin, in climbing over a loose stone wall one morning, slipped, and in his fall brought half a hundredweight of stones on the top of him, with the result that one of his legs was badly fractured, and I had to send him to the Newcastle Infirmary, where the poor fellow lay for a couple of months. I was thus left, almost at the beginning of the season, with a mews full of likely hawks, which required far more personal attention at that critical moment than I could possibly give them myself, a moor well stocked with grouse, and no falconer—for Jim knew nothing in those days.

"There were very few professional falconers then, nor for the matter of that are there many more now, and I wrote in vain to all my friends who, like myself, 'followed the bells,' asking them if they

knew of any good man that would be likely to suit. I might have saved my notepaper and stamps—I could hear of no one—and I was in despair until one day I received an envelope bearing on its flap a gaudy crest with the words 'Magnolia Club' in huge gilt letters underneath! I had heard of the Magnolia as being one of those cheap, fifth-rate, flash West-end clubs situated in some by-street off Regent Circus, and frequented chiefly by small professional men, young artists, and budding authors and actors. On opening the letter I found that it was from one Tom Fletcher—I suppose none of you ever met him, poor fellow, in his palmy days, when he was by way of being somewhat of a celebrity on account of his strange magnetism and dealings in the occult, and anything in fact to do with the supernatural? He had picked it all up in India, where he had spent his youth, his father having been the European manager, or something of the sort, to a native Rajah. In fact, I always thought that there was something more than just a touch of the tar-brush in Fletcher himself, and that he had a large half of a Hindoo in him. I had heard vague rumours of there being some dark mystery about his birth, and that his mother had been a Ranee or Indian Princess; anyway, the man, both in appearance and manner, was a born gentleman to the tips of his finger nails. It was at the Rajah's Court, too, that he had gotten his wonderful knowledge of falconry, at which he was an expert and an authority, and I am sure that I am right in saying that he had forgotten more about the art of training hawks than any of us ever knew.

"But he was an unsatisfactory customer in many ways. He was thriftless and happy-go-lucky, and a regular devil-may-care Bohemian at the best, always out at elbows, and he hardly ever had a penny in his pocket. He was also the oddest fellow in the world—used to make sudden disappearances, and go off on the tramp, living as best he could. He had grown to be too fond of this, too"—tapping the whisky decanter—"and occasionally had terrible bouts.

"His letter was short and to the point. He had been very ill but was now convalescent, and his doctor had said all he wanted was a bracing air to set him right again—that he had heard casually from Lord L. of my dilemma, and that, provided I would send him the wherewithal for his travelling expenses, he would be only too happy to come down and do *locum tenens* for Jack Martin and help me in every way that he possibly could with my birds. Here was a chance indeed. I had already met Fletcher once or twice and had rather liked him. A better falconer I knew did not exist. I recollected his failing, but as Blenshope is so out of the way (quite ten miles from the nearest public-house) and I always keep the key of my own cellar, I felt pretty easy on that score. He

had been ill, and had most likely had a lesson and would keep straight in future, or anyhow for some time. I wrote to him by return, enclosing a fiver, and asking him to come down as soon as he possibly could. He arrived here on the morrow of his getting my letter, and set to work at once with a will. I was delighted with him, found him a capital sort, and we speedily became great friends. We soon had my young hawks fit, on the wing, and well entered. The weather was propitious, grouse plentiful, and we enjoyed excellent sport throughout that month of August.

"And now I must hark back a bit, and tell you that a few days before Tom Fletcher's arrival a wild peregrine falcon, which had previously been doing much mischief, had been trapped, luckily unhurt, on the estate of a friend of mine in Scotland. He, knowing something about falconry and thinking to do me a good turn, had at once sent it to me carefully packed in a poultry basket. It thus arrived in good condition and without a feather broken. The bird proved to be a young haggard; that is, a falcon over its first moult—the most valuable kind of hawk, providing that the falconer has the time to spare and sufficient patience to train it. This one was the most magnificent specimen that I ever clapped eyes on, with a small, well-bred head. She had the bloom of a ripe peach upon her plumage; her chest was flat; her shoulders broad, while her wings crossed with a rare rake behind her. In the mews amongst my eyesses she was like a Derby winner amidst a crowd of Argentine South African remounts!

"But we soon discovered that my friend had indeed caught a Tartar in this bird—we could make nothing of her! At the mere sound of one's footsteps she would fall backwards, almost tumbling from the pole, hissing like a cobra! She bit, she struck with her feet, she fought with her jesses and battered her bells to pieces. She refused to eat anything beyond making a few ravenous snatches in the dark at her food. The men called her the 'mad haggard,' and well she deserved her name, for a bigger devil I never wish to tackle. I soon gave up all hopes of trying to reclaim her, and had made up my mind to have her knocked on the head, when Fletcher came upon the scene. He begged of me to spare her yet awhile, and allow him to try and see what he could do with her. I made him a present of her there and then. And henceforth she became 'Fletcher's mad haggard.'

"Straightaway he carried her out of the mews up to his bedroom. I did not see her again for some days, and in fact had almost forgotten all about her—being so much engrossed with my own sport—when one night over our pipes Fletcher astonished me by calmly announcing that to the best of his belief the 'mad haggard' was thoroughly

'made,' and that he intended, there being no objection on my part, to fly her at a grouse the following day. I roared with laughter at the bare idea of any haggard, and least of all such a one as this she-devil, being put on the wing without at least a couple of months' preparation. Any man would be mad to think of such a thing, and I made that remark to Fletcher. His reply was to leave the room. I heard him go up the stairs, and presently he returned. Sitting unhooded, quietly and serenely on his fist, was the 'mad haggard'! Fletcher sat down again. The hawk looked inquiringly around her, as they all are wont to do when coming into a strange room and strange company. Otherwise she might have been carved out of a stone, and she never so much as flapped a wing or jingled a bell.

"I felt utterly amazed at this most extraordinary metamorphosis. 'There is something uncanny about this, Fletcher,' I exclaimed, as soon as I had sufficiently recovered from my astonishment. 'How on earth did you manage to reclaim what I considered to be quite untamable—in so short a time, too? Tell me the secret of your success.'

"'My secret,' replied Fletcher, 'belongs to Khooroo Khan (the Rajah's old falconer), and is not mine to give away. But I can tell you this much—that I have sat up for nights with the bird without either of us getting a wink of sleep; and—by Jove!—it has taken it out of me, I can tell you. I took her out at daylight this morning and flew her to the lure. She is all right now, and I am sure will give a good account of herself to-morrow. We shall both have a good night's rest to-night, I can promise!' And helping himself to a stiff whisky and soda Fletcher departed, bearing the hawk on one hand, and his old enemy the glass in the other.

"I sat up late that night over my pipe, thinking about Fletcher, of whose marvellous power over dumb creatures I had so often heard, and of which I had just seen such an example. I ran over in my head the many yarns he had told me of himself, which I had certainly received *cum grano*—of serpents charmed, wild boars arrested in the act of charging home, and man-eating tigers turning tail by the power of his will. Then I wondered at so delicate and frail a creature as he possessing all that occult force, and I also got to thinking of how his hand shook when he poured out that whisky and soda, and that I must not leave so much of it about in future. The man, who since his arrival had been most abstemious, had evidently found the work of hawking on the moor all the afternoon, and sitting up all night with the 'mad haggard,' too much for him, and had had recourse to stimulants again. I sighed as I thought of the wasted career, lit my candle, turned out the lamp, and went to bed; but I heard Fletcher, for long after I had retired, restlessly

walking up and down his room and talking to himself or his falcon in Hindustani, till at last I fell asleep.

"Next day we flew the 'mad haggard,' and I will not weary you with a description of what followed on that first and on every subsequent occasion that we put her on the wing. Suffice it to say that I have never seen her equal on this moor or on any other, and never do I expect to see such another. With a few rapid beats of her powerful wings she would gain her pitch amongst the clouds, looking no bigger than a swallow once up there; backwards and forwards she would rattle over our heads, and then woe betide any game that we put up, no matter at what distance they rose or at what speed they went. There was a rush of wings. Like a bolt shot from the blue the 'mad haggard' fell from the sky, and amidst a whirl of small feathers another grouse lay stone dead amongst the heather. Every day it was the same thing, and she never seemed to tire, killing half-a-dozen head herself in an afternoon. She never failed us, and I am afraid that we sadly neglected the other hawks for her.

"She had only one fault, and that was—after a kill—she would never suffer any person but Fletcher to approach and take her up. As a rule, when once a falcon is trained and has overcome its fear of man, one man is much the same as another to her; but it was not so with the 'mad haggard.'

"Three weeks of splendid sport with this unique bird, the finest falconry one could possibly see, did we enjoy, when one morning on coming downstairs I found a note lying on the breakfast table. It was from Fletcher, dated on the previous night, saying that he had been feeling very slack for some time past, and that it was only out of gratitude to me for my kindness and hospitality that he had continued working against the collar for so long; that he had not had a real night's rest for a month; that he felt most restless and depressed, more so than I could possibly believe; and that he thought the only way to work off the fit was to go on the tramp at once and walk it off, as he had so often done before. He asked if I would send his portmanteau to an address given in London, and, thanking me a thousand times for his very pleasant visit, he wound up by saying, 'Keep the "mad haggard" until I come back and take her from you myself.'

"On inquiring, I found that Fletcher's bed had not been slept in, and that he had evidently left the house directly after writing the letter. I was very much shocked and grieved, but not surprised, at this abrupt departure. For some time past his behaviour had been, to say the least of it, erratic. He had been alternately lively and gay, sullen and morose, changing from one mood to another with startling rapidity. There was no doubt that he had by some means or

other got hold of a private supply of drink, and the day before he left I remember well, when walking on the moor behind him, that the air smelt as if the heather had been literally watered with whisky.

"I sent off his portmanteau, also forwarding him a letter in which I enclosed, and begged of him to accept, a small cheque in recognition of the services he had rendered me. I also promised to take every care of the 'mad haggard' until we met again.

* * * * *

"I spent the following winter abroad, returning to England in February, when I took my falcons to Tynshed, a secluded little hamlet on the outskirts of Salisbury Plain, where it was my custom invariably to betake myself and my hawks every spring for rook-hawking.

"Of course the 'mad haggard' came along with the rest of the birds, and we took her out with us on the very first day, together with Minerva and Guinevere, two red falcons of that year. I was, of course, mounted on my old cob Punch. We had followed the bells together for many seasons. Jack Martin was on foot, and Jim followed with the hawks in a covered pony cart—a very necessary precaution on the plain against the bitter north-easterly winds. We had had three or four very successful flights with the young hawks, and as the short February afternoon was already beginning to show signs of waning, I determined to fly the 'mad haggard' and then return home. We had by this time worked our way a very fair distance from Tynshed, and were well out upon the wild, open downs, in as bleak a bit of country as the plain could produce. The wind had grown perceptibly colder, and now and then brought stray flakes of snow with it. I felt chilled to the marrow and anxious for a gallop. A 'budget' of rooks were feeding, unconscious of any danger, some hundred yards up wind over the low rolling downs. I rode slowly towards them, my falconer on foot, crouching behind my cob's shoulder, ready to slip the 'mad haggard' the instant the crows stirred. At length the crucial moment arrived, and with a hoarse caw or two the whole rose *en masse*. In a second the 'mad haggard' was tearing into the teeth of the gale and in pursuit, climbing up and up into the wind so as to gain her pitch over her quarry. These soon dispersed in all directions amidst a chorus of indignant caws. She at once singled out a sable victim from amongst the many, and swinging round went away in full chase. She rapidly gained upon it; and, although missing her first stoup through the rook making a sudden shift, she quickly threw up into the wind, and getting higher than ever, with one headlong downward rush she

hurled the doomed creature to the ground. I had followed the flight at full gallop, and both the birds were now close to me. I waited, fully expecting to see the 'mad haggard' descend upon and begin to plume her prey, as invariably was the case after a kill. Imagine my astonishment on seeing her instead mount higher and higher, as if disdaining to come down upon her lowly quarry. Up, up, and up she went, and finally, when she had become almost a speck in the grey sky above, she turned, and tore away up wind as hard as she could go! In vain did we swing our lures and show our live pigeons; she would have none of them, but had evidently sighted something better further afield. There was nothing for it but to follow as fast as my cob could lay legs to the ground, and so keep the truant in sight until she tired and treed, or, what was more probable, killed what she was after. So away we rattled as hard as we could go, I keeping my eye steadily on the now distant hawk, and my old cob going at his best pace. Thus we must have covered some miles, the 'mad haggard' never once pausing in its wild career nor swerving from her bee-line course.

"Suddenly my mount stumbled, but recovered himself cleverly, only, however, after a faltering step or two, to pull up dead lame. I dismounted at once, and found that he had contrived by some means or other to strain a back sinew. He was, of course, done for that day, at all events. Being well trained to his work, I had only to throw the reins over his head, knowing that the patient animal would remain on that spot until either I returned or else Jack Martin came up. There was nothing for it now but to continue the chase on foot. I was a good sprinter in those days, and thought nothing of running a mile or so. I had, of course, now lost sight of the haggard, but I knew that when last I saw her she was going straight up wind, and in the direction of a small clump of trees which stood out about a mile ahead in bold relief upon the lonely plain. There was every chance, as I knew from experience, that the hawk would light on one of these to roost, especially now that daylight was fading fast and the shades of night rapidly closing o'er the dreary waste. And so I put my best foot forward and ran and ran on. By this time I had reached a part of the plain to which I was an entire stranger; but as I trotted along I came upon a cart track going in my direction, which gradually improved as I proceeded into a road of a better class, with ragged unkempt hedges on either side. I presently became aware that I was not alone, but that there was the figure of a man in front of me, going at a good pace, too, in the same direction as myself, and keeping steadily about thirty yards ahead of me. Seeing him, I put on a spurt, and diminished the distance that divided us by a half. I called out as

loud as I could so as to attract his attention, thinking it most probable that by the sound of her bells he could not have failed to have noticed the 'mad haggard' when she passed over his head.

"To my intense surprise the man neither turned his head nor took the slightest notice of me. Was he deaf? I was now only about ten yards behind him, and yelled again: 'I say, sir, have you seen one of my birds—a trained hawk, with bells on it—fly past here just now?'

"He paid no attention, but continued on his way just ahead of me. Had my words failed to reach him? Was he stone deaf, or only stupid? You may not know it, but there are few things so irritating to a falconer's nerves as losing a good hawk, so you may guess that I was not in the best of humours when I first caught sight of my friend, and his imperturbability and insolent behaviour had now thoroughly roused my dander. I ran my hardest, shouting, and I am afraid vituperating loudly, but for all my running I was unable to come up to the figure in front. It did not dawn upon me then as strange that, in spite of all my efforts to catch up with him, the man still maintained his lead, apparently without any exertion on his part. So we continued along the road, I calling out, 'Can't you hear, you dunderhead? Hi, there! Hi! Surely a civil question deserves a civil answer?' One side of the road was now bordered by a wall built of white stone and of a goodly height, such as usually surrounds the kitchen gardens of country houses; on the other side the hedge had gone, and there stretched only a lone, wild expanse of common, thickly patched with furze, and dotted here and there with a few sheep. We both went down the side of the wall at a great pace, and as we went I was pleased to find that I was at last gaining upon the figure, which somehow or other now struck me as strangely familiar. By heavens!—yes, it *was* Fletcher!

"It *was* Fletcher! But Fletcher deaf and dumb! What could be the meaning of it all? As I followed him at my best pace I was able to notice that he wore the same old clothes that he had habitually done when out hawking with me, only they looked much older and shabbier, and there was a damp, stained look about them. But what was he doing there at this time of day? Perhaps he had sighted the 'mad haggard' and was after her, too. Anyway, I determined to come up with him, and, though feeling pretty well at the end of my tether, I made a final effort, and really thought I had caught him up. I was actually reaching out my hands to grab him by the coat when what I grasped at vanished into thin air, and I saw he had turned a sharp corner!

"Like a knife I was round it too; but Fletcher was not there—only the path running along by the newly-made road and wall to the right, and to the left wide, open, flat country.

"I stopped dead, half paralysed, and a cold shiver ran down my back. What had become of Fletcher? Why, of course, he had leaped the wall to the right. My mind was instantly made up. I crossed the road, and, taking a quick run, I landed on the top; but, alas! I had miscalculated my pace or the height, for when I got there I could not get my balance. I slipped, or rather rolled off, fell heavily what seemed to be rather a long way, and, my head striking something hard as I reached the ground, I lost consciousness. As I sank into the unknown, as in a dream I heard the bells and the wild shriek of the 'mad haggard' as she rose and flew away.

* * * * *

"When I came to, night had fallen; but a bright moon was shining, and as I sat up and tried to look round me I only saw four very narrow walls.

"I had strained one of my feet badly, and it was paining me a good bit; but I hobbled along till I got out on to the road once more, and then saw in the distance the twinkling lights of a small town. A minute or two later I heard wheels, and it was with a distinct feeling of relief that I hailed the driver of the dogcart and induced him to stop.

"'Hallo!' called out a hearty voice. 'Can I be of any use? You seem to be a bit lame; will you have a lift to the town?'

"I thanked him, and was quickly up and seated by his side.

"Dr. S. introduced himself to me and asked if he could be of any service in a professional way. I thanked him, but said that all I wanted was a lift and to be told where I could hire a conveyance to take me home. The doctor was very hospitable, and I expect I was looking pretty bad, for he insisted on taking me to his own house and on giving me some light refreshment. I was really so done that I accepted his kindness. Seated opposite me in his little study I saw him eying with some curiosity my falconer's glove which hung from my left wrist, and after a few moments' silence he exclaimed:

"'You will excuse me, but I cannot help remarking your glove, for it is a very uncommon one. But the strange thing about it is that it is the second of its sort I have seen this week. Only a few days ago I was called to the cottage hospital to attend to a poor fellow who had been picked up on the plain a mile or two from here in an unconscious and dying condition. He was very shabbily dressed, but his clothes had been made by a good tailor, and he

looked like a foreigner—a gentleman. I could do little for him—double pneumonia and other complications were evident. He never became conscious, but rambled a bit at times and gradually sank. We don't in the least know who he was, as his linen was not marked. The only distinctive thing he had about him was a glove the counterpart of yours.'

"I started forward in my chair and exclaimed excitedly: 'A rather tall, thin man—dark, clean-shaved, curly black hair, slightly grey—a scar over the left eyebrow?'

"The doctor also showed excitement.

"'Yes, yes!' he exclaimed. 'And all we could make out from his ravings was that his name might be Flasher or Fletcher, or something of that sort! We buried him this morning, poor fellow, in the new cemetery close to where I picked you up, and his is the first grave there, just in the far corner under the wall.'

"I was shaking like a palsy. Everything was revealing itself to my mind. . . . Fletcher was dead and his ghost had been walking the plain. It was his melancholy wraith that the faithful 'mad haggard' had sighted and followed—it was the same restless shade that had decoyed me to his grave . . . And to what end? The whole thing came to me in a moment. Fletcher's proud spirit could not rest in a nameless—a pauper's grave! The man who doubtless had the blood of kings in his veins, though he had lived a reckless and, latterly, a miserable life, had always had great pride of his forebears, and his spirit had made an effort—not in vain—to retrieve the final follies of his life.

"I bought the ground where the grave was. There stands a modest monument to his memory. Fletcher's spirit may rest now—anyway it has been seen no more. The 'mad haggard' was never brought to the lure again. She haunted the place for weeks, so Dr. S. told me some time after, and was found dead by some keepers. They recognised her by the bells she still carried. I expect they shot her. . . .

"That is my ghost story—with no embellishments."



A TYPICAL SCENE IN JAPAN

A DAY'S SPORT IN JAPAN

BY F. J. NORMAN

THE early part of the late nineties found me most happily established on the teaching staff of the Imperial Naval College, Etajima. Now, Etajima is an island situated in quite the most lovely part of that most beautiful of all sheets of water—the Inland Sea of Japan. Remarkably irregular in shape, it is both well wooded and well cultivated, rocky and hilly, and with deep-cut valleys trending away in every direction to the sea. Being far removed from beaten tracks and somewhat difficult to get at, as it was in those days, what wonder therefore that it should have been a rare sporting place so far as shooting and fishing were concerned. Having always been particularly keen on both these sports, and being on exceptionally good terms with the authorities, I ventured to put in an application to be allowed to shoot about the place. For I must here explain that those were the days of ex-territoriality, or in other words when foreigners could and did claim exemption from the jurisdiction of the Japanese law courts; the result being that to obviate all possible chance of undue trouble foreigners were confined to certain areas

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beyond which they were not allowed to travel without a passport, and never under any circumstances to shoot or even carry on a business of any sort except when in the service of the Government or of some creditable or responsible native.

Though backed up by the naval authorities my application was, as I had expected, refused; but I was told on the quiet that while the civil authorities would not grant such a favour none of the local officials would interfere with me, unless, of course, I got into trouble, in which case I should be expected to stand the whole racket arising from it. Agreeing, I soon started operations.



THE AUTHOR AND HIS CLASS

Now I must here explain, and for reasons which will be understood as I go on, that when I first arrived at Etajima to begin my duties I was taken around by one of the officers and introduced to all and everything in the place. And as the officers and instructors attached to the college had but lately started a school for the benefit of their youngsters, and were very justly proud of it too, I was taken to see that also. On going into one of the class-rooms my attention was at once attracted by the exceptionally bright and cheery looks of the little ones there assembled, who were puzzling somewhat amusedly over an English reader. Their teacher, a young

Japanese woman, had learnt her English from another Japanese, and so the result may be imagined. Completely captivated by them, I, in a weak moment, offered to give the youngsters three or four hours' instruction a week. Never was an offer more promptly accepted, and so it was not long before a class of four little boys and four little girls was formed. From the very first we got on most beautifully, and were soon on the warmest and best of terms; and so it happened that, meeting a couple of the girls one day when I was going out shooting, I asked them chaffingly if they would come out with me. Staggered for a moment at the very thought of such a thing, they soon recovered sufficiently, however, to say they would if they could but gain their mothers' permission. Telling them I would wait at the college gate for them, the youngsters scurried off and were back far quicker than I could have imagined possible, and so began my shooting experiences with Japanese youngsters of the best class as beaters, stops, and carriers, and something more and undefinable. Friends is hardly the word, though chums is perhaps nearer the mark, for a Japanese child of the better classes possesses a peculiarly fascinating individuality in which childhood and "grownupedness" struggle for mastery in the most bewilderingly taking way possible.

The day was a holiday, the time, if I remember rightly, about 8 a.m., the month December, the year 1891, and the weather perfectly and absolutely superb. Cold, dry, and breezy, with just enough wind to help one feel it, and the sun cheerful and warming and yet not heating. In fact, a first-class specimen of a really fine winter's day in Japan, and that is saying a great deal indeed. Being quite a little party—self, Xoi and Maru (my two dogs), Yukichi (my henchman), and the two little ladies—we created no inconsiderable amount of fun and excitement as we tramped our way through the main thoroughfare of the village. The people knew I was going out shooting, seeing that Yukichi had my dogs in leash, and that I was carrying my gun, but what to make of the presence of my two little chums seemed to puzzle them not a little. That the youngsters should have been amused and highly delighted with all the excitement their presence with me had created was but natural; for, as one of them said to me, she was perfectly convinced no Japanese girl or woman had ever before gone out to enjoy a day's shooting.

Leaving the village behind, we soon found ourselves upon the hill-sides, and coming to a likely bit of covert I sent the dogs in, with the result that I got a right and left—a cock-pheasant and a woodcock. Later on I got two more pheasants, and then another woodcock.

Having worked our way well over to the other side of the island, which was particularly narrow just about there, I hailed my boat which had been sent round the day before, and getting in and rigging up my trolling tackle, ordered the boatmen to scull gently for a low-lying bit of land where I usually got a few snipe. Hardly had we started when I hooked a fish, and handing the rod to one of



A BAMBOO AVENUE—A FIRST-RATE COVER FOR WOODCOCK

the youngsters I showed her how to play it, with the result that a four to five pounds *sawara* soon lay flapping out its life in the bottom of the boat. Stowing away the fishing-tackle, we very shortly afterwards landed at my "likely spot," and jumping ashore it was not long before I had added eight couple of snipe and a widgeon to my bag. The ground, though good, did not cover more

than perhaps a dozen acres, and so I did not do so badly out of it. It being then well past midday, and all as peckish as possible, we hailed the boat, which I had ordered should be kept well away from the shore in case I might be called upon to shoot in its direction—for the best snipe ground there was only separated from high-water mark by a low sea-wall, forming a narrow and shallow lagoon running along and inside of it, in the rush-clad edges of which the longbills dearly loved to disport themselves.

I must have been shooting for nearly an hour, and while one of the boatmen had set the *hibachi* or charcoal-brazier agog, another had cleaned and got the *sawara* ready for the pot, and



A FISHING BOAT, SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF SCULLING

the third had dredged up some two to three dozen little oysters with an extemporised dredge. All this, I think, shows what remarkably intelligent men my boatmen were; and as it is from their class that the bluejackets of Japan are recruited, one can understand the why and the wherefore of the Russian defeats. Having only sent on my own lunch and tea-things, I had to borrow some of the boatmen's rice for my young guests, and so with that, a small loaf of bread, some biscuits, corned beef, the *sawara*, etc., they did not fare so badly. But it was the tea, in the good old English fashion, that fairly captivated them, and so much of it did they stow away that, for an hour or so

er we landed, they acted like the over-stuffed little creatures that they were. And here I may remark that it is a curious thing that while no Japanese will ever refuse a foreign dish or liquor, few foreigners can be persuaded to touch any but certain very simple native dishes. This is not because Japanese food is not clean, for it is supremely so, but because I think the foreigner is more imaginative than the average son of Nippon, and sees in his food all sorts



A JAPANESE FARM HAND

possible horrors. Landing again, but a little further *down the* east, and giving directions to the boatmen to meet me at a *certain* spot, we had a good three hours' scrambling shoot; but though *it was* up-hill and down-dale work and the going anything but easy, *the* little women bore up most cheerfully and uncomplainingly, *and so* when we got to the boat again I set them to work getting outside for tea once more. Nothing loth, they responded to the call, as

much to their own amusement and edification as to that of the boatmen and Yukichi, who all, good fellows as they were, entered heartily into the fun and spirit of having the little ladies to wait upon and entertain.

The wind being favourable, I ordered the sail to be hoisted, and we were soon scudding along at a good six to eight knots an hour rate; and at this point it may be just as well to describe the craft, a common, low free-board fishing boat, some twenty feet on the water-line and another six or eight feet over all, with a breadth of



UNDER FULL SAIL

five to six feet, and drawing little more than eighteen inches of water. It was possible to employ five *ro*, or sculls, beside the steersman's; and as three men could drive it through the water at a good four to five knots an hour, it was a remarkably handy affair for taking me up and putting me down at such points of the coast as I might desire. It was found with all materials for rigging up a small cabin or a tent, and the mast could be stepped or unstepped in from five to ten minutes. The sail was undoubtedly its weakest point, though it, too, was not without its merits, for with a good following wind eight

or more knots an hour could be reeled off. It could not, however, be used with much safety if the wind was strong, nor with a following wind if it was anything much more than ten degrees abaft the beam, and therefore against a head wind of any sort it was absolutely useless. The most remarkable part about it was that it was an oblong-shaped affair, formed of strips of coarse cotton canvas laced together longitudinally. Instead of taking in a reef when requisite, the boatmen would simply unlace a strip and thus obtain the same desired object, by offering a very narrow surface of canvas to the action of the wind. That there is something in this idea of the



THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE AT ETAJIMA

Japanese I feel sure, at least for a barge, but as yet I have not been able to fathom it.

As we chanced to come up with some fishing boats we hailed them, and inquired if they had seen any wildfowl, receiving an affirmative answer with information as to just where we should find them, so we unstepped the mast and sculled gently in the direction indicated. There they were, two or three packs of some hundreds each, and manœuvring a bit, and thanks to the rig of the boat to which they were accustomed, we got well in among them. Unfortunately the water was just a wee bit wobbly, and so I had to

content myself with a couple of plump drakes. Picking them up, but not without some little trouble in the case of one of them, we again stepped the mast. By the time this was done the sun had set, and so, making straight for home, we eventually landed on the beach just below the bluff on which my house stood. Inviting the youngsters to dinner, and sending round to their houses to let their people know they were safe, we were soon discussing a real substantial meal, and never was a woman more amused and delighted than my cook's wife, who filled the post of parlourmaid in my establishment, when I told her of how I had met, invited, and taken out my two little guests for a day's shooting. Their maids presently arrived, and giving them each a duck, a brace of pheasants, and a couple of woodcock, I saw them off the premises with many *sayanara*, or "good-byes," and *oyasumi nasare*, or "good-nights."

So enchanted were the youngsters with their experiences that I made a point of taking out one or two of my class every day, and while it helped me to pick up a fairly good colloquial knowledge of Japanese, it also helped them not a little to pick up English, and a lot of useful and interesting matter relative to the fauna and flora of the island. Besides all that, so staunch were the youngsters in their friendship towards me, that when the anti-British fever found its way down to Etajima in 1893-94, they stuck to me like the little bricks they were.

As for the "gunnable" beasts and birds on the island, there were deer, hares, two kinds of pheasants, the "green-necked pheasant of Japan," or *P. versicolor*, and the "copper pheasant," or *P. sammeringi*, quail, snipe, woodcock, and wildfowl innumerable and of all kinds, from geese to widgeons, and upon one memorable occasion I started two bustards, though unfortunately I only succeeded in bagging one of them. The sea-fishing was decidedly good, especially during the early summer, and so it can well be imagined that what with the shooting in the winter, the fishing in the summer, and my garden all the year round, I put in a very fairly happy three years at Etajima.





IS FIRST-CLASS CRICKET LOSING POPULARITY?

BY HOME GORDON

(Assisted by Eminent Authorities)

To many of us whose hobby or business it is to witness a considerable amount of first-class cricket each summer, the above question has frequently suggested itself in the course of the season that is passing away, and it would not be surprising if it formed the subject of a topical correspondence in what is known as the silly season, though at the time when this article is committed to the printer no hint of such has appeared in any columns. Yet so pressing is the query upon the attention of county executives, as well as on all who care for the highest development of the game, that no excuse need be offered for dealing with it.

Before treating the matter myself, it will be of far more general interest to give the opinions of eminent authorities. Naturally the first name that suggests itself is that of Lord Harris, and his interesting communication runs as follows:—

“I see very little of cricket, either first-class or any other class, nowadays, and cannot tell therefore what is happening in other counties; but so far as Kent is concerned, we have no experience of any falling-off of interest in the county eleven. Nothing is more popular than success, and a successful county eleven will draw much better than a non-successful one; but, taking bad years with good, I should say that in Kent first-class cricket is now quite as popular as it has been at any time within the last ten years, and infinitely more popular than it was in the two decades before that which my experience covers. The only

other cricket of which I have any experience is the big matches at Lord's, and, judging from gates, I should say that first-class cricket has not lost any popularity."

This is distinctly cheering, and the laconic opinion of Mr. Denzil Onslow also tends to optimism: "If first-class cricket has lost any popularity it is merely temporary." Lord Darnley unfortunately sees "so little cricket in these days, that I am not able to give an opinion on the subject you are debating," and Lord Lichfield, whilst keenly interested, has not time to set forth his own views. A prominent amateur delivers distinctly wise counsel:—

"If you will forgive my offering a general stricture, I think it would be most injudicious to introduce the views of those engaged in first-class cricket to-day. To begin with, unless they are veterans they have no actual experience of the game before their own participation, whilst if they say cricket was more popular in former years, then they are fouling their own nests. So I should keep it to the onlookers, as the real question must be fought out by them, because in actual practice everybody playing in a match gets some degree of excitement out of the game if only by reason of the searchlight of publicity, and because, at the worst, of the occasional gamble of going in to save a pair of spectacles. At the same time amateurs who regularly participate in contemporary first-class cricket rarely appear to derive much enjoyment from it, and are always desperately keen to get a day's play in a purely unimportant game. Had you asked me if to-day's amateurs derive the same keen pleasure from first-class cricket as was the case five and twenty years ago, I would reply, in my opinion most decidedly not. It's a business and not a sporting episode in a man's life, as it most assuredly should be. I do not like to see a public school eleven at Lord's take the field with the mournful gravity of jurymen returning their verdict in a murder case. Don't fool about with the game of course, but keep it as it used to be, literally a game, and then your question must become superfluous. I don't care two straws about the size of gates, but I do mind seeing the public quit a ground not feeling they have had a decent return for their money. Play cricket as a game, and everybody will be contented."

Probably few, except those who are officially or journalistically concerned with cricket, see so much of it in the south of England as that keen sportsman Mr. Godfrey Baring, Chairman of the County Council of the Isle of Wight. His view is "there is not really much wrong with cricket, except that there are too many first-class matches. Sussex, I believe, found that by increasing her card she reduced her gates. The fact is that the majority of folk

can only give a certain amount of time to watching cricket, and if there are more matches they simply cannot attend them. The players themselves get stale and satiated with a superabundance of fixtures. But cricket itself is as dear to the hearts of us all as ever."

Another ardent old Etonian, Mr. David Sassoon, thoroughly agrees "that there are too many matches. Why, I cannot find time to read properly the accounts of those played. The bugbear of the public is, in my opinion, the drawn game. The public interest centres in results, whether in Test, University, or County contests, and it is only schoolboys and mere casuals who care for the personalities of noted cricketers. Of course, 'W. G.,' 'Ranji,' Jessop, and a few others are great exceptions, but do you suppose one individual fewer goes to see Lancashire play if McLaren is standing down, or one Yorkshireman stays away because Hirst is not playing? Not a bit of it. The public likes to see keen cricket with a definite result at the end of the match. To promote keener cricket, I should be pleased to find the championship decided as is, I believe, done in the Second-class Competition, with points given for results on first innings. This would have an invigorating effect. So will the advent of new bowlers of really first-rate talent. I am not sure that 'googlies' really benefit the popularity of the game, for the public laughs with when it does not laugh at the bowler, and whether the deliveries are effective or not, they are mentally allocated as rather fiddling. Get bowlers like Richardson and Lockwood to confront batsmen like Stoddart and O'Brien, and you will not then hear much of cricket losing popularity."

Mr. E. H. D. Sewell is still an active cricketer, but this summer his task has been associated so definitely with the work of a very able special correspondent, that his views come as those of a critical onlooker rather than as of one awaiting his own innings.

"It depends entirely upon the match. There is, in my opinion, no waning in public interest for Test Matches, so called, for Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's and the Oval, or for the University Match. Emphatically county cricket has lost some of its popularity. This I hold to be chiefly due to two reasons, viz., too much of a good thing, and to the many excellent accounts of the day's play to be read nowadays, which have not always been forthcoming. To-day, the man in the street whose sixpences used to become the backbone of the county cricket clubs' coffers, waits until the special editions of the evening papers are published, and gets his cricket for one-sixth the price he used to pay! His absence day after day accounts for the empty benches, but the empty benches do not necessarily mean lack of interest in the game.

"Apart from these two reasons there is another, and that is not the drawn game, but the cause of the drawn game, viz., unenterprising batting. Whatever may be written about the perfect state of wickets for first-class cricket or of the falling off in bowling ability, which, after all, is more apparent than real, the *real* root of the whole matter is *the batsman* who will not take a risk on any account. He, more than anything else, is likely to keep folk away from county cricket. Unfortunately he is encouraged by nine out of ten county executives. What else can the latter plead in extenuation of their refusal to accede to Mr. J. Darling's request to allow six for hits over the ropes? Is it *possible* those who refused to allow this encouragement of free batting were afraid broken pavilion windows might tend further to deplete county club banking accounts, already shallow enough? Perish the thought! Anyway, by their refusal they gave tacit encouragement to the slow and sure style of batting that has done them so much harm of recent years. In this respect it is, I believe, contended that if batsmen took all the risks necessary to be sure of bright cricket, matches would be over in less than three days, and 'gates' would suffer in consequence. Here, I maintain, two good 'gates' to see bright cricket would in nine out of ten cases mean a larger sum than three moderate gates to see unenterprising cricket.

"Dull batting, then, is, in my belief, at the root of the whole matter, and in these go-ahead days anything to the man who has a day's leisure is preferable to spending sixpence to sit in the sun and watch a cricket ball tap-tapping against a cricket bat for hour after hour, which is a very true pen-picture of *some* present-day cricket matches.

"Play fewer matches, encourage free batsmen and hitters, but not hitters only; never have more than one slow scoring batsman in a county eleven (and put him in just in front of the 'extras'), and there will be no more question of county cricket clubs struggling to make both ends meet."

To follow such eminent and diversified opinions, and myself to add something fresh to the discussion, forms no easy task. In justice to Lord Harris and Mr. Sewell it ought to be added that they both sent me their views before the very small gathering to witness what turned out to be such an excellent University match. "All's right with the game," on that we are all agreed, but it is in a transition stage. How far the old order has changed may be learnt by asking anyone on the grey side of fifty what was his fate if he pulled a ball at school; and yet to-day I read of a capital bat in a big match "his pulling was refreshing and vigorous, quite delightful to watch." The public are conservative, and whilst their idea most

decidedly is that the bat should hit the ball hard and often, I do not think the new and perpetual modifications of the positions of the field are at all popular.

When the Gentlemen were fielding at Lord's this was overheard: "That 'ere cove 'e don't have no blooming point at all, and t'other bloke just shoves 'is as deep as 'is cover; sort of puts 'em down 'ere, there, and anywhere according to 'is blooming whim. Wonder where 'e'd put 'is third man if 'e 'ad a bally cold in 'is 'ead."

Cricketers writing on cricket have certainly checked its general popularity, for if they fail individually it is said they are too busy writing about the game to play it, and, otherwise, that there is precious little in what they write—this is of course with some exceptions. Again, there is an idea that the umpires are too chary of playing after rain, and that batsmen are far too respectful of tricks which may be played by wickets which are much better than their fathers ever batted on—in which latter gleams a leaven of truth. Yet again there can be no doubt that the contemporary spectator is far more impatient than he was ten or twenty years ago.

A great deal has been heard of the increasing hysteria developing in the national character. We are told that the rejoicings of Mafeking night would have been impossible thirty years ago, and so forth. That is as it may be, but the cricket public is decidedly more irritable and impatient than it used to be. Look at the angry demonstration made against Mr. A. H. Hornby for stonewalling at Leyton, which caused stumps to be prematurely drawn, and which the members properly counterbalanced by a rousing cheer for the keen young sportsman. Remember that Mr. C. B. Fry had to threaten to take his men off the field at Brighton because the visiting side were "barracked" for playing what was distinctly the right game under the circumstances. I myself heard the Yorkshire crowd "guy" Mr. Armstrong in the third Test Match at Leeds, and ironically treat the over-cautious play of Mr. C. B. Fry and Hayward. With what result? Those participating were not affected, but there was an enormous falling off in the attendance on the third and crucial day.

The fact is that the public which whistled the Dead March in Saul at Lord's when Messrs. Darling and Noble were batting, and that bigger public of to-day, will not tolerate slow play. Of course the man who planks down his sixpence has no real voice in the game; he quite understands that, but now he is beginning not to plank down his sixpence, and that is quite another matter in these gate-money days. I don't suppose that cricket to-day is really

slower than when Scotton, Shrewsbury, Hall, Barlow, and others flourished; but *as the wickets are so much better, it appears to be slower*, and that is the probable explanation of the case. To pursue my little argument one step further, I should say that batsmen are far more fussy than they used to be about a bowler's hand extending beyond the canvas, and as sundry committees display considerable economy in the amount of white screen they provide, the spectators grow particularly irate at constant shifting of the apparatus, and still more at appeals being necessary to members not to move behind the bowler's arm in the pavilion, an innate courtesy to the cricketer too often lacking in those who ought to know better.

Slow play and drawn games seem the main factors, combined with the growing dreariness of first-class cricket for the amateurs.

"Will you come on the northern tour of —shire?" a splendid young sportsman was asked.

"Thanks, no; I am filled up with country house cricket," which was true. Then he turned to a friend and said:

"I am not such a fool as to accept. Fancy four manufacturing towns with the set I should have to associate with!"

Now, that is a true story, but it's not a nice one; still, I am bound to give it because it is one of the real causes why cricket is unpopular with amateurs. They do not always care about those they have to be thrown with, and the increased burden of county cricket renders such proximity much more actual than was the case twenty years ago.

The weariness of first-class cricket grows worse and worse. The game on which men were so keen has become a task; they find themselves the centre of ceaseless observation, whilst their tastes and habits are known to thousands who recognise them in the streets, thanks to the promiscuousness of picture postcards. Really the tired amateur responds right well. He plays the game for all it is worth, submits to interviewers and autograph-hunters, perhaps has six days of hard exertion divided, preceded, and followed by long railway journeys; possibly he has his signed column to write, or else he gives someone else notes for it—and this, four months in every twelve for several years in succession, is all about a game; whilst if he is foolish enough to care for popular plaudits he will certainly get plenty, but can remember that his disappearance from the team would not be commented on for more than a fortnight, and after a year he would be forgotten.

All this as it may be, laying stress on the crumples in the rose-leaves and noting the few superficial imperfections in cricket, which is too great to be thereby materially troubled, the future of the national game will assuredly be as brilliant as its past, and bat and

ball in first-class fixtures will regain what measure of popularity they have temporarily lost. It is by suggesting the topic for discussion that the healing arts can be most rapidly applied.

One further point is that no star of the first magnitude has risen on the firmament of cricket since the apparition of Mr. Victor Trumper, and whilst quite agreeing with the view expressed that the cricket public desire results rather than individuals, still some new bowler of the rank of Mr. Spofforth or Lohmann, someone whose wonderful balls for a while work havoc with opposing batsmen, would give first-class cricket exactly the stimulus it needs. Unquestionably such sucking Nelsons are to-day being coached at nets and will soon appear, stimulating fresh interest in the finest of games, and proving that each generation plays with the old zest, the old spirit, and the genuine enthusiasm inspired by its undying popularity.





BRIDGE

BY "PORTLAND"

ALTHOUGH less enjoyable to the majority than the play of the double hand, which every Bridge-player loves, the partnership game, as a matter of fact, presents greater difficulty, and is consequently more interesting. This is the department of the game which most closely resembles whist, and in which the inexperienced Bridgite, who, perhaps, never had any whist training, most conspicuously fails. The average man plays well enough when he has the deal, but very badly when he is opposed to it; and thus more rubbers are thrown away through the carelessness of the non-dealers than from any other cause. And yet we all play twice as many hands with a partner as we do "on our own." If we fail, therefore, it is not from any lack of experience.

The fact is, that we are all inclined to treat the hands in which we have not had the pleasure of making trumps as part of the drudgery of the game, to be got through somehow with an eye to the deal next time. This is a dire mistake. Care should be taken when playing the partnership hands to repress the dealer with the utmost sternness and curtail his trick-making opportunities by every available means. It is not sufficient to save the game merely. He must not be allowed to make one trick over and above those to which he is legitimately entitled, and the more of these we can snatch from him the better.

In playing with a partner there can be no doubt that an open, straightforward game pays best. It does not do to be too "foxy." Desirable as it may be to mislead the dealer, it should always be remembered that you have a partner. If he is able to rely upon you to play correct Bridge he will give you all the help he can, but once let him distrust the indications of your play and he will feel compelled to play for his own hand. It is best, therefore, to tell the truth upon all ordinary occasions, and only to lie when it is obviously more important to deceive the enemy than to inform your friend. In that case the latter will readily forgive you, especially if your false card should prove successful.

Above all things, a selfish game should be avoided. The man who plays thirteen cards only is seldom a match for the player of twenty-six, and besides being bad business it is very poor fun for your partner if you ignore the possibilities of his hand.

It is an odd thing that it should gratify any grown-up person more to take a trick with one of his own cards than to see the same trick taken by his partner, but this is nevertheless the case with a certain class of player. Although the fault was more obvious at whist than at Bridge, there are many players of both games who confine their strategy almost entirely to winning tricks with their own cards. And the selfish man never scruples to put his partner in a difficulty. Having a series of winning cards he will invariably play them out to the bitter end, although he thereby puts his partner to an awkward discard. If, for instance, he is left with four winning hearts and a small spade, while his partner is marked with the best spade and the best club, it never occurs to him to lighten the latter's burden by putting him in with the spade at the twelfth trick.

The two cardinal rules for playing against the deal are to lead through strength and up to weakness, and to play to the score. Every canon of Bridge play—no matter how essential it may be to the theory of the game—gives way before these two considerations of paramount importance.

The score is always the guide at Bridge in doubtful cases. The first object of the dealer's adversaries should be to save the game, their second to win the odd trick, and their third to win the game—assuming that this last is a possibility having regard to call and score. It is a too common error, however, to suppose that they must always act on the defensive. Whenever the dealer makes no-trumps and his partner puts him down a really weak hand, the adversaries should anticipate winning the game from the first trick, and if they attack with sufficient *élan* will often do so. Moreover, the advantage of winning your first game in the rubber on an opponent's deal is so great that, with that end in view, it is often right to take a risk of losing it.

Sometimes you can see that unless your partner holds certain cards the game must be lost. When this is so you should place those cards in his hand and play accordingly. If you lose an extra trick or two in this way, as you sometimes must, it is of small account. You are taking the only possible chance of saving the game, and may depart freely from rule in doing so.

A player who always leads through strength and up to weakness, and keeps his eye upon the score, cannot be a very bad partner at Bridge. Simple as the advice may appear, it is too often neglected by all but the very best.

* * * * *

The following is a rather interesting hand, in which the dealer quite justifiably made no-trumps although not holding an ace. It

will be seen that he secures the odd trick by forcing his left-hand opponent to lead up to him in spades at the eleventh trick.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND

A and B are partners against Y and Z. Score: 18 all. Z deals, and declares no-trumps.

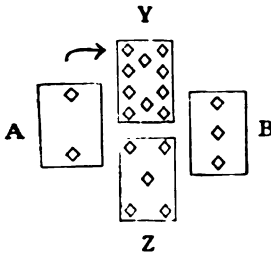
Y's hand (dummy).

Hearts	Kve 8 7 6
Diamonds	A 10 8
Clubs	8 7 6
Spades	5 4 2

Z's hand (dealer).

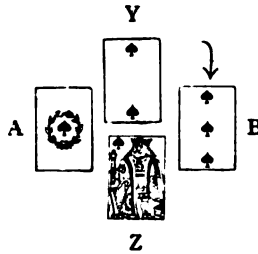
Hearts	K 3 2
Diamonds	K 7 6 5
Clubs	K 10 2
Spades	K Q 10

TRICK 1.



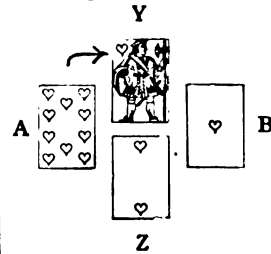
Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.



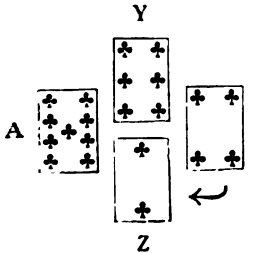
Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 3.



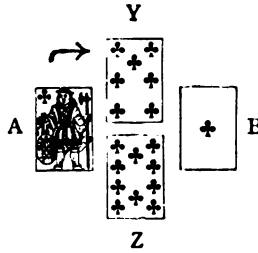
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 4.



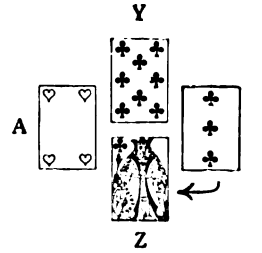
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 5.



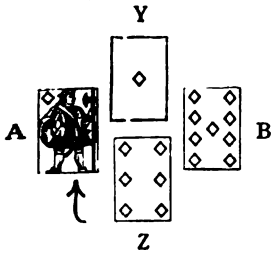
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 6.



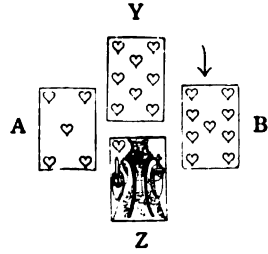
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 7.



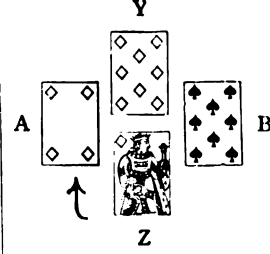
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 8.



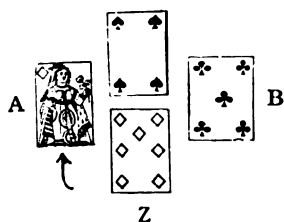
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 9.



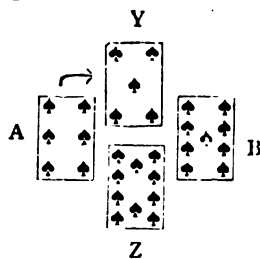
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 10.



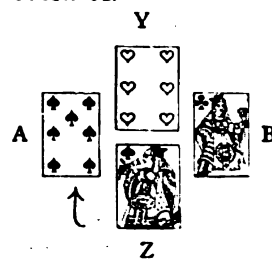
Tricks : A B, 5 ; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 11.



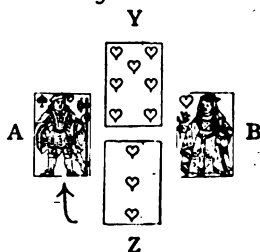
Tricks : A B, 5 ; Y Z, 6.

TRICK 12.



Tricks : A B, 5 ; Y Z, 7.

TRICK 13.



Tricks : A B, 6 ; Y Z, 7.

Thus Y Z win the odd trick, and game.

Remarks :—

Trick 1.—Z makes a lucky bid for the trick with dummy's ten.

Trick 2.—Z is compelled to open spades although short in the suit. If the ace is to his right he will make both king and queen, and if to his left he may still hold a fourchette over the knave.

Trick 3.—A, seeing that the dealer holds ace and king of diamonds, tries a strengthening heart.

Trick 6.—This is a disastrous discard for A, as it prevents him putting B in with a heart later.

Trick 10.—B is marked with the remaining heart and clubs. Z has, therefore, only to put A in with his losing diamond, and he must lead up to him in spades.



BOOKS ON SPORT

BETTING AND GAMBLING: A NATIONAL EVIL. Edited by B. Seeböhm Rowntree. London: Macmillan & Co. 1905.

IT is sad to find well-meaning people so carried away by their prejudices that they fail to discriminate between fact and fiction, and by the acceptance and advocacy of misleading statements do their cause more harm than good. Mr. Rowntree is convinced that betting is the "national evil," and this book is the outcome of the conviction. Now there is very little indeed to be said in favour of betting, and there is a vast deal to be said against it; the unfortunate thing about Mr. Rowntree's book being that he says it in the wrong way. We are inclined, from long experience of racing, to believe firmly that out of every hundred people who bet habitually ninety lose money; ten, perhaps, are ruined; thirty are hard hit, and at one time or another gravely inconvenienced; fifty—these figures must necessarily be in the nature of guesses—fluctuate, having good times and bad times, winning and losing, with a larger or smaller balance against them in the long run; eight, by a rare combination of luck, knowledge, and judgment, win well-nigh consistently, with at intervals an awkward period; the remaining two find it a remunerative profession. The losers obtain as some sort of compensation a considerable amount of excitement, an abiding interest in the sport, a diversion from the cares and worries of daily life. They wonder what is going to win, and there is the satisfaction (sometimes) of seeing. If they "go racing" they have change, fresh air, and companionship.

It would be easy to show what a bad game betting is—to emphasise, for instance, the heavy expenses bookmakers so willingly incur and the handsome incomes most of them make; to dwell on the way they eagerly advertise for clients; to note who pays the rent of their handsome offices, and so on. Mr. Rowntree, however,

begins by drawing highly-coloured pictures of racecourse ruffianism at some two or three meetings. On one course he declares that to insist on payment of a bet meant "a split skull dealt from behind"—how *do* people deal split skulls from behind?—"a scuffle and robbery." Some men go racing day after day, year after year, and see nothing of the kind. What they do see is ready-money bettors presenting their tickets and being paid, frequently with a civil "Thank you" or a friendly remark; but Mr. Rowntree supposes that backing horses is the root of all evil, and declares that "it would be interesting to trace how many of the unhappy people figuring in the Divorce Court have been connected with the Turf."

It is impossible not to be a little sceptical about the genuineness of the "Bookmaker" who wrote a chapter entitled "The Deluded Sportsman." He says, for instance, "Let me candidly and truthfully tell you that I have never known a backer of horses to permanently succeed." This is an admission that he has never heard of Captain Machell for one, of the late Fred Swindell for another, and indeed of several other men, for the most part owners of horses, who, starting in life with nothing, have accumulated fortunes. They are exceedingly few, and of course men who made—or are now making, for everybody who is a little behind the scenes could name half a dozen offhand—a profession of the Turf; but they have existed and do exist, though Mr. Rowntree's contributor does not know it. This person, too, writes as if all backers adopted the same course. "The backer," he says, "diligently studies all kinds of plans and systems; he also fools his money away with 'tipsters,' who have been described as a set of racecourse harpies; every system, all of them of course certain and sure. He tries 'first favourites,' 'second favourites,' 'first and second favourites,' 'newspaper tips,' 'newspaper naps,' 'jockeys' mounts,' and numbers of other plans and systems—some his own particular fancy, and some other people's. He gloats over sporting news, and talks of owners, trainers, and jockeys in a most familiar style, as though they were his own personal friends!"

Some backers do these foolish things, not satisfied with the experiences of their predecessors; others do nothing of the sort. He appears to think, again, that if all backers really had owners, trainers, and jockeys among their personal friends, they would do better. He does not seem to understand in what a huge majority of cases owners, trainers, and jockeys are absurdly astray in their conclusions. The bookmaker quotes with approval the idiotic remarks—in many cases a cruel libel—of the judge of the Clerkenwell County Court, who said, "I don't profess to be any authority on horse-racing, but I know it depends upon what the odds are and what the jockeys have been paid

as to which horse wins" (laughter). To say this is to imply that owners, trainers, and stewards are fools who cannot see what is going on before their eyes. Of course, trickeries are perpetrated at times—no one doubts that; but the foolish judge, confessing his ignorance of the subject, practically asserted that no races were honestly run—which of course Mr. Rowntree most potently believes. He might have made out an infinitely stronger case if he had understood his subject. As it is, the exaggerations, false deductions, and absurdities of the book are so prominent that it can convince no one who was not convinced before he began to read it.

DIVERSIONS DAY BY DAY. By E. F. Benson and Eustace H. Miles.
Illustrated. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1905.

This book cannot escape the charge of being rather puerile. The authors in their introduction picture a stupid person who when in London does all sorts of foolish things in the way of diet, clothing, and omission of exercise, and they show how he might benefit his health. One of the two writers speaks of his "secret sillinesses," and there appears no good reason to find fault with the description. One of his diversions is to tread on coal plates; if the plate clangs it counts a point to the player. There is actually a picture of this and of yet another "game," which consists of "treading either on the joints between paving-stones or on the paving-stones without letting any part of the foot come over a joint." There are games for indoors also; for example, Badminton played over a string, fastened to the walls, covered with a paper; or "lawn tennis, over the same string lowered to some eighteen inches from the ground." Drawings of these and similar diversions are provided. Games for larger spaces and for the country are added; and some "solitary exercises" which may really prove beneficial are included.

HOW TO BUILD OR BUY A COUNTRY COTTAGE AND FIT IT UP.
By "Home Counties." London: William Heinemann. 1905.

During the last few months a great deal has been heard about country cottages, the basis of the inquiry usually being the price at which they can be erected. It appears that many persons, seeing how cheaply structures may be run up, have hit on the idea of building themselves "week-end" cottages or bungalows; and this very useful book has been published as a guide to those so inclined. It is full of plans, sections, elevations, and perspectives, showing how little habitations can be built for £130 to £1,300. The best bricks, pointed with Portland cement, with freestone windows, are not, of course, the materials used; and no doubt it is difficult, if not

impossible, to obtain picturesque results with concrete blocks or cement slabs; but for a seaside residence one might surely be perfectly well contented with the wooden bungalow on page 63, which could be put up for £460, or with Mr. Potter's steel and plaster bungalow, estimated to cost a trifle less. Brickwork buildings can be had for the same money, but they are less roomy. Many persons who see the book will probably be tempted to consider the question of a little week-end home, and if they have £1,000 to spare they will be likely to pause and wonder if they can improve upon that Brighton chalet facing page 52—nominal cost £900; but it is always desirable to allow margin.

MOTORS AND MOTORING. By Henry J. Spooner, C.E. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack. 1905.

Professor Spooner begins by saying truly enough that no one can fail to notice the growing interest the typical "man in the street" is taking in Motors and Motoring. "His eyes instinctively turn to view critically each passing car; he knows that a peculiar ticking noise is a sure indication of the approach of an electric carriage, and light puffs of steam from underneath a car a certain sign that it is a steam vehicle, whilst his ear is so delicately attuned to the wide range of detonations, due to the working of petrol motors, that he is rarely at fault in placing such cars in the right category." The man who knows nothing of motors must indeed often be astonished at the knowledge of his friends, who have rapidly acquired information, and nowadays understand all about a car at a glance. It is for the purpose of instructing the ignorant that Professor Spooner has compiled this convenient little handbook, using technical language as seldom as possible, and it should well answer its purpose.

HOW TO USE A CAMERA. By Clive Holland. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1905.

The hundreds of pictures which arrive monthly for the competition in this magazine show that many readers are greatly interested in photography, and all but experts may derive useful hints from this little handbook. The examples are not always quite what they might be, but this is perhaps the result of indifferent printing. A really excellent photograph not seldom comes out badly from this cause, and some of those here included—the black-headed gull returning to nest, for instance—are decidedly good.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions : that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects ; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the September competition will be announced in the November issue.

THE JULY COMPETITION

The Prize in the July competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. Philip T. Oyler, Durie, Leven, Fife ; Mr. F. M. Reginald Cobb, Margate ; M. Romdenne, Brussels ; Mr. R. W. Cole, Wickham Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea ; Mr. A. M. Anson, Streatham, S.W. ; Miss G. L. Murray, Holmains, Wellington Square, Cheltenham ; Mr. F. Cecil Cobb, Margate ; Mr. Harold T. Palmer, Rosebery Square, E.C. ; Mr. Leopold Pickering, Northesk House, Stone, Staffordshire ; and Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge.



P. H. THOMAS (STROKE) AND R. H. NELSON (BOW), WINNERS OF THE SILVER GOBLETS AT HENLEY, 1905

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



LAWN TENNIS AT MONTE CARLO—MISS BROOKSMITH GETTING UP A HARD RETURN

Photograph by Mr. Philip T. Oyley, Durie, Leam, Fife



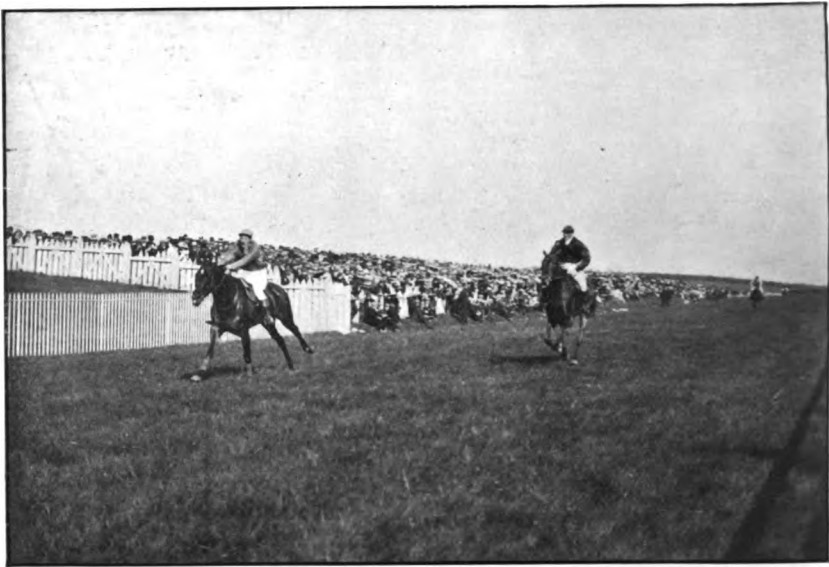
A CLEVER JUMPER

Photograph by Mr. F. M. Reginald Cobb, Margate



WELL OVER

Photograph by Mr. F. M. Reginald Cobb, Margate



HEXHAM SUMMER STEEPLECHASES, 1905

Photograph by Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham



CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS—A SOLID MARK

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



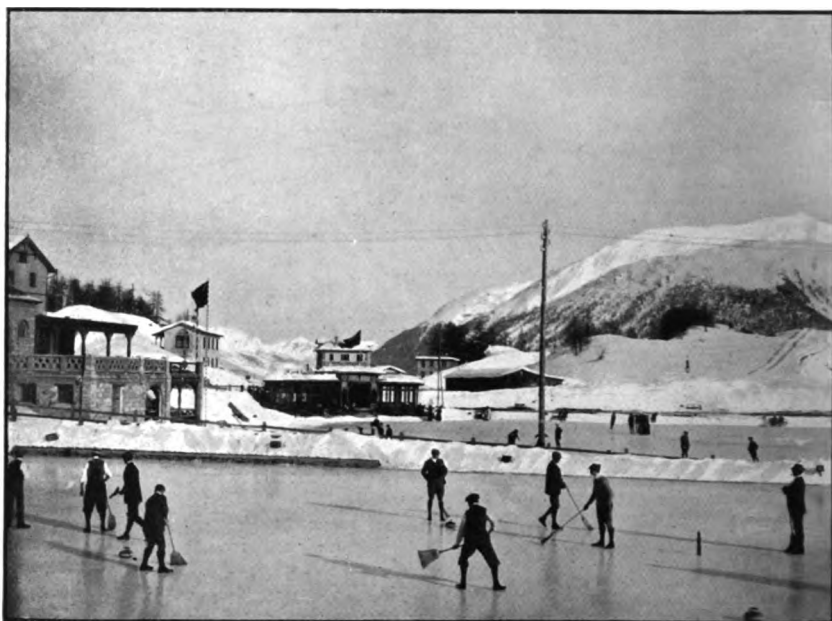
DUMFRIESSHIRE OTTER HOUNDS ON THE TWEED

Photograph by Mr. A. Macgregor, Kelso



A FALL

Photograph by M. Romdenne, Brusse's



CURLING AT ST. MORITZ

Photograph by Miss K. L. Dalton, Cummersdale, Carlisle



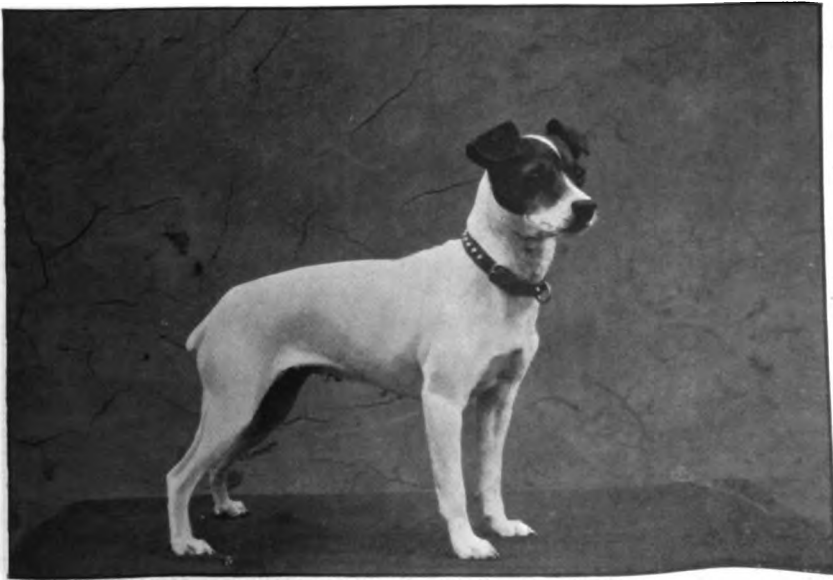
FULL SPEED AHEAD

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Wickham Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea



**RACING IN EGYPT—CAPTAIN LOCKETT, R.A., LEAVING THE PADDOCK AT
HELOUAN ON THE ARAB PONY FITZ**

Photograph by Mr. H. E. Daunt, Kobe, Japan



LADYSMITH

Born in Ladysmith during the Siege

Photograph by Captain P. E. Vaughan, 12th Sudanese Egyptian Army, El Obeid, Sudan



ERIDGE HUNT STEEPLECHASE

Photograph by Mr. A. M. Anson, Streatham, S.W.



PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW--THE COLLECTING RING, MR. GEORGE FITZWILLIAM
AND W. BARNARD MAKING INQUIRIES

Photograph by Mr. John C. Smith, Lincoln



CHEL TENHAM LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT—A FLYING LEAP; NEITHER OF THE LADY'S FEET IS TOUCHING THE GROUND

Photograph by Miss G. L. Murray. Ho'mains, Wellington Square, Cheltenham



TWO GOOD DIVERS

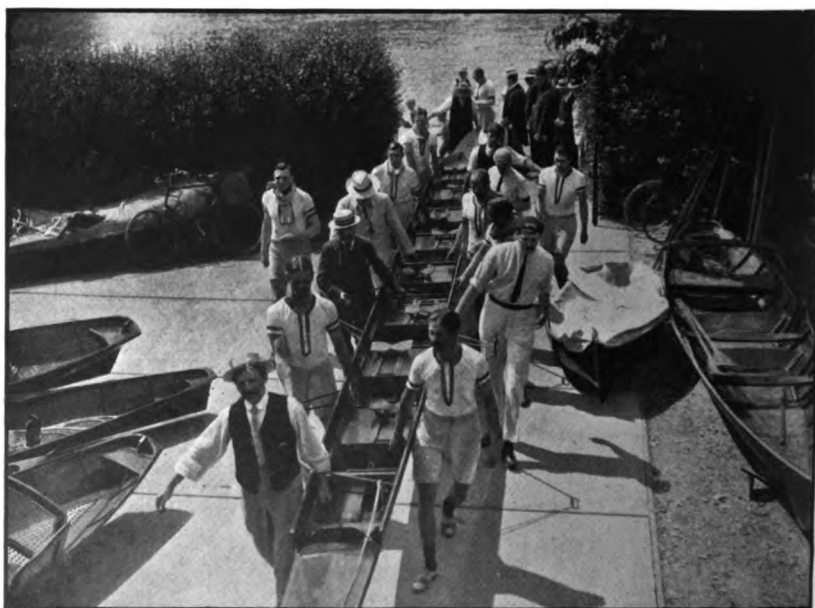
Photograph by Mr. F. Cecil Cobb, Margate



NIPPON RACE CLUB SPRING MEETING, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

The photograph shows the lawn in front of the grand stand and the course, with the China ponies getting ready for the start of the China Griffins' Handicap—distance one mile

Photograph by Mr. G. N. Fairhurst, Yokohama, Japan



HENLEY REGATTA, 1905—LEANDER EIGHT COMING IN AFTER WINNING THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



RESCUING A BOLTER, AT THORPE, LINCOLNSHIRE

Photograph by Mr. Harold T. Palmer, Rosebery Square, London, E.C



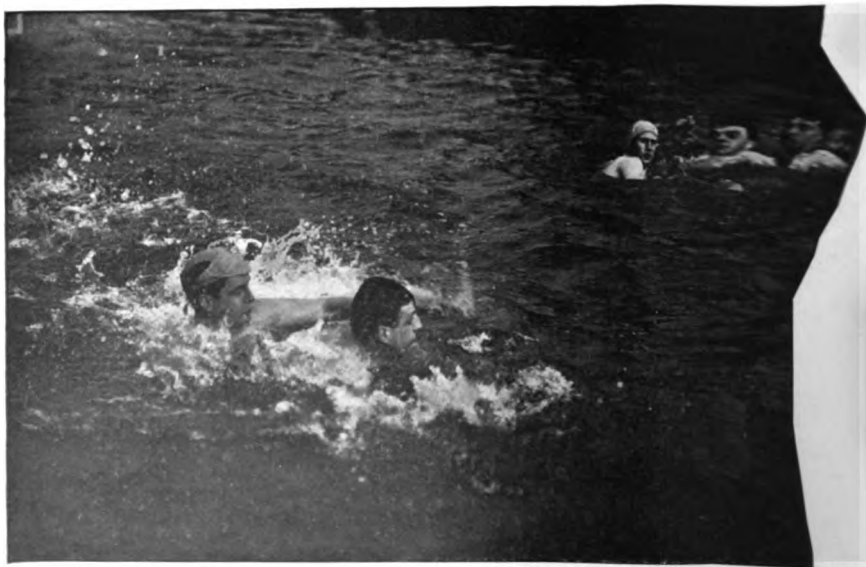
BOYS DIVING FOR COINS IN THE HARBOUR AT BARBADOES

Photograph by Mr. Leopold Pickering, Northesk House, Stone, Staffordshire



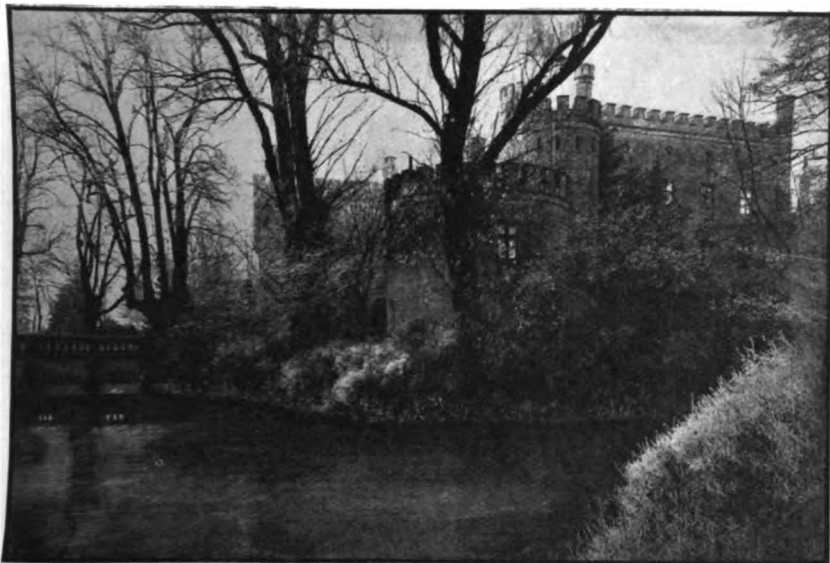
**BABY ELEPHANT, TWO WEEKS OLD, BORN IN CAPTIVITY—THE MOTHER WAS
CAUGHT TWO DAYS BEFORE THE EVENT**

Photograph by Captain T. H. Stevenson, R.A.M.C., Fyzabad, India



WATER POLO AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY—IN HOT PURSUIT

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



SCHLOSS LETZLINGEN

Château de Chasse of Kaiser Wilhelm II., in the province of Saxony

The Badminton Magazine

ROYAL HOMES OF SPORT

XIII.—HOMES OF SPORT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS OF PRUSSIA : LETZLINGEN

(Written by gracious permission of Kaiser Wilhelm II.)

BY J. L. BASHFORD, M.A.

LETZLINGEN in the Old March¹ (Altmark), in the province of Saxony, has been a "Home of Sport" of the Hohenzollerns for over three centuries, and is situated in a neighbourhood which from time immemorial has been noted for its abundance of game. The forests have in recent times consisted of birch, oak, and Scotch pine (*Pinus sylvestris*), mostly of the last; but formerly there were vast tracts covered with oak trees, and hence the numerous herds of red deer. The soil is now more or less impoverished, and the region is neither so picturesque nor so romantic as that of the Schorfheide or

¹ Spoken of as "die Old Mark" in deeds of the twelfth century.

the Göhrde. Before the Middle Ages the Letzlingen Heide (forest) was dotted with villages that disappeared after these troublous times. They were days of internecine strife; and plague and famine also contributed to the depopulation of the neighbourhood. It was a district that suffered from the feuds of powerful neighbours, such as the Archbishop of Magdeburg, the Elector of Brandenburg, and the Duke of Brunswick, who were constantly at variance with each other concerning the rights of hunting. Foreign foes also devastated these regions, namely the Swedes in the seventeenth century; and the game consequently suffered, whilst subsequently the pristine oaks had to give way to the pine as a more profitable source of revenue,



THE KAISER IN HIS STAND AT A BATTLE AT LETZLINGEN, IN 1901

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.I.M. the Kaiser from his private collection)

just as in the case of the Schorfheide. Letzlingen, Lesslingen, or Netzlingen—it passed under each of these three names—was one of the ruined and deserted villages referred to at the end of the Middle Ages, and it fell to the Alvensleben family, a race of the *petite noblesse* of the Altmark, in 1514 as a fief of the archiepiscopal see of Magdeburg. In a deed dated 1514 it is referred to as “one of the devastated villages situated in the Heide.”

The way Letzlingen became an electoral residence was as follows:—Johann Georg (born 1525), when Electoral Prince and Markgrave of Brandenburg, was opposed to the voluptuous and ex-

travagant life of the Court of his father, Elector Joachim II.¹ He was a keen sportsman, and accordingly spent much of his time at Zechlin, having purchased the property of Letzlingen from the Alvenslebens in 1555 for 3,000 thalers, *i.e.* about £440 according to modern reckoning. In 1559 the building of the château was begun, and it was completed in 1560. For this purpose the Prince is said to have erected a brick shed in the neighbourhood to contain five million bricks. According to an old picture it was a simple-looking but spacious country residence.

Before him, his grandfather (Joachim I.) and Frederick I. (the



A PAUSE AFTER A DRIVE—THE KAISER CONVERSING WITH PRINCE FÜRSTENBERG

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.I.M. the Kaiser from his private collection)

first of the Hohenzollern Electors) had resided and hunted in the Altmark. Before William the Conqueror invaded England Tangermünde in the Middle Ages was the usual residence of the Ascanian Electors and also of the early Hohenzollerns. Frederick I. resided here, and his son and successor was born at Tangermünde.

Both Frederick and Joachim concluded numerous "treaties" concerning the hunting in the Gardelegen Heide, which is part of

¹ Cf. the May number of the *Badminton Magazine*.

the neighbourhood of Letzlingen. Game of all sorts abounded here, and the whole country-side was a favourite resort for hunting and shooting with the Hohenzollerns of those days. In fact, in the fifteenth century hunting contracts about the Altmark seem to have occupied a good deal of the time of that family and their neighbours.

The château at Letzlingen was originally called by Johann Georg "Jagd Schloss Hirschburg" at Letzlingen in the Altmark, because of the numbers of red deer that abounded in the surrounding forests:—

Denn Hirsche äs'ten zu tausenden hier
In diesem hochfürstlichen Jagd-Revier.

(For stags browsed by thousands here in this princely preserve.)

When Johann Georg came to the throne in 1571 his country was burdened by the debts incurred by his father's extravagance, so he determined to economise and pay them off. Letzlingen became his favourite residence, and the annals tell us of the abundance of game there in those days. In 1575 as many as 3,000 red deer perished in the deep snow that fell in the winter of that year, and yet in 1590 the Elector was able to make a wedding present of 400 to his nephew, the Duke of Brunswick. Johann Georg's son and successor, who used to reside at the neighbouring château of Colbitz, also had a strong partiality for hunting at Letzlingen.

Johann Georg was married three times. His third wife, Elisabeth of Anhalt, was not quite fifteen when he espoused her at the age of fifty-two. He had seventeen children from her, and thirteen from his two previous wives—in all thirty children. His thirtieth child was born after the birth of his great-grandson George William, who subsequently became Elector. He was never ill, and maintained his passion for hunting right up to his death at the age of seventy-three.

There must have been plenty of accommodation in the old château and its dependencies, for eighty-seven beds were carried off by the Duke of Lüneburg's regiment in 1626. Pappenheim's headquarters were at Gardelegen, hard by, from 1628-1630; and the Swedes took their part in plundering Letzlingen later on. The soldiery hunted at will in the forests and destroyed immense quantities of game.

The Swedes had a fine time of it at Gardelegen, their generals' table being well supplied from Letzlingen. Colbitz and Wolmirstadt in the neighbourhood, where members of the Hohenzollern family resided, were also destroyed; and with the destruction of these three châteaux the most brilliant period of sport in the Letzlingen Heide came to an end.

Better days, however, were destined to follow. In 1713, King Frederick I. was able to make a present of five hundred red deer and hinds to the "Old Dessauer," who was a very keen sportsman as well as a famous general. He also had two hundred fallow deer brought from Potsdam and distributed in the forests at Letzlingen and the neighbourhood.

Early in the eighteenth century, in 1727, the stock of game consisted of 360 red deer, 1,252 hinds, and 649 calves — total 2,261; but during this century none of the Kings of Prussia cared for or had leisure for shooting at Letzlingen. Prince Louis Ferdi-



LETZLINGEN, 1901

Fallow deer, with two foresters and men from the surrounding country

nand of Prussia, he who fell at Saalfeld, was fond of sport; and, as he was garrisoned at Magdeburg, he asked the King to give him the shooting of the Royal forests in the neighbourhood on lease. His petition was granted for a period of six years, and he paid as rent the sum of about £75!

He used to hunt with hounds, and he introduced wild boars and constructed a boar-enclosure, from which about a hundred were turned out in the spring—much to the disgust of the surrounding neighbourhood, as they did a deal of harm.

Up to about 1820 there was a very good stock of red deer at Letzlingen; but owing to neglect and various changes of policy,

and to the issue of orders to shoot down the game, the red deer were practically extinguished in this chase, and there remained only fallow deer—the descendants of those that had been turned out here in 1713.

But life only returned to this district under King Frederick William IV., who rebuilt the château in 1851. Some of the old foundations still exist, but the architecture of this modern residence differs entirely from that of the old one. The house, as well as the wall that circumvents the court, is castellated; and the whole is surrounded by a moat, in which the water was formerly deeper than it now is. The château is overhung with trees, so that the general effect is picturesque; but the fortress appearance of the place is quite fantastic.

Frederick William IV. visited Letzlingen for the first time in 1840; and the first Court hunt took place in 1843, after which there was annual shooting until 1856, except in 1848 and 1850. At this first shoot the bag was small—only fifteen boars and fifteen fallow deer.

Amongst the guests at the battues in 1849, 1852 and 1858 was Geheimer Legations Rath (answering to our term First Clerk) von Bismarck, who shot there afterwards as Prince von Bismarck in 1871. The lists of those present at the Letzlingen battues contain all the best-known names of German public and social life from these days onwards. During their lifetime the Radziwills, old Field-Marshal Wrangel, Prince Charles of Prussia, and Prince Frederick Charles were always there. Moltke's name does not figure in the lists; but he was no sportsman, and even at Creisau, his own country residence, he spared his guests the danger of his presence.

On 12th December, 1860, just three weeks before he succeeded to the throne, the Prince Regent (afterwards William I.) was present at Letzlingen to celebrate the tercentenary of this "Royal Home of Sport"—the first château having been completed, as above stated, under Joachim II. in 1560. In 1864 King William entertained Tsar Alexander II. here.

The improvement in the stock of game since this time may be appreciated by comparing the following results:—In 1860, on the occasion mentioned above, the bag for the two days' shooting was 13 red deer, 363 fallow deer, and 107 wild boars—total 483. In November 1869, the year when the news of the opening of the Suez Canal arrived, it was 24 red deer, 349 fallow deer, and 250 wild boar—total, 623. The total in recent years is always about 1,000. The year 1902 was the record year, viz.:—1 red deer, 245 fallow deer, 686 hinds, 54 full-grown wild boars, and 216 young pigs—total, 1,202.

The accompanying cards give the result of the shooting on the 4th and 5th of December, 1903.

A fine specimen of a full-grown wild boar, shot by the Kaiser at Letzlingen, was killed on 16th November, 1901; it was stuffed by order of His Majesty. It weighed 400 lb.; length, 1'60 m. (5½ ft.); height, 1'02 m. (3½ ft.); length of tusks, 13 cm. (5'12 in.); length of lesser tusks (razors), 8 cm. (3'15 in.).

Some notable historical incidents were enacted at Letzlingen, which give additional interest to this "Royal Home of Sport." It



GROUP BEFORE THE KAISER'S STAND AT LETZLINGEN, NOVEMBER 1904

(Specially copied by gracious permission of H.J.M. the Kaiser from his private collection)

was here whither the great Elector retired before the King of Sweden. Here also in recent times the news of the opening of the Suez Canal reached the King of Prussia. It was in 1864, at a shooting party, that the subjoined telegram from Crown Prince Frederick William arrived at Letzlingen on the night of 18th November:—

"S.M. le Roi de Prusse—Berlin. Trajet du port à Ismaila parfaitement réussi. 30,000 Arabes campés sous tentes autour de nous. Travaux véritablement merveilleux. Nous à bord de Grille. Salut aux chasseurs (*i.e.* à Letzlingen).—Frédéric Guillaume, Prince Royal."

constructed drinking horn that was originally presented for the purpose by King Frederick William IV. The cup, which can be seen standing on the dining-table in the accompanying illustration, is so constructed that a novice can easily baptise himself with the nectar which, if the cup be not carefully raised to the mouth, runs over his face. On the occasion of the Crown Prince's first visit to Letzlingen, it was suggested to the Kaiser that His Imperial Highness should be let off with only a portion of the draught. "No," said His Majesty, looking at his son; "he can stand it, and it is our traditional custom."

This interesting souvenir is a crown of a large red deer antler, into which has been inserted a silver goblet which is capable of containing the third part of a bottle of champagne. Arranged in the form of a drinking cup, it rests on a wooden stand, in which is inserted the following autograph dedication of the donor:—

"Von Seiner Majestät dem Könige an Ihre Majestät die Königin, mit der Bitte gnädigst gestatten zu wollen, dass dieser problematische Becher bei den grossen Jagdoperationen in der Grimnitz, Letzlingen, und der Potsdamer Gegend in I. M. Namen den Jagdgenossen vorgesetzt werde, um auf Ihrer Majestät Gesundheit zu trinken, ohne sich zu besabbern.—Fritz." ("From His Majesty the King to Your Majesty the Queen, with the request that Your Majesty will graciously allow this problematical goblet to be handed round in Your Majesty's name to the sportsmen at the big shooting parties in the Grimnitz, at Letzlingen and in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, in order that they may drink to Your Majesty's health without beslobbering themselves.")

It is Queen Elisabeth of Prussia to whom reference is made here. Her Majesty used to visit Letzlingen, and there is a school in the village bearing her name, founded for the education of the children of the district.

The cup is no longer used at the Grimnitz hunts (*i.e.*, in the Schorfheide), where court battues have been abandoned under the reigning monarch; nor at the Potsdam shooting parties either. It is kept among the relics of Letzlingen, and only brought out for use there.

An idea of the Letzlingen battues may be obtained from an account of any particular one. Let us take for example the year 1899, when the Crown Prince of Sweden was amongst His Majesty's guests, as well as Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. On 9th November they arrived at the Schloss. The next morning everybody was at the rendezvous at 10.30 ready for the arrival of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. The first drive, which was for fallow

deer, lasted till noon. His Majesty killed fifteen. All the deer had been kept ready for the drive in the "chambers." They were driven out in the direction of the Kaiser's standing—the whole space being bounded by toils in such a way that the deer crossed his Majesty right and left before reaching the other guns. The Kaiser picked out those he wished to fire at, the others passing on towards the next standings. After luncheon, the guns proceeded to another



SCHLOSS LETZLINGEN

The dining-room, with the celebrated drinking cup, presented by King Frederick William IV., on the table

part of the forest, where there was another fallow-deer drive with toils. Here His Majesty accounted for thirteen, thus making up a total of twenty-eight fallow deer for the day. The shooting was over at 5.30 p.m., and dinner was served in the château at seven o'clock.

On the following morning a fanfare of horns was sounded at 7.30 before the château, and everybody was expected to rise in

order to be ready at nine to enter the carriages which were to convey the party to the rendezvous. The first drive was for wild boar, a pack of hounds being used for the purpose, the guns having been assigned to their respective standings. At noon the drive was over, and the Kaiser, who, as usual, gave the *coup de grâce* to some of the wounded pigs, accounted for thirty-four, twenty-eight of them being boars over two years old. Then followed luncheon, after which there was another fallow-deer drive, His Majesty killing fifteen. At 5.15 p.m. the party sat down to dinner at the château,



LETZLINGEN, 1899—INSPECTION OF THE KAISER'S FALLOW DEER

His Majesty leaning on the shoulder of Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein; the Crown Prince of Sweden standing a little behind on the left of the Kaiser

and at seven drove off to Jävenitz station to catch the 7.45 train for Berlin. His Majesty used a military carbine 8mm. calibre.

Unfortunately the Letzlingen forests were visited between 1901-1903 by that terrible forest-tree plague, the *Fidonia pinaria* (called in Germany *Kiefern-Spanner*), a small green caterpillar which is most injurious to Scotch pine. It plays havoc with a forest when it invades it, completely drying up the wood of the trees. It was found necessary to fell large portions of this vast forest. Trees to the value of not much under £600,000 had to be hewn down and

sold as timber. The picturesque effect of the chase has therefore disappeared for some while, and no Court battues took place here last year.

Amongst relics preserved in special cabinets at Letzlingen are the hat that old Kaiser Wilhelm I. used to wear at these shooting parties, and the coins won by His Majesty at billiards on these occasions. The small sums, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 6s. 6d., 8s., and so forth, won between 1876-1886, at Göhrde, Letzlingen, Springe and elsewhere, used to be taken out of His Majesty's waistcoat pocket at night, and wrapped up in paper and kept in a drawer. They



KALTENBRONN, NOVEMBER 1901

H.I.M. the Kaiser practising at clay pigeons.

were found after his death, and have now been assigned to a little oak cabinet suspended from the wall. This much-loved monarch used generally to win his games at billiards!

An account of the modern Letzlingen château would be incomplete if all mention were omitted of Arnim's Adler Becher (eagle goblet), presented to Kaiser Wilhelm II. in December 1892 by that well-known sportsman, General Carl Gustav von Arnim. It is regarded as one of the Letzlingen treasures, and plays a part at all the convivial gatherings within the walls of the château. It is an interesting abnormal cast horn of a red deer, closely resembling the shape of an eagle's head, that was found about the middle of last

century in a bog at Glambeck in the Uckermark. A silver goblet, bearing on the bottom the representation of St. Hubert, is inserted into the thick part of the horn; and in the deed of gift, artistically drawn up and framed, we read that it was presented to the Kaiser as Protector of the Order of the White Stag of St. Hubert, founded in 1859 by Prince Frederick Charles, by the then Master (Jägermeister) of the Order, General Carl Gustav von Arnim, "known to his good friends under the sobriquet 'Schneppe' (woodcock)," to be handed round at the Letzlingen dinner table so that all present should quaff a bumper from it. It is also stipulated that the merry toppers of the festive board who raise it to their lips shall produce a specimen of their skill in rhyme-making in memory of the occasion. A book is kept wherein all kinds of word-juggling in rhyme indited by princes, ministers, civil and military functionaries and other persons who have enjoyed the Kaiser's hospitality at Letzlingen, are written in more or less humorous, dry, or adulatory style.

Subjoined is one of the Kaiser's poems, dated 18th December, 1893:—

Fröhlich und vereint beim Mahl
St. Hubertus Waidgesellen
Brausend zieht es durch den Saal
Von den Stimmen vielen hellen.

Einer ist es doch von allen
Der Hubertus' Gunst sich freut,
Der den festlich frohen Hallen
Einen Becher einst geweiht.

Ihn zu leeren bis zum Grunde
Also sollt die Sitte sein,
Soll die ganze Tafelrunde
Das Gefäss voll goldnen Wein.

Arnim edler grüner Zecher!
Ich zuerst ihn nun erfasse,
Bringe Schneppe dir den Becher
Dass dein Gunst uns nie erblasse!

Dann von Herzen ich ihn leere
Angefüllt bis an den Rand
Auf des Wittelsbachers Ehre
Auf den Fürst von Bayernland.

Ihnen aber wünsch ich allen,
Dass von manchem sicheren Blei
Vieles Wild noch möge fallen
Und Hubertus gnädig sei.

WILHELM R.

The donor of the goblet wrote on 24th November, 1894 :—

Wenn auch verwittert die Gestalt

Ein königstreues Waidmannsherz wird niemals alt.

(Although he may look weather-beaten, a sportsman's heart loyal to its King will never become old !)

There are three interesting pictures representing the shoots at Letzlingen in the time of King Frederick William IV. One of



HIS EXCELLENCY BARON VON HEINTZE, MASTER OF THE ROYAL HUNT

them hangs in the Grunewald château, and portrays the Royal host and King Frederick Augustus of Saxony at a battue at Letzlingen on October 28th, 1844, by Grawert. The other two hang in the dining-room at Letzlingen. On one of them Kaiser Wilhelm I., as Prince William of Prussia, is represented in the bloom of youth, tall and erect, conversing with his son ; and on the other he is talking to Wrangel. All three summon up reminiscences of the past, recalling interesting incidents from the lives of Hohenzollerns who have played a part in the history of their country.



QUEER-TEMPERED HORSES—II

COMPILED BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

[Contributed by Lords Durham and Ellesmere, Colonel W. Hall-Walker, M.P., Majors Charles Beatty, D.S.O., and Arthur Hughes-Onslow, Messrs. Gwyn Saunders-Davies and E. C. Clayton, Sam Darling, Tom Cannon, Joseph Cannon, and Richard Marsh:]

EVERYONE is probably aware that the characters of horses vary, much as do the characters of men, there being good, bad, eccentric, and so forth, as is frequently indicated by the animals' faces.

The descriptions in "The Druid's" admirable books of the peculiarities of famous horses have been read with interest by multitudes of lovers of the animal; indeed, there is something specially fascinating about accounts of the way in which well-known winners comport themselves in private life—in peeps behind the scenes in the stable, as it were. This being so, it occurred to me to ask certain owners and trainers, whom I am privileged to reckon among my friends, to give me details of some of the queer-tempered horses that have been under their charge. How kindly they have responded the following pages will show.

St. Maclou when in training objected to fulfilling the object for which he was trained, and he appeared to have thought out the position of affairs with a great deal of shrewdness. In order to race he had to be ridden, in order to be ridden he had to be saddled: if he declined to submit to the first process the other could not be inflicted on him. That was all very well as far as it went; but if he stood up some method of saddling him would be devised, he had found out by experience, whereas if he lay down a saddle could not be placed on his back. When, therefore, his trainer and attendants came to equip him for the fray, the son of St. Simon and Mimi knelt down, rolled over on to his side, and there remained obdurate. If this was not common sense of an uncommon character, what was it? Could a more effective method by any possibility have been adopted by the cleverest of brains? He was assuredly a cunning beast.

The Doncaster Cup of 1903, in spite of the presence of some useful animals, seemed really a good thing for St. Maclou—if only he would behave himself reasonably. When his saddle was brought into his box, however, he gave evidence of his extreme disapprobation of the whole business by simply screaming; and then, having uttered his vehement protest, he sank on his haunches this time, and rolled over. Major Beatty tried assiduously to bring him to a sense of better things; Lewis the head lad assisted or endeavoured to assist; his own boy lent a hand—both hands in fact—but for a long time the horse remained recalcitrant, and when at length he consented to rise he was not half a horse, the excitement had taken all the steam out of him.

He did not much mind being saddled in his own box at home; it was the foreign expedition he could not stand; so that when he ran at Newmarket his jockey weighed, brought the saddle and cloths to his stable, and there made him ready. Now at the stud he has settled down, and acts in all respects reasonably. He was not bad-tempered, merely anxious to express his disapproval of racing—at least, that was the (possibly partial) explanation of his friends.

Another quaint horse at Bedford Cottage is Kilglass. Major Beatty has theories about horses, one being that if they have little pony heads and certain other conformations, all of which Kilglass possesses, they are ineradicably bad. He tried the son of Isinglass and Kilkenny to be on the contrary a good colt, and naturally hoped to find him an exception to the rule—to his ideas, I mean, in regard to make and shape; but it appears that the theory is too well founded, for Kilglass is one of the sort that can but won't. His chief peculiarity, however, is his utter detestation of rain. In wet weather he not only refuses to gallop at all, but becomes half-terrified, half-infuriated, and wholly intractable. How to cure him was the problem, and Major Beatty thought it might be a good thing to turn him out in his yard one day when a heavy shower came on, so that he must perforce grow accustomed to wet; but Kilglass dashed frantically round, and threw himself against the wall with such violence that he had to be led into his box again for fear he should hurt himself.

Prince of Tyre, Sam Darling tells me, had a quaint habit of his own. When shut up after exercise he would amuse himself by walking round his box on his hind legs with unwearying persistence. Having done this for a time he would scrape all his bedding into the middle of his habitation, rear up again, and resume his walk until he had trodden it into chaff. All this excess of energy of course took a good deal out of him, and Darling thought that a companion might keep him quiet, so found a goat and introduced the creature to the

restless Prince. It was a very bad shot. The horse, far from liking goats, objected forcibly to the intrusion, and "went for" the unfortunate visitor with such determination that he had to be speedily removed. A cat was then tried, and the Prince became quieter.

Another Beckhampton horse, Sweet Sounds, was an irreclaimable savage. One morning at exercise his girths came undone; he got his boy off, and rushed at him like a lion, the result to the unlucky lad being a month in the hospital. Good Morning was another of the ugly-tempered sort. Once he bit his leading-rein clean through at one vicious snap, caught hold of his attendant, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. The horse suffered from partial paralysis of the spine, and to that Darling attributes his evil disposition.

"It is a very rare thing nowadays to find a really savage horse," Darling writes, in the course of his extremely interesting letter. "When I was a boy, I remember the colts by Stockwell were most of them troublesome. They would jump and kick for several minutes at a time from sheer temper; but in those days the young stock were not handled as they are now; in consequence they knew their strength, and let us know it too. Von Strome and Knight of Kars were very bad-tempered. The first-named had the peculiarity that he would let no white man—only a coloured man—go near him; and the latter bit a man's finger clean off. I have had to throw certain horses since I have been at Beckhampton, in order to put their bridles on. I had a plater called Eccles once, who broke out into a sweat the moment he saw a bit of turf, ever when away from his own galloping ground. I had him led about till he became quiet, and always made the boy dismount after every canter and get up again when I wanted him to start. This quieted him, and I won a couple of races with him in one day at Windsor, after which I sold him to Fred Archer. He never won again, however, though he was made first favourite for a race at Epsom—he finished down the course.

"Disguise II. was a perfect mule in his work, would do nothing he was wanted to, and after exercising much patience I resolved at length to try what severity would do. For once it succeeded: he went well enough then, and a short time after having his hiding he won the Jockey Club Stakes."

As a rule the whip makes a horse worse, but there are exceptions, and Disguise II. was an instance.

Joseph Cannon, through whose hands so many hundreds of horses have passed, says that he has found very few bad-tempered ones. Those who have threatened to be troublesome have generally yielded to kind treatment and plenty of work. He will not admit

that Worcester was more than "high-couraged"; it was that, not vice, which made him launch out with his heels after winning a race at Newmarket. He had been taken into the little enclosure set apart for winners, and with one hearty, well-directed kick, smashed the rails to matchwood. At home he was perfectly quiet, but when being saddled—or while the attempt was being made to saddle him—on a racecourse he was, his genial trainer admits, "a bit out of the common." Had he been an even-tempered horse, Joseph Cannon declares that he would have been a downright good one. Sweet Auburn was beaten a head in the Stewards' Cup carrying 8st. 3lb., and the style in which Worcester had previously cantered away from him showed that Worcester would have won anyhow with 9st. 7lb. if he had cared to gallop.

For the most part horses like cats, as already noted; but Joseph Cannon had one animal, St. Symphorien, that disliked them intensely—unless it should rather be said that he liked them in an unusual way. One evening a cat was left in his box; next morning all that remained was some bits of fluff and a tail.

I have elsewhere told the story of Best Man's cat, without which he was miserable. When he went to Paris to win the Prix du Conseil Municipal, the cat, of course, went with him; but at Boulogne, on the way back, she was lost, and Best Man for a long time remained inconsolable, constantly looking round his box at Warren House, evidently longing to see her. Another was procured for him, and he tolerated it, but it was not *his* cat. I have also repeated Sir John Thursby's anecdote of Grave and Gay's donkey. That speedy but uncertain filly was violently attached to the creature, who consequently had to be taken to meetings where Grave and Gay was running; but the donkey hated going into a horse-box, and had to be bodily lifted up and put in by half a dozen men. Pretty Polly's affection for her cob friend is known to all racegoers, and years ago at Danebury I used to ride a pony that had been the companion of Robert the Devil, who used to amuse himself and vex his little friend by gnawing his tail, which was always in a quaintly dilapidated condition.

Marsh kindly gives me an interesting account of the whimsicalities of the two brothers, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee—Florizel II., the eldest, knew how to behave himself and acted on his knowledge. Persimmon, however, was mulish, one of his tricks being a refusal to go into his box. Most horses are eager to get *there*, but Persimmon would often stand outside for half an hour or more, backing if an attempt were made to lead him, and lifting a hind leg in threatening fashion if anyone went near him from behind. But what a good horse he was his trainer believes is not

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even now generally realised. As a two-year-old he could do what he liked with Ugly at even weights, and it need not be said how fast Ugly could gallop. Marsh declares that for depth, scope, and quality he never saw such a horse as Persimmon was when he won the Ascot Cup. I have seen him since, and it is a spectacle that does the lover of horses good.

He had not a bad temper, but Diamond Jubilee had something very like one and gave an infinity of trouble. When taken out to exercise he would rear and refuse to jump off, and Marsh vows that he had almost human understanding and artfulness. Mornington Cannon won the Boscawen Stakes on him, beating the then promising Paigle, a sister to Harrow, by a head, and the horse took the most virulent dislike to his jockey. Some time afterwards Cannon went to ride him a gallop one morning on the Heath. Diamond Jubilee apparently did not notice who was being put on his back, but perhaps some little difference in seat or hand struck him; he slowly turned his head, looked the jockey full in the face, and immediately broke out into a sweat. Mornington Cannon is seldom hard on a horse, but there had been a severe finish with Paigle, and the colt evidently remembered it all too well. After some time devoted to his usual antics, however, he jumped off and went the allotted distance. On pulling up, Cannon, instead of waiting for his hack and letting the boy who brought it hold the horse, carelessly slid off Diamond Jubilee's saddle; and in a moment the horse flew at him, and rolled him over. It would have been very bad for "Morny" if assistance had not by that time been at hand. The creature never forgot. Long afterwards Cannon was at Egerton House one day, and said he should like to have a look through the stables. Marsh went round with him, but when they approached Diamond Jubilee's box, and he heard the jockey's voice, he began to dash about, and would have done what he missed doing that morning on the Heath if half a chance had been afforded him. When I saw him at Sandringham last year, however, he had settled down and was giving no sort of trouble.

Major Arthur Hughes-Onslow tells me of an old Irish steeple-chase horse called Tornado who hated bicycles. Whenever he saw one he used to go for it and try to put his forelegs through the wheels. He did not seem in the least afraid of cycles, and was not a bad-tempered horse. My informant suggests that it may have been Tornado's idea of a joke! Telesinus, a son of Castlereagh, who was running and sometimes winning in the late nineties, had an unamiable habit of reaching round and snatching at his jockey's foot. He made a grab for it at the post at Lewes one day, and missing, took a biggish bit out of his own shoulder.

Mr. E. C. Clayton writes that he has luckily had very little experience of bad-tempered horses at Exton. "In my opinion," he goes on to say, "horses' tempers are either made or marred as yearlings, when so much depends upon care and patience exercised during breaking. Good treatment imparts confidence and secures good mouths: a hard, bad mouth conduces more than anything to bad temper, for if the rider is compelled to be pulling and hauling at the horse, all peace and confidence between them disappears. During the last four or five years there is no doubt that we have had many more bad-tempered horses in training than at any previous period during the last forty years, and practical observers attribute this almost entirely to the introduction of the starting gate, which entails rough handling both as yearlings and during the horses' career on the racecourse; for the necessary practice at the gate sours and crows the colts, whilst it frightens the fillies. Besides which there is so much inevitable pressure on the mouth to keep the animals up to the gate and prevent them whipping round that the much-desired delicacy of the mouths of young animals has to a great extent disappeared."

I seemed to remember some fantastic animals that have carried Lord Durham's colours, but I appear to have been wrong. He kindly writes from Tomatin, N.B.: "I have had more *bad* horses than most men, but singularly few of them have been bad-tempered, and I cannot recollect any with tricks or vices worth recording. But you ought to be able to make up an interesting article. I saw Ladas last August. He has a paddock open to his box. Some ladies boldly entered the box, and one of them said, 'He is quite quiet. Look at the dear thing standing out there like a picture!' At that moment Ladas began to snort and paw the ground, and the stud groom hurriedly exclaimed, 'He has a special dislike for ladies!' They cleared out at one door just as he came in at the other. Yesterday," Lord Durham continues, "I saw an eagle and a hawk hunting the hill facing this lodge. They quartered the ground together just like a pair of pointers"—a highly interesting bit of natural history.

Ladas has a notorious temper. Lord Coventry, in a letter which, however, does not contain material for my present purpose, congratulates himself on never having had a regular savage in his stable, like Ladas or Barcaldine, though he has been burdened with an occasional rogue. The percentage of these is so large, indeed, that no one who has had even a few horses—and Lord Coventry has of course had very many—can escape them.

With his customary kindness Lord Ellesmere responds to my inquiry:—"Lowland Chief was the queerest-tempered horse I ever

possessed. I bought him with the reputation of being an awkward horse in the stable. I was told, but that was probably an exaggeration, that for a long time no one had dared to *dress* him properly. That he was awkward was undoubtedly true, not only in the stable, but also when being saddled before a race. I was not present when he won me the Royal Stakes at Epsom, but I was informed that on that occasion he sat down on his haunches, screamed, and fought with his fore feet rather than consent to be saddled. He then proceeded to do one of the best performances of his career. This was perhaps more bad than 'queer' temper. His queerness rather showed itself in this way: Some days he would stand like an old sheep to be saddled, apparently taking no interest in the process. But on those days he also took no interest in racing, and merely provided his jockey with a good view of the contest. In short, when he showed temper beforehand he generally did his best, when he showed none he did not exert himself at all. He was not a rogue in the ordinary sense of the word; the way in which he fought out the finish for the Portland Plate at Doncaster, beating Geheimniss by a head, proved that. At the stud he was not an easy horse to manage, and once mauled his attendant pretty severely. At last he turned quite savage, or as I should put it, went mad. No one could go near him, so he was induced to put his head out of the half-door of his box, and was shot dead in that position."

Tom Cannon has had some troublesome horses through his hands, the worst of these perhaps being Fritz, a real good one when at his best and willing to gallop. "Five minutes is a long while, but he used to stand on his hind legs for no less a time," his owner tells me. "He seemed to be on his hind legs all the morning indeed." He was a veritable savage. It took two boys to "do" him. One had a thin iron bar with a hook at the end, which hook was fixed to Fritz's bit, while the other lad was dressing him in his box. When out, even on the road, he would violently throw himself on his knees and gnaw the ground; indeed, one never knew what he would do next, except that it was certain to be something evil and malicious. Sachem, a particularly beautiful chestnut, who ran third for the Derby before going to Danebury, was always cunningly seeking to take it out of anyone who went near him, but he, happily, had not Fritz's diabolical disposition.

My friend Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies kindly writes to me:—"The most peculiar horse I have had, so far as temperament goes, was Bridge, a good one when he chose. He was obliged to have downs to himself and be kept apart from other horses. It was quite amusing to watch him going to his gallops. Ridden by a good man, and led by another, he would walk for fifty yards, then

stop and look round, and nothing would induce him to move until he took it upon himself to do so. The man on his back would pat him and talk to him kindly, in fact almost implore him to go on, but it was not a bit of good until he so desired himself. He would behave like this the whole way to a gallop. On arrival there, the boy leading him would slip the leading rein through his bridle, and off he would dash like a thunderbolt for about three furlongs, after which he would settle down and go steadier, but all the persuasion in the world would not make him return for another gallop. He considered that one was sufficient, and the rider had to wait patiently till the boy with the leading rein arrived where he had stopped (which he did considerably slower than Bridge) to lead and coax him down again. At first he was fairly good at the gate—didn't quite understand it, I suppose; but after a certain American jockey gave him a hiding at Kempton, nothing would persuade him to face it again. Kempton Cannon asked for the mount at Newmarket, but when the barrier went up Bridge disappeared in the direction of Exning, and returned, I believe, to the paddock *viâ* Newmarket Railway Station. A certain trainer at Newmarket asked leave to have a go at him, suggesting getting him on the ground and half killing him. The first day Bridge was quite amenable, enjoying the view which was strange to him, and the new people; but after a day or two I believe he became worse than ever, missing the kind treatment he had received at his old quarters. However, he never faced the starter or starting-gate again, and was sold at Newmarket December sales, I think to go abroad, after being one year at the stud. He was more a queer-tempered horse than a bad one."

As I am happy to say is usual, Colonel W. Hall Walker sends me an exceptionally interesting reply to my inquiries. He writes:—"The main point which suggests itself to me, in all cases of horses showing temper, is first of all, what is the cause? For I have traced in many cases that the temper was the result of pain, weakness, or disease. Take the recent case of Black Arrow"—and this is a subject which awakens the keenest interest. "I feared that his misbehaviour might have arisen from the fact that he was afraid to gallop down hill, for his feet are rather small for so big a horse. He continued to fight, however, when he returned to Foxhill, and it was then discovered, two days afterwards when I visited him, that a bott-worm had formed a lump under the saddle and that the dressing he had had with Robinson on his back had burst it. A sore place was the natural result, and when I saw him last he was suffering from it. This may or may not have been the cause: we shall see—he runs next at Derby. I remember many years ago noticing a mare of the Duke of Beaufort's, named Consie, run in the Chester Cup. She was

100 yards in front the first time round, but finished nowhere. She eventually became a 'jade' as they called her, and ran in selling hurdle races in Devonshire. She came into my possession and I bred from her, but I soon found that she had only one lung, and she was given away to a farmer in Ireland, who is, I believe, breeding from her still. Her cough was almost perpetual. She was not a rogue, but an invalid.

"Vedas was supposed to be a thief—or whatever may be the term for a horse that refuses to put it in at the finish. The truth was he felt that one of his legs was wrong, and naturally saved it as much as possible; when he broke down he went on both legs. As regards Vedas, however, let me add that this is surmise on my part, for there was no very palpable sign of a bad leg to a casual observer, and I made no definite inquiries.

"Take a different kind of case. One morning I heard a shriek coming from Sandboy's box in Ireland. He was then a three-year-old, and the smallest boy did him because he was so quiet. I found Sandboy kneeling on the lad, and just saved him in time. What was the cause of this sudden demonstration of temper? Next morning the horse was in great agony, suffering from an acute attack of the second stage of contagious vascular dermatitis, which we mistook for a split pastern, as anyone else would who knew nothing of the acute stage that this disease (measles) sometimes takes. The horse has shown no temper since. In the case of Vedas, just before he broke down finally he wore a muzzle all day and the boy was paid extra to look after him.

"I do not say that *all* horses that show temper have something the matter with them, any more than I would say that *all* horses that have something the matter with them show temper. It depends upon the particular character of the horse. I once owned a very high-caste Arab called Magic, originally bought by the late Captain Hayes of horse-breaking fame. Captain Hayes happened to pass by (in India) when the pony was kneeling on his attendant and just saved him, brought him to England, and I bought him; and although he was in my possession until he died at the age of twenty odd years he only showed the same temper on one occasion. That was two or three days after we had both taken a very bad fall in a race at Manchester; no doubt the effects of the fall had made him sore (as it did me too and does to this day), but I had to rescue the stud groom from under him, or undoubtedly the man would have been killed."

Here, for the present, we will end, but the subject seems to me so interesting that I hope to return to it; and if friends to whom I have not written will send me anecdotes and instances I shall be greatly obliged.



MARKET PLACE, PREJEVALSCK

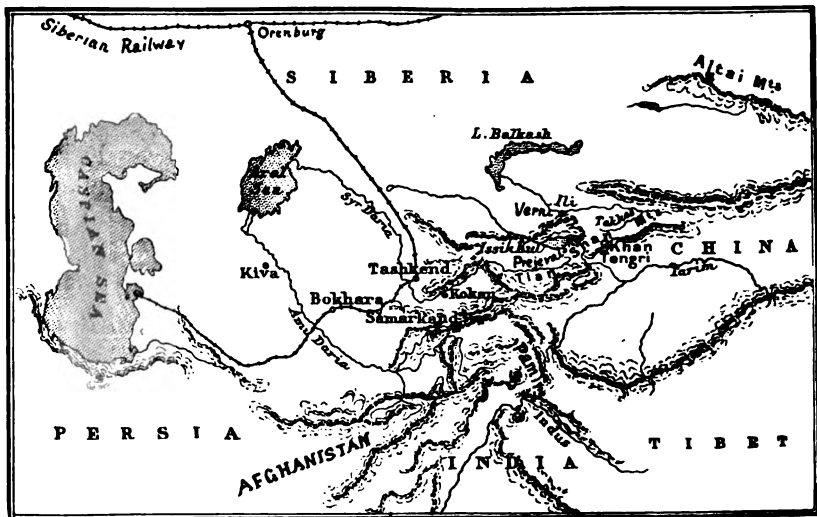
WITH THE KHIRGIZS OF KHAN TENGRI

BY LORD O. BEAUCLERK

IN July 1904 I arrived with a friend at the little town of Prejevalsk, on Lake Issikul, intending to start from there to shoot round Khan Tengri, the big mountain of 24,000 ft. on the Russo-Chinese frontier. After posting east by "tarantass" for five days and nights from Tashkend, the terminus of the Transcaspian railway, through a monotonously flat, treeless, and arid country, meeting an occasional Khirgiz caravan, and sometimes passing one of the Russian villages of a single street often several miles in length, the road turns south and ascends through a pass in the mountains, very like many parts of Cape Colony, till it comes suddenly on Lake Issikul. The cool, moist atmosphere and vivid green of the landscape are delightful after the heat and dust of the steppes. About fifty miles long, and half as wide, Issikul is set in an oval of snow-topped mountains, their lower slopes covered with pines, and glitters blue under such a sky as we get on a fine spring day in England. Cattle are browsing knee-deep in the meadows, bright in summer with roses, foxglove, poppies, pansies, and many of our English wild flowers, and little farmsteads of the Russian settlers are dotted about the

basin, which is one of the most fertile and best wheat-growing districts in Central Asia.

Prejevalsck, named after the great explorer Prejevalsky, who died here when about to start on an expedition into the Gobi desert, lies at the east end of the lake. With its neat little log-built houses it looks like a small Norwegian town, and has been laid out with broad rectangular streets, their sides watered with rivulets and planted with willows, elm, and silver poplars in the admirable Russian way. Between five and six thousand feet above sea-level, with a good rainfall in summer and a temperate winter, the climate is almost perfect. Issikul is the Switzerland of Turkestan, and



when there is a railway from Tashkend to Verni, only two days' ride distant across the mountains, no doubt many people will come here during the hot weather of the plains. But for the war it was to have been begun last October, immediately on the completion of the Orenburg-Tashkend line. On the lake, near the monument that has been put up to Prejevalsky, some retired Russian officers have built themselves châteaux, to end their days farming and bee-keeping, which are among the great industries of the district. Issikul has been formed by a sinking of the ground; under the lake is buried a Chinese city of some former age. It is said that the lines of the streets are distinctly visible on a clear day; certainly fragments of houses and skeletons of men are sometimes washed ashore, and many old Buddhist relics, images, and coins have been found in the neighbourhood—one a granite statue about ten feet

long in a very good state of preservation—besides stone inscriptions left by the Nestorian Christians, who penetrated here about the twelfth, and disappeared in the fifteenth, century.

Prejevalsck has a Russian, Sart, and Chinese quarter, with an excellent school, attended alike by Russians and Sarts (the native traders)—the schoolmaster of which (an ardent zoologist) had in his possession alive several kinds of eagles, vultures, and hawks, besides roe-deer, several snow-leopards, and a wapiti fawn, most of which he was about to send to Hagenbeck, the dealer, of Hamburg. The afternoon of our arrival being one of the numerous Russian holidays, the Prejevalskians were promenading in the public gardens, listening to a gramophone which had just been imported. It was playing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

In spite of warnings that for Englishmen this was an inauspicious year in which to visit the more remote dominions of the Czar, all responsible Russians whom we had met had been as courteous



WAPITI GROUND, THIAN SAN MOUNTAINS

and civil as they invariably are. Only faint echoes of the war filtered through in the daily official telegrams (for Prejevalsck is connected by wire direct with St. Petersburg); we had engaged an excellent Khirgiz guide, and, after less than a month's journey from London, were only three days from our shooting-ground; so that we were congratulating ourselves on having lost no time, when our hopes were dashed by the local commandant. Notwithstanding his having been asked by the governor of his province to give us any help required, this unamiable official—who enjoyed a well-founded unpopularity alike among natives and Russians who were unfortunate enough to live in his district—insisted on believing that we had come with some ulterior motive. Although he had promised to get us ponies within two days of our arrival, and was ostentatiously willing to help us, he, as we soon discovered, put every difficulty in our way, summarily imprisoned our Khirgiz guide for having allowed

us to engage him, and ordered the natives to have nothing to do with us.

After languishing ten days at Prejevalsck, at the end of which time there seemed no better prospect of getting ponies, notwithstanding the commandant's professions that they would be ready very soon, we decided (what if only we had known our man we should have done before) to go ourselves to the Khirgiz; so posted some sixty miles into the mountains towards Khan Tengri. All mountain tracks lead to Karkara, the name of the little post-station. It lies at the foot of the Thian San range, in a valley about six miles broad, and of permanent buildings cannot boast more than



NATIVES COMING INTO KARKARA

a few streets of log cabins, a wooden mosque, police-officer's house, and post-station. Though on the same latitude as the south of France and not more than seven thousand feet above sea-level, it is a very windy and particularly cold place in winter, when the houses are often entirely buried in snow fifteen feet deep, and the population reduced to the "staroshsta" with his post-boys, and a native policeman left in charge of the police-officer's house. When coming back the first week in October, though still comparatively warm in the mountains, there was already two feet of snow, the bitterly cold winds of winter were blowing, and the last of the high posts which mark the track were being put up. But it would be hard to imagine a busier or more pretty scene than Karkara in summer. The

lower slopes of the mountains which look over the valley are green with spruce and mountain-ash; higher up grow shrubs which give place to scanty grass, then bare steep slopes of shingle with their jagged crags of perpetual snow glittering in the intensely clear air. Frosty at night, it is hot though bracing in the daytime, with the hailstorms that almost always sweep round Khan Tengri in the afternoon.

Karkara lies too close to the foot of the range for a good view; a day's march away, where the range turns due east, the Thian San, "in the wild pomp of mountain majesty," stretches away along the



IBEX GROUND, THIAN SAN

Tekkes Valley as far as the eye can see. The high white cone of Khan Tengri, which towers above the surrounding peaks, is generally shrouded in a thick haze by day, but can always be seen on a moonlight night and on a clear evening, rose-tinted with the setting sun long after the country round is in darkness—a scene that no pen can do justice to.

Here from May to August is held the gathering of the Khirgiz clans who live on the Russian side of Khan Tengri and at the head of the Tekkes Valley. Their innumerable "yourts" are pitched alongside the snow-fed streams in the valley, which is covered with countless horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and camels belonging to those who come from the plains of the river Ili, 150 miles away below.

Russian and Sart traders occupy the bazaar which has been deserted during the winter, and ply a prosperous trade with the natives, who come from hundreds of miles round to supply their slender wants for the rest of the year with what little they do not make themselves. Here the Khirgiz has his annual hot bath; here cattle are bartered and marriages are arranged (a fair price for a wife this year was 24 cows, 23 horses, and a camel); while disputes are settled, tribute collected, and justice administered by the Russian civil service officers, who come to Karkara for the summer months.

The evening we arrived, business was just over for the day; two commercial travellers had disposed of a large stock of Singer's sewing machines, which seem to have penetrated into most

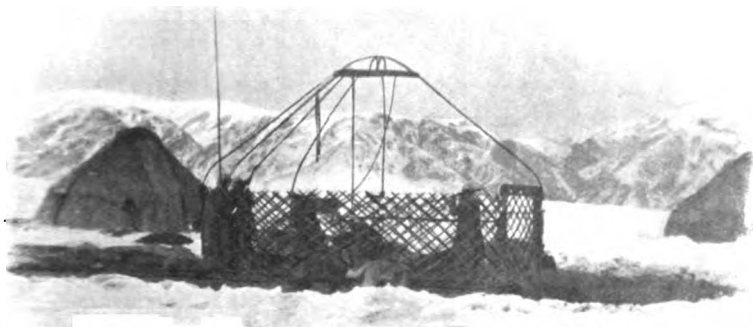


SLEIGHING TO KARKARA, OCTOBER

parts of Central Asia; and a drum beaten in the dusk invited an expectant crowd to walk up to the entertainment of an enterprising cinematographist who was appearing for the first time. The Russian officers were more than kind, lent us a "yourt"—the walls and floor covered with carpets, which was luxury itself—during the two days we had to wait while getting a caravan together; regaled us with roe-deer, wild onions, vodka, and vanilla ice made from the snow near by (all except the vodka and vanilla the produce of Karkara), and invited us to a race-meeting of the natives which was to take place next day.

The Khirgizs are the most intrepid riders on the mountain-side, and scramble zig-zag on their ponies over snow and ice on hillsides so

steep that the more cautious stranger will ingloriously get off and walk. Moreover they are extraordinarily careless about their saddlery, and use the most flimsy old bits of leather for stirrup leathers and girths, which are constantly breaking—an alarming reflection when riding over a more than usually awkward place. With very short stirrups, perched on high-pommel wooden saddles on masses of felt, they appear to ride on the principle that one can go anywhere with a fall; when they do fall, which is much less often than one would expect, perhaps once or twice a day, they are off in a moment on the up-hill side, and neither ponies nor men ever seem to hurt themselves seriously. Living a wandering and pastoral life, horses are a necessity of existence to the Khirgiz; he



A "YURT" BEFORE BEING PUT UP

is literally almost born in the saddle. The women ride oxen, carrying their babies a few weeks old strapped on their backs; little boys ride calves to round up the others at milking time, when the foals are picketed on a long rope; for they ride and eat oxen and horses, milk their mares, cows, and sheep, with equal impartiality. Growing no grain, the native of the mountains lives almost wholly on meat, milk, and cheese, except for what little flour he may sometimes buy from the district of Lake Issikul.

The "yurt" of the Khirgiz is a dome-shaped felt tent on a wooden framework, with a hole in the top for a chimney; warm in winter, and cool in summer, it is the most comfortable of dwellings, and owing to its shape will not blow down in the strongest wind,

About 18 ft. in diameter, there is plenty of room, a very necessary requirement for the Khirgiz's always numerous family, especially as it is often shared by a delicate cow or calf. The contents of a "yourt" invariably consist of a gigantic skin of "koumiss" (fermented mare's milk), a very large, hairy, and uninviting-looking cheese, a large cooking-pot, and a wooden bedstead for the whole family, with a great many felt carpets, which make the place very comfortable. The only drawback is that it takes over an hour to put up, and two oxen to carry it.

The women, who work harder than the men, move their "yourts" on to fresh grazing-grounds, milk the mares and cows, collect fuel, and make felt; while the men round up their stock, make a little hay in summer, and hunt the wild sheep (which here,



INTERIOR OF A "YOURT"

though smaller, approximate in type the "ovis poli" of the Tamirs), ibex, bear, roe-deer, and wapiti; occasionally a tiger is killed in the lower valleys. The wapiti, which are only found in the

Altai and Thian San ranges, have been so killed down by the natives, who sell their horns when in velvet to the Chinese for medicine, that the Russians do not allow stags to be killed; but policemen are few and far between, and when a Cossack does appear on the scene it is usually to shoot stag himself in May or June.

These occupations are varied by the more venturesome with horse-thieving over the border; on the Russian side a horse thief gets two years' imprisonment, in China he is shot at sight.

In summer they pasture their herds in the plains and on the high ground at the head of the valleys above the belt of pine-trees, which grow on the north face of the mountains between eight and nine thousand feet above sea-level. In winter they abandon the wind-swept plains and the high ground for the ravines in the pine-belt where the grazing has been left untouched and there are dug-outs

and shelter for their stock. Making so little hay, they lose large numbers of cattle in a severe winter; though owning enormous herds, they are extremely averse from selling any of their stock; and although nominally Mahommetans, from motives of economy habitually eat beasts which have died from natural causes.

It is now some thirty years since Russia took over the government of the country; under her firm military rule, order has been produced out of the chaos that formerly reigned amongst the mountain tribes; the native now looks to the Russian Government for protection from his own chief, whom indeed he regards rather in the light of the tax-collector than as his friend and protector. To every



KHIRGIZ FAMILY ON THE MARCH

seventy "yourts" there is a headman, to whom every man of his tribe contributes in proportion to his possessions; this headman is in turn responsible to his chief (there is a chief to every thousand "yourts"), who is answerable to the Russians for the good conduct and tribute of his tribe. Even here the passive resister is not unknown.

Obliged by the Government to provide the wayfarer with a "yourt" and to exchange his tired horses for fresh ones if required, the Khirgizs no longer welcome him with the hospitality of the Kazaks and Kalmaks who live further east, in Chinese Turkestan. More in touch with civilisation, the Khirgizs are less primitive and unsophisticated; they do not, like the former, insist on his sharing in the dubious joys of "koumiss," kill the fatted sheep in his honour,

and as a mark of especial favour proffer him fistfuls of fat from the family soup-tureen. Nor do they collect his empty sardine tins and similar treasures to provide earrings, necklaces, and ornaments for the hair of their wives and daughters. Though it is perhaps ungracious to criticise, a Khirgiz feast is something to be remembered rather than appreciated at the time by one who has been brought up in a land of knives and forks. Everyone sits cross-legged round the cooking-pot, and the proceedings begin with conversation and "koumiss"; then water is poured over the hands of the guests, the host ejaculates something, and all fall to. The host from time to time places some unusually succulent morsel in the mouth of a favoured guest or of his eldest son, and silence, broken only by the cracking of bones, reigns until the end of the repast. Though the mountain



SHEEP

Khirgiz are far superior to those who live near towns and who no longer live a nomad life, even from their slight contact with civilisation they have deteriorated. Many are like Northern Europeans in appearance,

with blue eyes and fresh complexions; but most have the straight black hair, slit eyes, and high cheek-bones of the Mongol. As guides they have extremely good sight, and, like all mountain folk, are sturdy, active, and very hardy. Though all are polite, and many of the headmen are not without dignity, taken *en masse* they are an unattractive race. They are with good reason profoundly distrustful of each other, and are excitable, quarrelsome, grasping, untruthful, and lazy to a degree. Attempts have been made on a small scale to work the gold which exists in many places, but only in a very desultory way, as no native can be induced to work for any length of time. Though they have no money, all possess cattle; there is no poverty, and they have a rooted objection to manual labour of any kind.

The Khirgiz have certain fixed burying-places, for choice near

the water supply, where they erect rough mud-tombs over their dead—unlike the Kalmaks, who put the body anywhere and cover it with a heap of stones, in which they put a branch with a flag on it. But, except that they are less inhuman in appearance and more cleanly in their habits, they are in all respects inferior to their K a l m a k neighbours,



WAPITI

whom they affect to despise. It would be hard indeed to find a more repulsive human being than the Kalmak of the Thian San. He is more Chinese-looking than a Chinese, aggressively inquisitive, less polite and intelligent than the Khirgiz, and has apparently no religious belief whatever. But he is brave and truthful, two qualities which in the Khirgiz are completely wanting. Their ponies, wiry, well-balanced little animals, from 12½ to 13½ hands high, are robbed of half their mothers' milk when foals, only get grass to eat in the severest winter, and are never shod; but they will climb all day, and



SKIN OF TIGER SHOT BY NATIVES

their feet will last several weeks' work amongst the rocks. All having been handled as foals, and the mares being constantly milked, the droves of horses are as docile as cattle, and one seldom meets

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a vicious animal. The natives never let a pony graze until several hours after his work ; they say that if he is allowed to graze directly, he will lie down to sleep after dark, whereas otherwise he will graze all night.

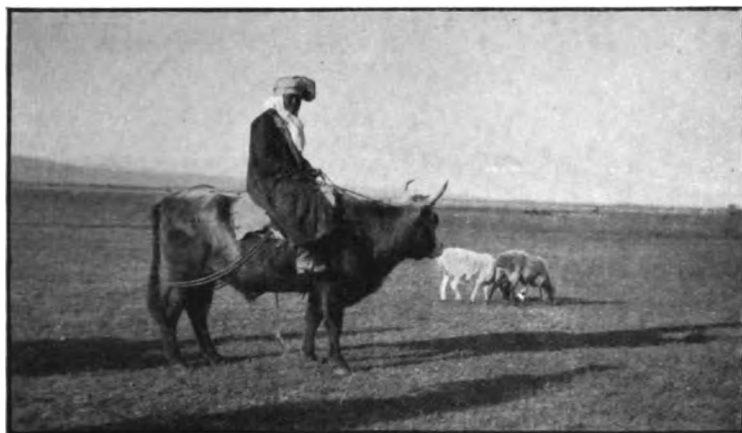
How good they were on the mountain-side we already knew, and looked forward to seeing them in such an unexpected rôle as flat-racers. All the next morning, from every point of the compass, troops of natives on horses (many of them two-year-olds), camels, and oxen come riding into Karkara ; the men with caps trimmed with fox or wolf skin, the women with their white headgear concealing the lower part of the face ; brown of skin, rosy-cheeked with the



KALMAKS, CHINESE TURKESTAN

fresh air of the mountains, all are dressed alike in long quilted overcoats, baggy leather trousers, and high raw-hide boots in high-heeled slippers or mocassins. Many carry falcons, goshawks, or eagles on their wrists ; with the latter they kill foxes and roe-deer, which abound on the edge of the pine-woods. Central Asia is the home of hawking, and every colony of "yourts" has its falconer ; one of the Russian officers had once seen an eagle flown at a wolf, when the eagle had come off badly.

By now perhaps two thousand natives are gathered on the course ; it is oval, dead flat, and two versts ($1\frac{1}{3}$ mile) round. Instead of rails a ditch has been dug on each side, and with their feet in this sit the first row of the crowd, while others stand behind or sit on their ponies.



KHIRGIZ WOMAN COMING INTO KARKARA

The first race is the regulation distance, twenty versts, which is thirteen to fourteen miles—ten times round the course. To avoid confusion in this Homeric contest, ten little flags have been placed in the winning post opposite the judge's box, one of which is taken down at the end of each lap, so that spectators may see how much is yet to be run. Six prizes, the first 75 roubles (£7 10s.), the second 60, and so on, are given; and as there are no weights or handicaps there



KHIRGIZ FALCONERS WITH EAGLE

is every inducement for each pony to be ridden out to the bitter end of the fourteen miles. Each starter, grass-fed, ungroomed, its forelock, mane, and tail adorned with a bow, is led forward by its owner, who deposits a rouble, when a white jacket on which is a large number that is easily seen is put on the jockey, a small boy of about four stone. The start is fixed for 11 a.m., as many natives come long distances and go back home that night; but it is an hour after time before the thirty-eight starters line up. An eccentric old man appears on the course, and some musicians chant a dirge-like song to the accompaniment of some stringed instruments, but these are promptly removed by the Cossacks keeping the course. The boys are as anxious to get a good start as if the race were five furlongs, but at the first attempt they are off. A cry of



KARKARA RACES—THE CROWD

"H o s h!" rises from the crowd, and the boys, crouching on their ponies' necks, vigorously flog their mounts and yell shrilly. (This they continue to do, all of them who can, to the end of the fourteen miles.) From time to time

an exasperated owner runs out and exhorts his boy to come along, or words to that effect, while the crowd shout comments in high, guttural voices, and make bets. This is done in the form of cattle, so perhaps an ox to a sheep would represent an 8 to 1 chance. After six miles or so, half the field are out of it. Every now and then, when passing the judge's box, where the crowd is gathered, a pony whips round and gets rid of his jockey, who is hurriedly got out of the way of the ones behind. Eventually, at the last lap, after going twelve miles, the race lies between two, a roan and a brown, of whom the roan wins amid great enthusiasm by a length. The time, 33 min. for the fourteen miles, seems extraordinarily good for a grass-fed pony of under thirteen hands—so good that the distance must be measured along the middle of the course, and not on the inside as the race is run; and the jockey showed symptoms of greater



SPECTATORS, KARKARA RACES

exhaustion than his pony—perhaps after his superabundant energy in the saddle this was not surprising.

Though these weekly races have been held for generations by the natives at Karkara, it is only two years since such improvements as the dug-out course, numbered jackets, flags to mark the number



STARTERS, KARKARA RACES

of laps covered, etc., have been introduced, thanks to the Russian chief of police, who takes great interest in the races, and acts as steward, judge, starter, and clerk of the course combined !



KARKARA RACES—THE RACE

A pony costs 30s. to £4, (an ox, a sturdy little beast rather smaller than a Guernsey, 30s., and a sheep, 4s.). The time is never more than 34 min. for the regulation fourteen miles, and the winner is nearly always mountain-bred ; while sometimes races of twenty-five and even thirty versts (twenty miles) are held. The second and only other race was for pacing, for Russians and Sarts. The course was four versts and the time 10 min.

Immediately after this the old man and musicians appear once more before the judge's box, the prizes are given away, and soon the valley is black with little knots of horsemen jogging homewards.

Short-distance racing is popular at Newmarket ; it has not yet reached Karkara.



THE WINNER



STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

VIII.—NABOTH'S VINEYARD

BY FRANK SAVILE

JOHN OSBORNE's face was illuminated with a great content. He sat back in his chair, puffing at his after-dinner cigar with the quiet enjoyment of a man whose to-morrow holds out every prospect of pleasure, after a virtuous to-day spent in winding up business toils to make that to-morrow a possibility. Bluntly he was a busy man of affairs, whose infrequent holidays had to be carved out of his strenuous life with foresight and precision, and of these few weeks of relaxation he valued none more than those he spent with his lifelong friend Alfred Warburton, Squire of Blakesea, and the owner of the manor of that name. He took a pull at his whisky-and-soda and nodded to his companion beamingly.

"Here's to to-morrow's sport!" he said, as he drank.

Warburton nodded back cordially, but a doubtful little frown clouded his face as he put his lips to his own glass. "You mustn't expect too much, old chap," he answered, with a tiny shrug.

Osborne showed surprise.

"What?" he cried. "Aren't we going to shoot the Arenside beat?"

"Certainly," said Warburton. "We've done that every year when you come as a matter of course. But——" He concluded with another silent lift of his big shoulders.

"We got forty-six brace to our own two guns last year," persisted his companion, "and you told me yourself that birds had nested well and come on splendidly. It will be quite good enough for me if we can repeat last year's record."

Warburton made a gesture of agreement.

"And for me too," he replied. "But things were very different last year."

"Different? Of course they were—it wasn't anything like such a good season—we ought to add fifty per cent. to our bag by my

calculation," said his friend. "It must be something deuced queer to spoil *that* beat in the best year for the last ten."

"Not so very queer, after all, in these days of agricultural depression. This countryside isn't what it was, old boy. You forget that Buckleigh was sold last autumn."

"Buckleigh—Buckleigh sold! You mean to tell me that Lord Layne has parted with a property which his ancestors have held for six centuries or more?"

"He couldn't help himself. What with mortgages and charges for younger sons there was nothing to be done but break the entail and realise. My neighbour is *not* Layne any longer," said Warburton, with a significant inflection.

"Who is it?" cried Osborne. "Not some infernal——"

"It's Mr. Esmond Maurice," interrupted Warburton. "At least that is the name that appears on his visiting cards. But I believe there's a register of births in Whitechapel referring to a son of Ezra Morris who was called after his father. I have every reason to think that the owner of Buckleigh is the same man."

Osborne set down his glass with a thud.

"Good heavens!" he lamented, heavily. "Buckleigh in such hands! *Buckleigh* of all places—a house that's never so much as seen one of these modern millionaires inside its doors, if all one's heard of Layne is true! But what in the name of wonder has that got to do with you and Arenside?"

"Maurice is not a sportsman," said Warburton, tersely.

"Doesn't he *try*?" demanded Osborne. "After all, though there are bad hats enough among his kind, it's no more than justice to say that there are also dozens of decent self-made men who——"

"He tries—after his own fashion," interrupted Warburton, "but that merely consists in seeing how high the Buckleigh bags can figure in the papers. I take it that he considers all things fair in love, war, and—shooting."

"The insufferable beast!" sniffed Osborne. "But now you haven't told how that affects *you*. He isn't the owner of Arenside."

"But would very much like to be," retorted Warburton, "and that's where the trouble begins. I suppose I'm an old fogey; but certainly the methods of the modern business man are a revelation to me. He came—he settled down—and I—didn't call. There was that affair of the National and Universal Corporation in which he was mixed up only a year ago, and not less than three of my own personal friends had been hard hit and half ruined by it. I thought I saw no reason to cultivate such a neighbour. He wasn't put about by *that*. He came and called on *me*."

"What an excellent Christian spirit!" commented Osborne.
"Well?"

"He came in with what I suppose he considered an air of hearty bluntness, said he had been considering a letter to me for over a week, and had come to the conclusion that an ounce of talk was worth a pound of ink. He believed, so it appears, in straight business between man and man, and, if you wanted a thing, to ask for it. Would I sell Arenside because it cut in between his hill spinneys and the Welton farms? He was prepared to give a shade over the market price for a quick sale."

Osborne chuckled. "The artless soul!" he said, sarcastically. "Of course you immediately offered to close the bargain over a sound glass of sherry wine."

Warburton smiled.

"I explained as succinctly as I could that Arenside had belonged to my forbears since Henry VIII. sat upon the throne, and that I was likely to be as tenacious as any of my ancestors. He was by no means disconcerted—he merely doubled his terms. He said frankly that he *must* have it and that he looked to my gentlemanly feeling not to overcharge him, though he admired my commercial tact. It was only when I finally convinced him that nothing on earth would induce me to sell a foot of land that the veneer warped in places and showed the hooligan beneath. I was edging him gently towards the door.

"Look here, Mr. Warburton," he said, as I got him on to the step, 'that Arenside land between Buckleigh and Welton is like a small nut in the jaws of a big pair of crackers. And I own the crackers.'

"And I the nut," said I, quietly. 'I'm sorry it inconveniences you.'

"He hoisted himself up into his mail phaeton, and gave me a very ugly look.

"I don't often pose as a prophet," he said, 'but I think you'll be sorrier.'

"Indeed," said I politely. 'When?'

"When I *crack* it," he answered, and gave the horses a flick.

"That is the last I have seen of the gentleman; but he hasn't by any means forgotten me."

The look of interest was growing keen on Osborne's face. He leaned forward. "He's begun to hit below the belt?" he hazarded.

Warburton nodded.

"Exactly," he agreed. "Money can do pretty well everything if you want queer things done. He began in the nesting season. Every egg-stealer in the district seemed suddenly to concentrate his

energies upon my land. We caught one or two. They paid their fines complacently, and within two weeks were caught again. They were prettily heavily docked by the bench the second time, and warned that the third occasion would mean gaol. They retired elsewhere, but others took their places. It grew such a scandal that the magistrates trebled the penalties. The grinning rascals paid up without a murmur, and every respectable man in the countryside knew where the cash came from as certainly as if he had seen Maurice hand it over; but there was nothing to be done. In June he tried other tactics. Two confounded village loafers, who notoriously had not a penny to bless themselves with, claimed a right of way across Arenside, tore up my fence, and when I prosecuted, carried the matter, on appeal, to a higher court. I had to spend quite as much as I regained in costs to win my case, and the beggars managed to get an injunction to prevent my closing what they called the road while the action was pending. So for six weeks any villager who chose—and to their honour I'll say that hardly a respectable man took advantage of it—could wander across Arenside with his dog while the young coveys were feeding. How many were given half-a-crown to do so I don't know, but there were sufficient of them to scare half the young birds over the border. Finally, he set his keepers in relays to haunt the surrounding marshes before the pheasants were turned into his own spinneys, and they had instructions to blaze away at vermin with black powder all day and every day. Most of the time they were firing royal salutes at the open sky, but the consequences were what he calculated they would be—namely, that the few birds left on Arenside refuse to go within a mile of the gorse beside the woodlands, and in that way two of our best beats have become empty and useless to us. So for the present I think I may say that my ingenious neighbour has gone far to fulfil his own prophecy."

Osborne's face had grown longer and longer as the recital proceeded. As Warburton concluded, his friend's expression exhibited wrath at its extremest tension. He swore resoundingly.

"The outrageous scoundrel!" he spluttered. "And you mean to tell me that nothing can be done to dish him—that you're going to sit down under it and smile?"

For the third time that evening Warburton answered his friend with a shrug.

"What is to be done?" he answered, pessimistically. "He's cut by the neighbourhood; for that he cares not a snap of his thick fingers. Beyond publishing the story of his misdeeds as widely as possible I see no penalty that will reach him. He has his own friends, and the opinion of the countryside simply doesn't affect him."

"Then you mean to tell me that you are doing—nothing?" exploded Osborne.

Warburton answered with his rueful smile and a little nod.

Osborne flung the end of his cigar in the grate. He finished his whisky at a gulp, and reached for his bedroom candle.

"If I hadn't more resolution and pluck than that," he declared, "I'd burn all my briefs and turn navvy! If I don't think of a way of settling the brute before I'm twenty-four hours older, write me down 'Idiot' with a capital 'I.' And now for bed, my boy. Good-night!"

* * * *

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, the two friends, attended by the two keepers and a couple of spaniels, approached the broad dip between the slopes of Welton on one side and Buckleigh Spinneys on the other. So far matters had gone satisfactorily. Partridges had not been plentiful, but had lain fairly well. Both guns were in good form. The bag, after two hours, amounted to fifteen brace, while the best beat lay untouched before them. But Warburton's cheery face began to cloud as they approached the debatable land.

"The beggar's been so uncommon quiet lately," he confided to his companion, "that I can't help suspecting trouble is brewing. Two of my men watched here all night, or I daresay he would have hired some of his poaching protégés to drive it."

"Humph," grunted Osborne, and would have proceeded to other remarks, but a covey suddenly arose and claimed his attention. Four shots rang out in the quiet, and four birds were summarily retrieved by the eager spaniels. But in the act of reloading Warburton made a sudden exclamation.

"Good Lord! look at that!" he shouted.

Osborne, following the direction of his friend's gaze, saw a dark object rising smartly upon the breeze from the direction of the Buckleigh Woods. He echoed Warburton's surprise.

"The beggar's kiting—actually kiting on the first of September," he declaimed. "The unmitigated ruffian!"

"Yes," agreed Warburton, quietly. "And do you observe that the kite is strung out to float over my land, not his."

"I don't quite follow his object there," said Osborne. "The kite will only make your birds lie till we flush them."

"Possibly—for to-day," said his companion; "but think of the future. What is to prevent his flying his kite to-morrow, and the next day, and so on *ad infinitum*. I don't need to remind you that even at the end of the season you can't kite any land more than twice without making birds shy of it for months."

Osborne was still staring at the dark object which swung against the sky. He was muttering below his breath. Suddenly, out of the distance, came the sound of half-a-dozen shots—from the Welton side of the valley this time.

The two friends were standing upon a knoll which commanded the mile of narrow meadows which flanked the Aren brook. As the shots were fired they could see a covey rise and burst into terrified flight, the birds making singly for the cover of the hedges. The floating kite rose and fell jerkily upon the breeze as if a derisive finger controlled the string.

"Now do you understand?" said Warburton, significantly. "He is flying his kite from one side of the valley; he has posted his guns on the other. As soon as the coveys cower he gets as near them as he can, and from his own land shoots in their direction. Before an hour is over he will have every bird on the place scared out of its senses and as wild as a hawk; not to mention that the half of them will have run and skulked up the valley on to his own pastures beyond!"

Osborne's honest face was crimson with rage.

"It's an outrage!" he stormed. "It's misdemeanour—it's trespass—there must be *some* law against it—I tell you I——"

"And I tell *you* that, for the present at any rate, there is nothing to be done," said Warburton, calmly. "But for goodness' sake don't let us look as if we were dishd. Come on and take no notice."

Osborne gave a gulp and pulled himself together. The two friends continued to walk in line as if such a thing as a kite did not exist within the United Kingdom. Here and there they flushed single birds which rose with the quick, snipe-like dash of the kited partridge; but Osborne's feelings worked disastrously upon his shooting. Before they reached the end of the valley he had missed five decent chances out of ten, and his feelings were by no means ameliorated as the sound of a laugh echoed from behind the hedge.

"Turn here," said Warburton, tersely, as they reached a huge, uncut ox-fence; and the two faced about the way they had come. Suddenly a hail came from behind the thick barrier of quicks.

"Mornin', Warburton, mornin'," cried a voice. "How's sport your side of the bed?"

Osborne looked round. A thick-framed, coarse-looking man in violent tweeds was standing peering over the fence, while round him a group of keepers stood and sniggered a little shamefacedly behind their fingers. A look of beaming content was upon the big man's features. He cocked his eye upward and winked derisively towards the soaring kite above their heads.

Warburton's reply held no inflection of wrath.

"Good morning," he said, sedately. "We are doing fairly well, thank you. I should be much obliged if you would try to float your kite over your own land."

The big man laughed hoarsely.

"Sorry," he gurgled, "awfully sorry. It's impossible to control the wind, isn't it? I'm new to this sort of thing, you see, but I think it's a deuced fine way of getting birds to lie. What?"

"It's a device I have never seen employed at this time of year by *gentlemen*," interposed Osborne, "but it appears to give *you* satisfaction."

Maurice stared at him insolently.

"Perhaps not, Mr.—er—What's-your-name," he replied. "But I can tell you this—it's thundering fine sport!" Emitting another throaty chuckle, he turned to give the pair a direct view of his tweed-covered back. Yielding to an admonitory twitch upon his elbow from Warburton, Osborne suffered himself to be edged away without giving vent to the words which were burning his tongue. But as they drew out of earshot he boiled over into a perfect flood of entirely indefensible language.

"It's incredible—it's monstrous!" he concluded, as his catalogue of expletives failed him. "I didn't believe such absolute bounders existed outside Pentonville. But look here, old man—you *must* best him. Give me a free hand, and I'll promise you he shall have such a surprise later on as will make the little account between you show such a credit on your side the ledger as will entirely wipe out the few brace he's robbed you of to-day!"

Warburton looked a little incredulous.

"How?" he said, bluntly.

"For the present that's my affair," said his friend, "but you shall know all in good time. The principal thing I wish to know now is if these spinneys on our left are the ones where they get the big rise of the season—if that isn't the famous Collier's clump that we've all heard of?"

Warburton nodded.

"Yes—that's the one they drive to by progressive beats all day," he said. "Last time I shot with Layne we got eight hundred birds there in five and twenty minutes."

"Exactly," said Osborne. "And now, if you don't mind, we'll leave further discussion of an unpleasant subject till evening. My plans are as good as complete. Let's get away from the land this scoundrel has poisoned with his villainies, and see what we can do where we're fairly out of his reach."

Late that evening the two friends were contemplating each other

over the rims of their respective glasses. For ten minutes Osborne had been speaking with entire satisfaction to himself, but on Warburton's face there was a distinct tinge of doubt coupled with amusement.

"It's most ingenious," he admitted. "Most original. But it's hardly playing the game, is it?"

"Original! Playing the game!" echoed Osborne. "Why, the beggar himself suggested it!"

Warburton shrugged his shoulders with an air of indecision.

"Well, I suppose he did," he allowed, grinning. "But——"

"There are no buts," contradicted Osborne, stoutly. "The facts are too well known to the countryside for any of your neighbours to put any blame on you. And, if you like, go away and leave me to bear the brunt of it. I don't think *my* reputation is likely to suffer in dealing with human vermin like this creature."

Warburton shook his head.

"I don't think I should care to go away," he said, slowly.

"Why not?"

The Squire's grin broadened.

"Well, to tell you the truth, old man," he said, guiltily, "I wouldn't miss it—if you *do* bring it off—for half my yearly income."

* * * *

Seven weeks later the two friends were contemplating each other in much the same positions as they had occupied on the evening of the first of September. But the smoking-room wore the aspect of a haunt of commerce. Brown paper was littered about in rolls. Huge thin packing cases were stacked against each other and against the walls. Thick balls of stout twine were heaped upon the table. And in the middle of this varied assortment of articles, which was the personal property of Mr. John Osborne, that gentleman sat exuding complacent content from every feature.

"Your note only gave me the bare announcement that he was to shoot the spinneys to-morrow," he was saying, "but I've had all these arrangements ready for the last fortnight. Just as well I have. He's early enough—the leaf's not half off most of the trees yet."

"He's managed to get hold of the Duke of Musselbuck," explained Warburton, "and, as His most graceful Grace is off to South Africa in a week, it was a case of now or never. Fancy a man of Musselbuck's name allowing himself to be mixed up with such a beast as Maurice!"

"Musselbuck? Why, he's our friend's prime draw—his leading guinea-pig," said Osborne. "All the city knows *that*. Well, his ducal life has been a fairly eventful one, but I'll dare swear that the surprise he'll get to-morrow will beat anything he's confronted yet."

Warburton sniggered.

"I don't know now that it isn't a bit too thick," he wavered.

"Thick!" exploded Osborne; "it's not a quarter as thick as that bloated brute's hide or his conceit. He'll be the laughing-stock of sporting England!"

"Possibly; but——"

"And I its admiration," added Osborne, complacently, as he rose to his feet and made the first move for bed.

* * * *

Buckleigh Woods wore an air of great animation. The white-smocked beaters were gathered at the far end of the long copse, and the guns and their loaders were being lined out on its western edge. Spaniels and retrievers stood in leash or wandered humbly at their masters' heels, and not too far away the game-cart—and that very modern innovation, the refreshment-van—made an appearance. The master of all this display was in high feather and good humour.

"If we don't beat all old Layne's records by a thousand head to-day," he said, as he left the Duke of Musselbuck in position, "call me a Dutchman!"

His grace smiled cordially, and reflected that he might have done so without deviating very far from facts, the late Ezra Morris, in spite of his son's British patriotism, having laid the foundations of his commercial success in a rag-and-bone shop in Amsterdam. But the guest amiably kept his thoughts to himself as he watched his host souse himself upon his shooting-stool fifty yards away and raise the starting whistle to his mouth.

At the signal, the line of beaters rocked forward. The undergrowth crashed: the rattle of two score sticks rapped upon the saplings; heated injunctions from the head keeper to keep rank were passed from mouth to mouth in forceful undertones. Rabbits showed white scuts as they twisted from tussock to tussock, and the patter of birds legging it hastily towards the spinney's end came gratefully to the listening guns. An old cock swung up through the branches, turned a glossy breast to the sun, and came sliding across the ride thirty feet up. Musselbuck's gun flipped to his shoulder. Almost before the report sank into the echoes the bird turned, making a graceful parabola, and crashed into the bracken at his back.

Another followed and another. The brown hens began to imitate the example of their more reckless lords. They whirled up by twos, by fours, by fives, by tens, and by twenties. The intermittent rattle of shots became a continual fusillade. But few fell as neatly as that first bold champion, save, indeed, to his

executioner. Musselbuck was the only man present to whom shooting had not come as a hard-earned experience, but as a life-long recreation. Mr. Maurice's City friends, thick in the neck and broad in the waist, turned watery eyes to the sky. They banged and banged again. Profanity was loud: execrations followed the missed or tailored birds—and they were many. But in such a cloud of targets it was impossible to miss utterly. Apart from Musselbuck's well-killed contribution, a good few birds were added to the bag by dint of dog or keeper. And Maurice was still quite content.

"The beggars are only going on to the clump," he remarked, calmly, as a huge rise split over the heads of two incompetent guns almost unharmed. "We shall see them all again."

Ten minutes later the hurried pick-up was over, the guns had been moved forward to new positions, and the next drive was in full progress. In its details it presented few variations from the first one, save that the City Fathers, warming to their work, grew more sarcastic over their friends' misses and more expletive over their own. And at the end of it the host's face was not quite so complacent. Unless the slaughter grew more deadly by at least fifty per cent., any hope of a record was out of the question. But the thought of the clump rise animated his hopes. If the birds only rose in the solid battalions which his keeper—and the amount of his egg bills—led him to expect, the biggest duffers on earth could scarcely help doing adequate damage in the browning of them. Through five similar beats the morning drew on to its much-anticipated close. Flight after flight of uninjured birds had gone forward, and the head keeper's face was crimson, and his *sotto-vocè* anathemas almost blood-curdling in their intensity. But he, too, was telling himself that the clump *must* make up in some degree for the first few disappointments. Leaving his master, he hurried forward to interrogate the stops who encircled the far side of the famous spinney, and to hear their reports. He came back, his lowering visage a shade or two less frowning.

"There's a matter of fifteen hundred birds at least in them few acres," he announced. "The men say they never saw them run in sweeter, sir. If only the gentlemen will contrive to *hit* 'em, I'll promise you as there will be such a rise as Lord Layne never saw in 'is life."

Maurice nodded importantly.

"Now, you fellows," he announced to his assembled friends, "you've simply *got* to make the best of this next spinney. My expenses for this shoot ain't one penny under five thousand pounds, and if you're going to do no better than you have done, I might as well have chucked the money down a sewer."

There was a subdued murmur from the financial magnates which finally ended by simply swelling into a chorus of approval of a suggestion from Mr. Moses Backstein, the well-known outside broker. This, it need hardly be explained, consisted in directing their attention to the conveniently situated luncheon van. In a body, all the guns save Musselbuck and his host moved off to obtain such tonics as would "clear" their faulty vision. Ogden, the head keeper, watched their departure with a certain doubtfulness.

"I *do* hope as they'll do better, sir," he said, wistfully. "There's Squire Warburton and half a dozen men down on Arenside, looking on."

Maurice's face deepened in colour.

"No?" he said, eagerly. "Well, we'll show them what'll turn their envious visages green, I hope."

He turned to his guest and began to give him a somewhat fantastic account of the prowess with which he had dished "that selfish old fossil from Blakesea." The duke listened imperturbably, but annoyed his host by entirely failing to laugh where Maurice considered that his brightest points were made. "Monstrous amusin'? What?" concluded the master of Buckleigh; and Musselbuck agreed with stony calm.

"Oh, monstrous," he echoed, blandly, and wheeled to greet the returning carousers.

They all wore an air of grim confidence born of their libations. With renewed instructions—one might also say threats—from their leader, they were conducted to their stations, where their loaders, it was noticeable, greeted them with a deference not altogether untinged with anxiety. Maurice gave a last look round. Suddenly Musselbuck, who was next him, gave him a hail.

"What game is your friend in the valley playing?" he queried, and made a gesture in the direction of the foot of the slope.

Maurice trotted forward and stared in his turn. His eyes grew rounder and his cheeks redder as he looked.

A balloon was rising gaily upon the wind, but such a one! Its great wings stretched twenty feet from tip to tip. Its tail swung out illimitably. Its great head, garnished with a fiercely curved beak, showed a wicked eye, which even at that distance was red and menacing. And the thing was rising rapidly, soaring upon the faint breeze into a position which would bring it directly over the clump!

Maurice broke out into a passion of blasphemy which nearly choked him. The Duke, viewing developments with an impartial eye, was pleased to show signs of intense amusement.

"That's not all!" he cried, suddenly. "There's another one!"

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It was too true. The semblance of another feathered monster was arising, not far from the first, and this was quickly followed by a third. Before the situation had been prolonged another three minutes half a dozen of the hawk-like objects had taken the air and were straining at the cords which gently insinuated them into position. They practically surrounded the clump. Musselbuck handed his gun to his loader, sat down, and laughed till the tears came.

"Oh, it's neat! It's damned neat!" he chuckled. "Maurice, my boy, your famous rise is bust up—diddled—done for! He's utterly queered your pitch!"

Maurice poured blasphemy upon blasphemy till he was hoarse. He shouted, he called gods and men to witness the disgraceful, unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanlike, un-British outrage which was being perpetrated upon him. He called wildly upon his friends to shoot at the hideous monsters in the wild hope of bursting the bags; he denounced the abject inaction of his keepers; he called upon them to sally forth and fall upon his adversaries if they had to go to gaol for it. He promised a pension to the man who would shoot Warburton on the spot!

And through it all Musselbuck continued to laugh with a whole-hearted enjoyment in which Maurice's own friends, thinking a Duke no mean source to take a cue from, were soon prevailed upon to join. At last His Grace managed to pull himself together.

"Look here!" he said, "the more you storm and rave the more your neighbours in the valley are hugging themselves. Drive the clump—drive it and make no sign. The birds won't rise into the open—you can't expect it, but at least we shall get a little shooting on those that fly low to the next cover, and if these gentlemen like to massacre a few runners—why, they'll have every opportunity."

It took ten minutes of profuse argument to get the heated Maurice to see reason, but it was finally allowed to prevail. The guns returned to their stations, the beaters were whistled in, and the drive began. It is probable that a beat like it has never taken place in the British Isles before. A fine old cock was the first to get up. His shrill call of affright as he viewed the hovering monsters intent upon his blood echoed down to the clustering hens below. He dived swiftly into the foliage, wheeled like a woodcock, and plunged back whence he had come. The mob of pheasants skulked and scuttled into the tussocks, clucking wildly.

A grinning beater stuck his pole under a bird and levered it into the air. It fluttered squawking through the branches, and fell upon another beater's head! Knowing old cocks, the experience of years at fault in the face of this entirely new and horrible

development, flew low through the undergrowth like shuttles through a loom. Prodded hens, refusing to get forward, broke back between the beater's very feet! Here and there a bird or two, crazed into recklessness, burst into the open and skimmed frantically towards the cover from which they had been originally driven, but these exceptions were few and far between. The main mass of pheasants ran and scrambled to and fro like cornered rats on a barn floor, and the orderly rank of beaters was broken into the semblance of a disordered riot. The men lost control of themselves. They shouted their amusement: they laughed, they struck wildly at the flustered birds: they exchanged rustic witticisms of the bluntest as they thrust and hammered through the bush and bracken. Finally, with a frantic bolt, a dozen cocks raced upon their feet into the open.

And that was the beginning of the end.

Following this bold lead, by dozens and scores the birds took to their heels, and with fearful eyes cocked at the menacing sky fairly legged it across the open, squeaking their terrors like cat-hunted mice. Men or dogs could not stem the torrent or induce them to rise a yard. For minutes the ceaseless stream of traffic continued, and by the end of it fifty scared birds, crouching in tussocks and rabbit holes, were all that were left of the fifteen hundred which had aroused Maurice's fond aspirations of half-an-hour before. Less than two score were brought to bag, and of these twenty had been shamelessly shot as they ran. The famous *rise* at Collier's Clump was over!

As the last of the scanty bag was laid in the meagre rows of slain Maurice flung down his gun. He looked round the circle of his friends. From Musselbuck to Backstein he stared, and met no sign of sympathy, save what was almost entirely smothered by unfettered amusement. The grins which confronted him were wide and liberal.

A sudden resolution seemed to stiffen him. He turned and walked off down the slope into the valley, in spite of admonitory calls which earnestly advised his return.

Osborne turned from the string he was manipulating deftly to see him coming. He handed it to a keeper and lounged forward. Maurice glared at him.

"I want Mr. Warburton," he said, curtly.

"Sorry," explained Osborne. "A few minutes ago pressing business took him home."

Maurice's bosom heaved.

"Then I suppose I'm to thank you for this—this outrage?" he demanded.

"Eh?" said Osborne, with stolid surprise. "I hardly follow you. I'm new to this sort of thing, of course; but I think it's a deuced fine way of getting birds to lie. What?"

The veins swelled beneath Maurice's thick hide.

"I tell you what it is," he shouted; "it's the most damnable, ruffianlike, unsportsmanlike proceeding that ever disgraced a countryside! That's what it is!"

Osborne nodded his head with an air of cordial agreement.

"Perhaps it is, Mr.—er—What's-your-name," he drawled, pleasantly; "but I have your word for it that it's also *thundering fine sport*," and so stood with folded arms, a picture of satisfaction incarnate, as the other turned away panting, and breasted slowly up the hill into his empty wood.

* * * *

Six hours later Osborne was standing in the smoking-room, examining certain parcels with a regretful eye. As Warburton came in he looked up and sighed.

"I'm almost sorry there was no wind for the kites to-day," he complained. "If there had been they would have helped to astonish his weak mind and his pheasants even more!"

Warburton laughed.

"John, my boy, I don't know which has triumphed most to-day—your malice or your ingenuity. If the former, then you will not be as gratified as I am by this," and he waved a note towards him.

Osborne looked at it.

"Who's it from?" he demanded.

"Musselbuck," replied Warburton. "Listen:

"MY DEAR WARBURTON,

At Eton we were not unfriendly, and I am sorry that later years have taken us very far apart. I look, however, to the memory of schoolboy days to smooth the path of mediator, a *rôle* which to-day's events have thrust upon me. Maurice is a passionate man, but not unbusinesslike. He realises that you have the whip hand of him. Will you take his apology for former unpleasantness, his assurance that it shall not be repeated, and agree to call the battle drawn? If you can you will earn the gratitude of one who would still like to subscribe himself

Your friend,

MUSSELBUCK."

Warburton looked at his friend.

"Is that satisfactory?" he said, cheerily.

"Humph," grunted Osborne.



DREAMWOLD HALL

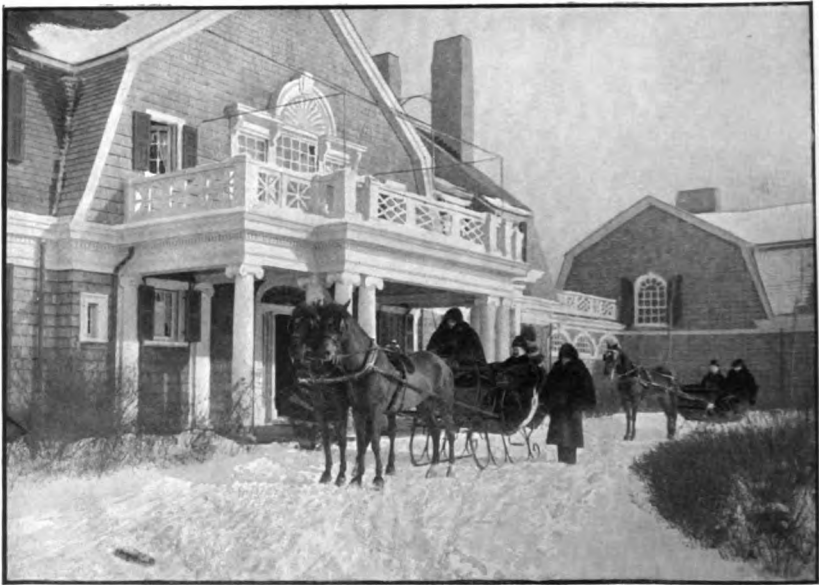
DREAMWOLD

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

DREAMWOLD is the farm of Thomas W. Lawson, the American sportsman and financier. It consists of eight hundred acres of made land, situated some thirty miles from Boston on the south shore of Massachusetts Bay. Though of comparatively small acreage, it is the finest gentleman-farmer's place in America, bar none; for perfection of equipment it is approached by no farm on earth. Its livestock is the best that experts can select and money can buy. The Dreamwold stables contain the best trotting-bred sires in the world; the champion large harness horse and the champion small harness horse; the champion saddle horse and the champion pony. Its herd of Jersey cattle is headed by the best Jersey bull in existence. Its kennels of English bulldogs, Blenheim, Prince Charles, and Ruby spaniels are equal, if not superior, to any in the world. Indeed, any adequate description of this remarkable place must so bristle with superlatives that the writer is in danger of being charged with gross exaggeration.

A little more than four years ago Dreamwold was a stony New England hillside, so thickly overgrown with briars that a rabbit could scarcely get through. The ground was piled with boulders of all sizes and shapes, and loam was an unknown substance. The Dreamwold of to-day is the creation of one man's pluck, genius, and indomitable perseverance. He took a great tract of this unhappy-looking land and literally made it over to his purpose. The rocks and stones were torn from their places and forced to serve him in his roadways; vast quantities of loam were hauled to the farm and

distributed over its surface; the land once prepared, he waved his magician's wand, and farm buildings—the finest in all the world—sprung up like mushrooms, almost in a single night. A vast throng of workers were required to perform this herculean task—landscape engineers, gardeners, architects, and a thousand labourers—but he supplied them all. To-day Dreamwold is a thriving farm—more than a village and almost a town. Three hundred horses enjoy themselves in grass-grown paddocks; three thousand hens scratch in well-grown runs; pigeons coo in their dovecotes; two hundred dogs romp in the kennels; fawn-coloured cows graze peacefully on



DREAMWOLD AT CHRISTMASTIDE—SLEIGHING

the green hillsides; a post office and rows of model cottages border the streets; shrubs and vines of all kinds give the colour notes to a picture that is largely made up of gambrel roofs, grey-shingled walls, green blinds and white trimmings—a picture framed by mile upon mile of white fence, overgrown with crimson roses and blue hydrangeas.

The creator of all this, Thomas W. Lawson, is one of the most remarkable men in the three Americas. His success is wholly due to his own efforts. As a boy of twelve he left school in Cambridge, walked into Boston with his books under his arm, and secured a

three-dollar-a-week position as an office boy almost on the very spot where, after thirty-six years, he has worked himself up into a position from which he feels able to captain a fight against Standard Oil and its allies—the greatest combination of capital the world has ever seen. He owns a palace in Boston filled with works of art, and a summer residence of almost equal size at Cohasset, on the rock-bound shores of Cape Cod.

Ten acres of fence surround his Dreamwold farm; each one of his three hundred horses he can call by name, and he has a building for training them in larger than the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Even the experts of the German Government, who inspected Dream-



DREAMWOLD DOVECOTE

wold some three years ago, before it had attained its present state of completion, were amazed at its costliness and perfection. Within forty-eight hours Mr. Lawson wrote and had published a large illustrated book analysing his farm, and gave it to his German visitors, after organising for them a horse-show and race-meeting that overwhelmed them with surprise.

He built the yacht *Independence* at a cost of more than £41,000, paid nearly £3,000 in bonuses to his crew during the racing season of only three months, and, when it was shut out from the America Cup race, smilingly threw it on the scrap-heap. As a footnote to the events of that memorable season he issued the famous "Lawson

History of the America Cup." The entire edition of three thousand copies of this book, containing more than four hundred pages, one hundred photogravure pictures, and forty colour plates, bound in white canvas and stamped in gold, was given away, the bulk of the edition going to yacht clubs and libraries. The esteem in which the book was held by yachtsmen the world over is attested by the fact that on its receipt several foreign clubs elected Mr. Lawson to honorary membership, while one, the Nice Club, sent him a silver medal.

He went to Kentucky, and the day before a great trotting race



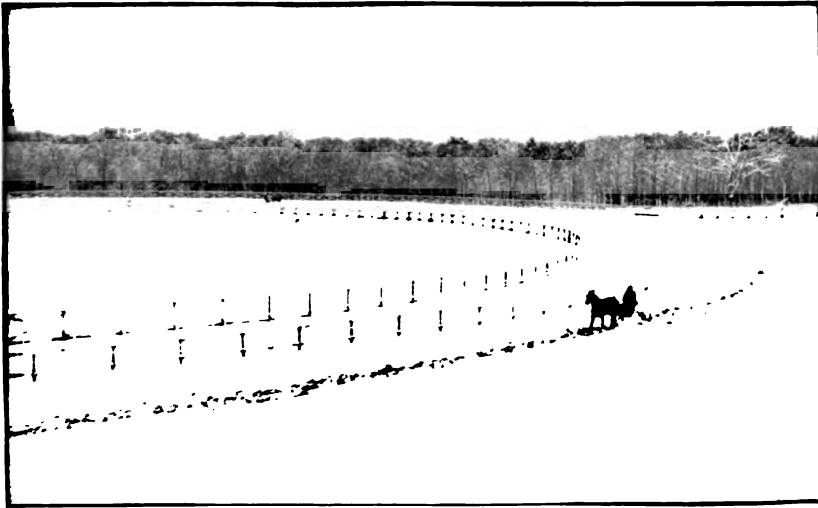
THE DEER PARK—MR. LAWSON AND THREE OF HIS CHILDREN

bought Boralma for £3,400. His pride was aroused by the fact that the betting was against his trotter, so he gave £21,500 to a friend to sustain Boralma's reputation in the betting, and won £19,000.

But it was the purchase of a pink carnation, wonderful in colour and vigour, which had been named by a Boston experimental florist after Mrs. Lawson, that made Mr. Lawson's name familiar to newspaper readers the world over. He made an offer for the flower originally as a matter of sentiment, but the sum he offered was

comparatively small. Mr. Higginbotham of Chicago bid £5,000 for the Lawson pink. When he heard of it, Mr. Lawson sat down with a florist friend and figured out the possibilities of the new flower as a business investment. He closed the matter in a few minutes by paying £6,000. Some time later on the florist bought back the right to the Lawson pink for £6,000, and gave Mr. Lawson in addition £3,000 profit, according to agreement. Such is the true account of the famous purchase of this flower.

Although banker, broker, manufacturer, horseman, dog-fancier, yachtsman, connoisseur, and general man of affairs, Mr. Lawson is



EXERCISING TROTTERS IN THE SNOW

a versatile author in poetry and prose, ample evidence of the last-named talent being afforded by his famous "Frenzied Finance."

Perhaps nothing describes better the type of sportsman Mr. Lawson is, and, we may infer, the kind he tries to make himself, than the dedication of his history of the America Cup, written by himself:—

"To sportsmen—manly men, men of gentle mind and simple heart, brave men, strong men, fair men; to men who say to the weak, 'May I?' and to the strong, 'I will!' To men to whom sham is a dishonour and truth a guiding star; to men who look upon the sea, the plain, the forest, the mountains, the rising and the setting sun, and the immutable heavens with a deep sense of

their own littleness in the great scheme of things—I dedicate this book.”

The aim of Dreamwold is to produce a perfect, typical American horse for harness-racing, the show-ring, family and pleasure driving, and the saddle—a horse distinctive from those bred and raced in other countries, such as the English hackney, the French coach-horse, or the Russian or Orloff trotter. It is the intention of the management to raise one hundred horses annually, or, in other words, to have one hundred finished four-year-old horses for market each year. Although Dreamwold is distinctively a horse-breeding farm, it boasts a herd of Jerseys containing more Island of Jersey, English, and American show-winners, and a kennel



DREAMWOLD RIDING SCHOOL

of nearly two hundred English bulldogs, Blenheim, Ruby, and Prince Charles spaniels, containing more English and American champions and blue-ribbon winners, than any other herd or kennel of similar size in the world. The Jersey herd is headed by Champion Flying Fox, for whom Mr. Lawson gave 1,500 guineas, the highest price ever paid for a Jersey bull at auction.

Dreamwold represents an outlay of £400,000 spent and invested, and is run at an annual expense of £40,000 over receipts. Every comfort, improvement, time and labour saving device that ingenuity can suggest and modern science produce has been introduced on the estate. It is lighted by electricity supplied through conduits laid underground—the lights, by the way, being especially

worthy of notice from the manner of their hanging; they are attached to the trunks of trees, and the wires leading to the lights are hidden under a profusion of ivy and roses. Dreamwold is protected against fire by its own fire department, which is equipped with a chemical engine, hose-wagon, and hook-and-ladder truck, manned by a crew of thirty-five men trained in fire service, and ready at any hour of the day or night to respond to an alarm.

To make precaution doubly sure, a watchclock system requires the watchman to make the rounds; all the buildings are connected



INTERIOR OF CARRIAGE-HORSE STABLE, THE HOME OF FIFTY
"SHOW" HORSES

by telephone, while a fire alarm telegraph system, equipped with a general alarm bell, is supplemented with stationary local extinguishers and hose reels. The grounds are piped for water under high pressure, and the ugly standpipe has been elaborated into a picturesque look-out tower with a peal of bells that strike the hours and play the Westminster chimes at sunrise and sunset.

The buildings are heated throughout by hot water, the stables having ceiling coils that give a temperature of 50 degrees in the coldest weather. The roads are macadamised and are lighted by electric lamps at intervals of 200 ft. The driving park has a nine-acre polo field in the centre, with the training track next to this,

and the racing track outside of all, the whole lying in a natural amphitheatre that can easily accommodate ten thousand people.

The stables are divided into sections by automatic fireproof curtains, and the lofts by self-closing fire-doors. In the cow-stables the ventilation system takes the foul air from the floor and carries it up in ducts to large ventilators in the roof. The water-troughs have an automatic cock and tank, which keeps the water always at a given level. A valve prevents water once in a trough from returning into the pipe and contaminating other troughs. A minor



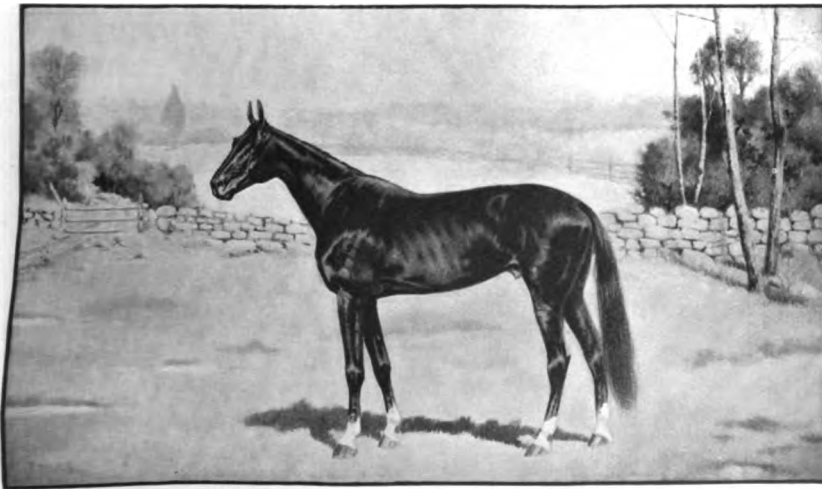
DARE DEVIL

detail is that all windows are provided with blinds and screens for the hot weather when flies are annoying.

The scale on which Dreamwold is planned is of great size and freedom, and with the deliberate intention of having a separate building for each separate purpose and use. The buildings begin at the very entrance, for just inside the gates are the lodge and the post-office, the latter structure highly suggestive of the extent of the property and the great business carried on within it. The entrance roadway runs straight past a series of stables, each having a particular use and each well spaced from the others. The show

or heavy-harness horse stable comes first ; it is a long building with two unequal wings ; the longer, for the horses, contains fifty stalls ; the carriage-house, with space for forty vehicles, is shorter ; the passage between the two is for circulation and entrance, with rooms for the men above.

That the scale of Dreamwold may truly be called grand is apparent from the next building, the riding school, 200 ft. \times 130 ft., or larger than the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Large as the riding school is, it is considerably surpassed in size by the racing stable, which is the next building, a structure 860 ft. long. The stalls are arranged along one side of two immense wings, so that the long string of the hundred horses which they contain all stand



BORALMA

facing the south. The central building has, on the second floor, recreation rooms for the grooms and trainers, library, dining-room, kitchen, refrigerator, and bathrooms. Dormitories fill the third floor, the men being lodged in alcoves, closed by curtains and with 7 ft. partitions open above to the ceiling.

Important as these three buildings are, they constitute but a portion of the separate and special stables built on this great estate. There are three stables for brood mares, each housing fifty mares and their foals, a 200 ft. stallion stable, semi-circular in form, a foaling-stable, and a hospital. The stable for farm horses is 200 ft. long, and contains a carpenter's shop and a few of the farm wagons, the remainder being housed in a separate building 150 ft. in length.

In the blacksmith's shop is a double forge; it has space for shoeing eight horses.

The real point of interest in these stables, however, is neither in their number nor in their variety, but in their equipment and furnishing. The widest experience and the utmost possible care have been employed in their fittings. The floors throughout are of wood, which, while subject to frequent renewals, has been deemed best for all purposes. Great care has been taken in drainage and ventilation. The fittings of the stalls, the construction and treatment of their wood and ironwork, the devices for feeding, and the care and delivery of the feed are in accord with the latest devices and the most advanced ideas, and display at every point the utmost



CHAMPION PARK-FOUR OF THE WORLD

Glorious Flying Cloud }
Glorious Whirling Cloud } *Leaders*

Glorious Thunder Cloud }
Glorious Red Cloud } *W'heelers*

regard for the special conditions most favourable for the special horses for which they are provided.

Beyond the buildings and fields devoted to the horses come the poultry houses. These, in their way, are quite as varied as the buildings for the horses. Like them, also, they are at once practical buildings of rigid utility and distinctively architectural interest. The hennery has twelve divisions, with scratching pens on the south and roosting and nesting rooms on the north, many special devices having been introduced for the proper care of the fowls. The bantams have a separate house of their own, just high enough for the average man to walk through easily. The pigeons, also, have

their separate house, a low, circular, tower-like building of graceful form, near by which stands a group of houses provided for the ducks.

The cow barn is another notable building. It is planned like a great U, is 250 ft. long, with a large open courtyard, and is so arranged that the cows when standing in their stalls face the north. Food is thrown into the mangers from a cart driven through the passageway before the stalls.

The kennels are 225 ft. long, and contain accommodation for large and small dogs. The head house has a wash-room, kitchen, store-rooms, and refrigerator; in the second storey are the men's



GLORIOUS RED CLOUD

rooms and space for the youngest puppies. The yards are enclosed with wire, and contain shelters. Kennels of different sizes are provided for various-sized dogs.

Of the other buildings connected with the service of the estate, mention need only be made of the sewage-disposal plant, which is very complete and effective; the fire-engine house, containing three pieces of apparatus; and the windmill. The last is of a type common in Holland, with a revolving roof; it has an automatic arrangement for keeping the sails always before the wind, and is used for grinding corn and cutting ensilage.

The mere enumeration of the buildings on the estate would in

itself make clear the fact that a very large number of men are employed on it, the pay-roll, as a matter of fact, containing about two hundred and fifty names. Most of the men connected with the special buildings are housed in them. The farm labourers find dwellings in the farmhouses, and the managers of the various departments have their own cottages. All of these residential houses are charming structures, carefully planned and built, and thoroughly complete in every respect.

Dreamwold is remarkable among stock farms, not only from the superlative excellence of its individual animals, but because of the great number of widely differing types that it breeds, trains, shows, and races successfully. There are scores of farms in California and Kentucky far larger in acreage and stock than Dreamwold, but they confine their operations to the breeding of the trotter or the thoroughbred, or both, exclusively. Mr. Lawson's ambitions are of wider scope, it being his purpose to breed, raise, train, and perfect the following types of characteristically American horses :—

Standard-bred trotters (for racing and light-harness purposes); heavy-harness horses from American trotting-bred stock (for the show ring, for town and country carriage use, and for the family); saddle-horses, both three and five gaited; thoroughbreds (for racing and steeplechasing); ponies (mainly trotting-bred stock of small size, for harness and saddle).

The heavy-harness horses are bred in the following sizes, and for the following purposes :—Twelve to thirteen hands (pony size), for children's use, saddle, and harness: these small horses differ from the Shetland, Welsh, or other ponies, inasmuch as they combine trotting speed and extremely high action with great intelligence and beautiful conformation. Fourteen to fifteen hands, harness horses: these animals differ from the small English and Irish hackneys by combining trotting speed and long-distance endurance with beautiful conformation and high all-round action. Fifteen to fifteen-three hands; for harness, road-wagon or gig, ladies' phaeton or light victoria: these medium-size horses differ from the English hackney by combining trotting speed and great endurance with beautiful conformation and remarkable knee and hock action. Fifteen-three hands and upwards; for brougham, heavy victoria, heavy gig and coach work: these large-size horses differ from the English hackney and the French coacher by combining trotting qualities and endurance with fine conformation and high all-round action, and from the Russian Orloff by combining a finer beauty of conformation and extreme intelligence with trotting speed and long-distance endurance.

The Dreamwold stud of trotting horses is headed by the famous stallion **Dare Devil**, record 2.09; one of the greatest racing horses, one of the greatest sires of racing horses, and one of the greatest show-ring champions in America. This horse cost Mr. Lawson £10,000. Other famous trotting stallions, many times winners on track and show-ring, are **Ponce de Leon**, record 13.2; **Dreamer**, record 2.14 $\frac{1}{4}$; and **Dreamwold Oxford Bay**, two-year-old champion, with a record of 2.20, made when he won the Two-year-old Futurity.

The brood mares include **Rosy Morn**, the dam of **Curfew**, 2.27 $\frac{1}{4}$; **Boreal**, 2.15 $\frac{3}{4}$ as a three-year-old; **Prince Leon**, 2.28; **Austral**, trial



GORGEOUS WHIRLING PRINCE—MR. ARNOLD LAWSON UP

record 2.14; **Matin Bells**, 2.06 $\frac{1}{2}$; **Beasant**, 2.12 $\frac{1}{4}$; **Impetuous**, race record as a two-year-old 2.15 $\frac{3}{4}$, which was the world's record, and as a three-year-old 2.13; **Prelacy**, dam of **Prelatess**, racing champion two-year-old trotter.

Miss Previous, the greatest trotting yearling, which sold as a yearling at public auction for the record price of two thousand guineas.

Miss Prelude, which sold at auction at three months for £325.

The pride of the trotting stable, however, is the great **Boralma**, record 2.07 as a five-year-old, and, everything considered, one of the

best racehorses, if not the very best, ever raised in America. He is the holder of the world's four-year-old gelding record of 2.08, with John Nolan, and the five-year-old record of 2.07, with Lord Derby, and is the only horse living or dead that has ever won all three of the greatest American stakes—the "Kentucky Futurity," the "Massachusetts," and the "Transylvania." He is probably the most widely known of all American racehorses, and, from the fact that he has raced for, won, and divided amongst public charities over £10,000, is known throughout the country as "The Charity Horse."

Mr. Lawson's purchase of Boralma was characteristic of the man. In the fall of 1899 he went down to Lexington, Kentucky, just before the Futurity was to be run, and there saw the famous gelding for the first time. On the eve of the race he bought Boralma for £3,500. Next day he backed him heavily, even when things were going against the horse, and won. Then he gave the money to a local charity. Throughout Boralma's career he backed the horse lavishly, and his winnings always went to charity. Mr. Lawson never appeared on the track himself, he never made bets personally, and he never bet at all, except with the proviso, always carried into effect, that his winnings should not be used for anything but charity.

The end of Boralma's meteoric career came with startling suddenness. Boralma was to meet Lord Derby at the Charter Oak track in Hartford, Connecticut, for £4,000 a side. The day the race was run was August 2, 1902. The first heat was taken by Boralma, and a message flashed the news to Lawson at his office in Boston. The second heat was lost, and the great throng of spectators went wild with excitement. In the third heat Boralma gashed his near foreleg badly and the race was lost. Mr. Lawson heard the news which told of the end of a great racer's career, and the loss of £4,000, and, shrugging his shoulders, he turned to his secretary with the remark "Where were we?" and went on with his work.

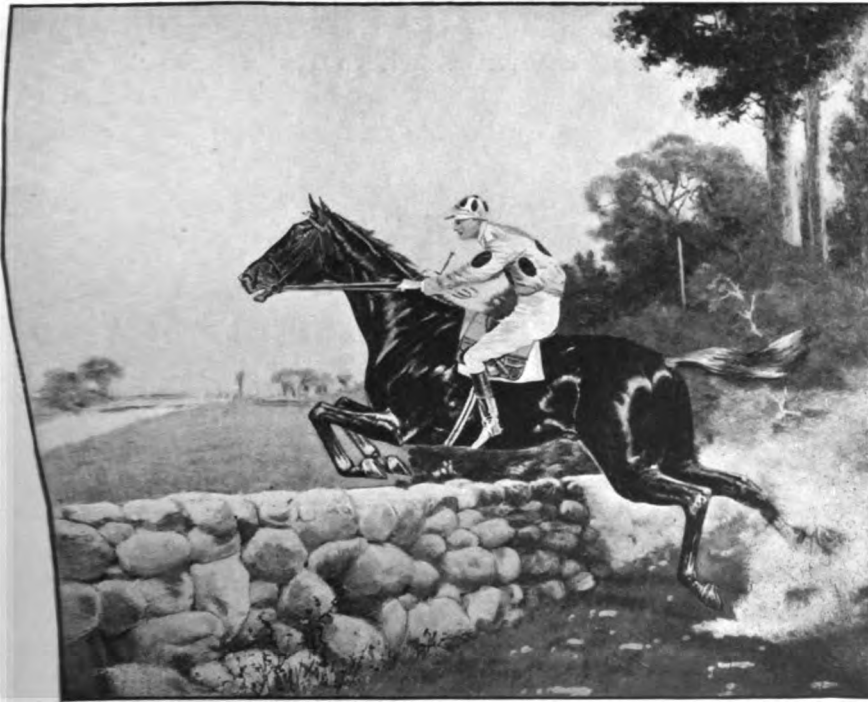
Dreamwold is world-famous for its ponies, or rather for its miniature horses, for such exquisite animals as Glorious Bonnie, Glorious Lonnie, Glorious Connie, and Glorious Onnie are ponies in size only (*vide* article "The Pony in America," in the *Badminton Magazine* for February, 1905).

Glorious Bonnie, a fourteen-hand stallion, has a race record of 2.20, and forms with Glorious Onnie in the wheel a tandem that has never been beaten in the show-ring. Glorious Bonnie cost Mr. Lawson "green," when his show and service qualities were unknown, £770, and is worth now, at a conservative estimate, £2,000.

Prominent in the Dreamwold stable of high-action harness-horses are Glorious Flying Cloud and Glorious Whirling Cloud, both many times prize-winners in all the leading show-rings of

America. Both are stallions 15.2 hands, and can trot in 2.20. These as leaders, with Glorious Red Cloud and Glorious Thunder Cloud in the wheel, compose the famous stallion four-in-hand; the four horses when "green" costing Mr. Lawson £6,000. Glorious Red Cloud is the champion of American champions, never having been beaten. He is 15.3½ hands high, cost two thousand guineas, and is now practically priceless.

Good examples of the distinctively American carriage horse are those comprising the champion road four—Glorious White Rock,



RONKONKOMA, DREAMWOLD'S THOROUGHBRED STEEPLECHASE SIRE,
WINNING THE DUKE'S CUP, 1901

Glorious Harmony, Glorious Arthur, and Glorious Kip. These are all typical American-bred trotting carriage-horses, that have three times a week for the past four years been driven about the city streets or pulled a victoria or brougham containing four people twenty-five to thirty miles at a uniform speed of four minutes for each mile. Mr. Lawson believes that this type has more speed, endurance, intelligence, and high-stepping snap and style combined than any other type of horse.

Dreamwold boasts the champion light-harness pair of the world in Dainty Daffo and Ruritania, exquisitely beautiful animals of the true American type, for which Mr. Lawson paid £800 at auction. Dainty Daffo has a race record of 2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$, but has trotted a trial in 2.08 $\frac{1}{2}$, while Ruritania has a mark of 2.14 $\frac{1}{4}$. They are probably the most typical pair of gentleman's roadsters in the world, and to see them skimming silently down a country road in "cobweb" harness and drawing a sixty-pound pneumatic-tyred road-wagon, one feels that they are the very embodiment of the "poetry of motion."

The saddle horse is by no means neglected in the Lawson stables, for they contain some of the finest specimens in existence of both the three-gaited (park hack) and the five-gaited (Kentucky) saddle horses. The latter, which is a distinctively American type, is trained to show five distinct gaits, viz.: walk, trot, rack, canter and running walk,



DREAMWOLD BULLDOGS

fox trot or slow pace. (See article "American Horse Shows and Show Horses," in the *Badminton Magazine* for May, 1904.)

The last-named type is represented by the great mare Gorgeous Gypsy Queen, champion of All America, and by Gorgeous Whirling Prince, another prize-winner almost equally well known. Among the park hacks are Gorgeous, Gorgeous Radie, Gorgeous Enchanter, and Gorgeous Regina.

The thoroughbred department is headed by the noted steeple-chaser Ronkonkoma, winner of the Duke's Cup, 1901, and Filon d'Or, winner of the County Club Grand Annual, two of the leading American steeplechase events.

In addition to its show, road, and racing horses, Dreamwold has a stable of two-thousand-pound prize-winning draught horses, winners at many shows in Scotland, England, and France, but used in the

regular farm work, together with some splendid seventeen-hand specimens of the Tennessee mule.

The following table, giving the prices actually paid by Mr. Lawson (in many cases at public auction) for some of his best-known horses when they were "green," untried, and in many cases unbroken, together with their minimum values at present, may prove of interest as demonstrating in a slight degree the great monetary value of this remarkable collection of livestock.

Name of Horse.	Breed.	Price paid.	Present value.
Dare Devil*	trotter ...	£10,000	—
Boralma*	trotter ...	3,500	—
Glorious Red Cloud* ...	heavy-harness	2,000	—
Glorious Flying Cloud	heavy-harness	1,600	£2,500
Glorious Whirling Cloud	heavy-harness	1,600	2,500
Glorious Thunder Cloud	heavy-harness	1,000	1,800
Glorious Blucher ...	heavy-harness	800	1,500
Glorious Bonnie ...	pony ...	770	2,000
Glorious Lonnie ...	pony ...	300	700
Glorious Onnie ...	pony ...	260	500
Glorious Exquisite ...	pony ...	200	400
Dainty Daffo	light-harness }	800	3,000
Ruritania	light-harness }		
Gorgeous Whirling Prince	saddle ...	620	800
Gorgeous Radie ...	saddle ...	410	800
Gorgeous	saddle ...	300	800

The Dreamwold kennels contain nearly two hundred of the choicest known English bulldogs and toy spaniels, an unsurpassed collection which has won show-ring renown on both sides of the Atlantic. Among the more famous bulldogs may be mentioned the great English-bred dog Champion La Roche; imported Fashion, winner of twelve first prizes in England; Rodney Monarch, winner of the Puppy Bowl, London, 1900, and eight firsts in America; Glen Monarch, an American-bred dog, winner of twenty firsts, six seconds, and sixteen specials, including the Waldorf-Astoria Cup; Thackeray Soda, winner of championships at the Crystal Palace 1900, Darlington 1901, Birmingham 1901, and thirteen firsts in America.

The spaniels—Blenheim, Ruby, and Prince Charles—include the noted prize-winners Lord Too Wit and Lady Too Wee, Ashton

* Owing to their enormous value for breeding, racing, and show-ring purposes, Mr. Lawson considers Dare Devil, Boralma, and Glorious Red Cloud as beyond price. The amounts given are approximately in pounds sterling, but the prices actually paid were in American dollars.

Defender, Ashton Sweet Brier, Ashton Wildrose, Darnell Donnington, and Clevedon Clytie.

The chief interest in Dreamwold naturally centres, however, in Mr. Lawson's own farmhouse, Dreamwold Hall, a description of which has purposely been left until the last. From the artistic little lodge that guards the entrance to the estate, a mile of clay and gravel road leads through the stock farm, past the stables, the kennels, the hen-houses, past the quaint Dutch windmill and the water-tower with its silvery chimes ; past all these the road winds, and mounts a



THE GREAT FIREPLACE IN THE DINING-ROOM, WITH RELICS OF THE HUNT

The cups on the mantel are all championship trophies; there are more than fifty yachting, racing, horse-show, and hunting cups in this room

slight hill, where, surrounded by the raw, majestic nature so characteristic of the New England coast, with the green of a pine forest behind, and the blue of a gleaming, sail-dotted sea in front, stands the broad, grey-shingled house so appropriately named Dreamwold Hall.

It is built in three parts, the central or family building, the guest wing, and the service wing, both of which are connected with the main house by enclosed passages. There is a quiet sobriety in the design of this house which is very happy.

A semi-circular portico, supported by colonial pillars, gives entrance to the dwelling, a short flight of steps leading to the spacious hall. The plan of the house is simple in the extreme. The central part has but three rooms on the ground floor; a hall in the centre; to the left is the living and music room; to the right the dining-room. The passage beyond the living-room forms a conservatory, and connects with the guest wing, which contains the library and billiard-room on the ground floor and the guest rooms above. The



THE 15,000 DOLLAR "INDEPENDENCE" CUP

right wing is given up to the kitchen and service, with sleeping quarters for servants in the upper storey.

It is a thoroughly comfortable house, amply adapted to the personal needs of the owner, spacious enough for the accommodation of a large number of guests, and fitted and furnished in a thoroughly characteristic manner.

The large hall is walled throughout in curly birch, stained to a greenish black; the ceiling, which is white, slightly green tinged, is decorated with festoons of farm fruits—corn, pears, apples.

Like the hall, the living-room has panelled walls of a warm grey colour. Around this room, about a foot below the ceiling, extends a unique frieze, consisting of paintings of many of Mr. Lawson's favourite animals. His famous Jersey bull, some horses, and several dogs are represented, and between them run garlands of foliage and flowers in delicate and harmonious colours. To the right of the entrance a splendid organ has been placed, or, rather, appears to have been placed, for in reality the pipes are sunk below the floor and resound through a finely-carved ornamental lattice above the key-board. The wood mantel embraces a bricked and tiled fireplace, the latter decorated with grapes and vine leaves in colour, with rabbits sporting in the foliage. The mantelshelf gives room to many elephants, the collection of which is one of Mr. Lawson's many hobbies—elephants of all kinds and sizes, of gold and silver, of porcelain and ivory, of wood and metal. They throng the house at every possible place, and constitute a special feature of this interesting interior, as well as forming a collection of very great variety and interest.

The dining-room, which is on the opposite side of the hall from the living-room, is finished in oak of a soft grey-brown colour, a tint obtained by soaking the wood in acid for many weeks. The walls, which are wholly lined with wood, contain sunken panels having boldly painted farm scenes, while between them are built-in cabinets for the splendid cut-glass, of which Mr. Lawson has a notable collection. This room is lighted by a chandelier of unusual beauty and originality of design. It consists of a magnificent Tiffany globe, in the shape and colour of a mammoth pumpkin, hung up on its own stalk in metal and rich glass, glowing brilliantly when illuminated. About it are festoons of delicate vines spreading out upon the ceiling in clusters of pumpkin flowers in their natural colours. Pumpkins also, on a dark blue background, form the decorative feature of the mantel.

Mr. Lawson talks shop not unpleasantly by means of the andirons in the fireplace of this room. They are from a design of his own, allegorical of the stock-market. Two bears, beautifully executed in bronze, are standing at either side of the fire; one fighting away a swarm of bees, the other enjoying his honey unmolested.

Leading from the dining-room is the conservatory, a broad passage lighted by large elliptical windows on either side. The white vaulted ceiling is painted with green trellises and grape vines, in exquisite imitation of nature. The walls and floor are tiled, the prevailing colour being green. It leads to the guest wing, on the ground floor of which are the library and billiard-room. The billiard-room has

walls of canvas painted with fields of corn, the birch settees, chairs, and window seats being covered with corduroy in a rich moss-green. Prominent in the decorations of this, as also the dining-room, are the scores of gold and silver trophies won by Mr. Lawson's yachts, horses, and dogs. Chief among them is the magnificent three thousand guinea trophy won by the yacht *Independence*.

The library is, perhaps, the most attractive room in the house. Judging from his noted stables and kennels, and his equally well-known yachts, one might have been led to believe Mr. Lawson's taste lay in other directions than literary ones; but a glance at this room and its contents would make the booklover sigh with envy.

With the exception of the space for two windows and a door the room is lined with bookcases, the dull black of the cases forming a fitting setting to the large collection of brilliantly bound books—



DREAMWOLD'S TYPICAL AMERICAN UNBEATEN CHAMPION PARK-COACH FOUR

crimson, orange, and royal blue—with which they are furnished. The vertical divisions between the shelves are surfaced with carved panels, in which gnomes and other mimic figures pass through various stages of life and activity—strange, curious stories, fascinatingly told. These same little creatures, carrying books and reading, are found in the deeply-carved frieze, and gnomes' faces look down upon one from the square lanterns that light the room, and reappear in the carving of the table. The ceiling of the room is particularly effective. The central part, a long oval, represents the astronomical sky, with the sun, moon, earth, and stars in their relative positions. Outside of this oval is painted in oils the zodiac, and small pictures representing the seasons fill the four corners of the ceiling.

The superb equipment of Mr. Lawson's farm, the beauty of his house, his success in showing horses and dogs and racing yachts, are due to the same quality as his success in other directions—thoroughness. Harness, saddlery, carriages, liveries, and all the machinery of a stable that would please ordinary sticklers for form would not please him. His things must be better than others, and not alone better, but different—distinctive in design, colouring, conception. He spent hours, days, weeks, thinking about the design of a crest to go on his harnesses and carriages. He studied the art of harness-making and of carriage-building until he knew more about it than the men who tried to serve him in these their respective lines.

"Everything," to quote Mr. Lawson himself, "must be heavy, strong, simple, and quiet." Dreamwold has been laid out on this basis, and everywhere you will find the Dreamwold badge; stamped on the leather of the books, burned in the furniture, worked in silk on the blankets and linen, and on the shirt-sleeves of the men, formed in brass on the harnesses, stencilled on the farm wagons, painted on the palace stable cars, engraved on the farm stationery; everywhere the Dreamwold badge—a winged horse held by the strong hand of a man, and symbolising

"Beauty, Strength, and Speed."





THE PAST CRICKET SEASON

BY HOME GORDON.

THE enormous amount of first-class cricket in the past summer renders the task of dealing with it one of hopeless difficulty, bearing in mind the limitations of a magazine article, and it is necessary to add that the present review is written immediately after the final Test Match, owing to the exigencies of the printer.

Without doubt the salient feature of the season has been the tour of the Australians; and though the proportion of defeats to victories was very small, our visitors failed in their main object, which was to win the rubber of matches with England. The following shows the comparative composition of the elevens selected by Lord Hawke, Mr. J. A. Dixon, and Mr. P. F. Warner, who co-opted the Hon. F. S. Jackson and Mr. A. C. MacLaren :—

ENGLAND.

All Matches.

Hon. F. S. Jackson (Captain).

Hayward. Tyldesley. Lilley.

(1) *Nottingham.*

Mr. G. L. Jessop.
Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet.
Mr. A. C. MacLaren.
Mr. A. O. Jones.
Rhodes.
Arnold.
Gunn.

(2) *Lord's.*

Mr. C. B. Fry.
Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet.
Mr. A. C. MacLaren.
Mr. A. O. Jones.
Rhodes.
Arnold.
Haigh.

(3) *Leeds.*

Mr. C. B. Fry.
Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet.
Denton.
Hirst.
Blythe.
Warren.
Haigh.

(4 & 5) *Manchester and Oval.*

Mr. C. B. Fry.
Mr. R. H. Spooner.
Mr. A. C. MacLaren.
Mr. W. Brearley.
Hirst.
Rhodes.
Arnold.

The Australians never selected Messrs. W. Howell or P. H. Newland. Mr. Gregory did not play at the Oval, Mr. Gehrs only appeared at Manchester, Mr. Hopkins was not called upon at Nottingham or Manchester, nor Mr. Cotter at Lord's or Leeds.

On all five occasions the Australians lost such benefit as might accrue from winning the toss; but too much stress need not be laid upon this, for in no instance did the success with the coin have an over-preponderating effect on the issue except at Manchester. Speaking broadly, a great deal of disappointment was aroused by the stodginess of the English batting, which was remarkably destitute of attractiveness, apart from a few excellent individual efforts; while the Australians erred in the other direction, their methods being more sparkling but less safe. The English fielding at Nottingham and Manchester was especially fine, and Lilley surpassed himself throughout.

The opening encounter suffered from a disablement to Trumper, universally regretted. The Australians enjoyed a lead of twenty-seven on the first innings, thanks to the way in which Mr. Cotter bumped and Mr. Laver bowled. Then England compiled 426 before declaring with only five wickets down, in spite of much bowling off the wicket. Mr. MacLaren played in great style for 140, the Hon. F. S. Jackson scored 82 not out, and Tyldesley, who had alone made a good score in the opening effort, obtained 61. Left with 402 to get in about four and a half hours, our visitors appeared as helpless with the deliveries of Mr. Bosanquet as when he went out with the M.C.C. team. Only Mr. Gregory long withstood him, and the bowler's analysis of eight for 107, backed up by superb work on the part of all his colleagues in the field, left us victorious by 213 runs.

The plain truth about that wearisome opening-day of the second match is that the English side completely overestimated the difficulty of the wicket. The whole playing-time was occupied in obtaining 258 for eight wickets, Mr. C. B. Fry batting laboriously for 73. Next morning the Australians, playing almost recklessly, were sent back for 181, but Messrs. Trumper and Duff at the outset treated the bowling of Haigh as though it were that of a schoolboy. Thanks to a well-judged 79 by Mr. MacLaren, England subsequently scored 151 for five wickets. At a quarter past six, finding the wicket had a spot, Mr. Armstrong suddenly changed his methods, and bowling on the stumps took three wickets in rapid succession. Rain on the third day ruined an interesting situation.

At Leeds, Mr. F. S. Jackson gave a masterly display whilst amassing his fine 144. If the Australians were too rash, Hayward and Mr. C. B. Fry were far too cautious in our second attempt, and,

in conjunction with Tyldesley, frittered away time, the loss of which was irreparable. When playing for a draw Mr. Noble showed the finest judgment, and at the crisis Mr. Gregory was so determined that stumps were pulled up with three wickets still to fall.

The mythical ashes were easily retained at Manchester. England started with the big total of 416, the Hon. F. S. Jackson getting 113, Hayward 82, and Mr. R. H. Spooner a sparkling 52. A fine effort by Mr. Darling, who scored 73, alone redeemed the Australians' meagre aggregate of 197. Following on, Mr. Duff hit well; but on the third morning rain ruined the pitch, and with some smart catching the remaining nine wickets only yielded 51 runs. It was luckless for the defeated side, but it must be confessed that England all along had really the superiority in point of ability.

A delay in the declaration until Mr. Spooner had concluded his splendidly animated contribution materially assisted the draw which had to be the result of the final struggle at the Oval. Mr. C. B. Fry at length obtained his first three-figure innings for the national side, and once more Mr. Jackson showed imperturbable ability. Then Mr. Duff, with firm-footed forcing strokes, played an admirable innings of 146, although sickening with influenza. When English wickets were falling, Tyldesley proved a tower of strength, obtaining judicious support from his captain as well as more lively assistance from the old Marlborough amateur. Mr. Cotter at length found better form with the ball than he had previously displayed, and Mr. Brearley was untiring, "but there is an absence of guile in the twentieth-century bowler when the wicket does not help him," as a thoughtful critic, who is not a first-class cricketer, judiciously observed.

There can be no doubt that as a team the Australians proved disappointing. The weakness in bowling, which I forecast in the March issue of this magazine, was proved again and again, and would have been more apparent had it not been for the dogged pertinacity of the whole side. The batting seemed lacking in judgment, pace being forced when steadiness might have appeared better policy, whilst a decided tail was on many occasions an incident rare indeed in previous sides which have come from under the Southern Cross. If the ground fielding was excellent, catches were often dropped, Mr. Armstrong being a frequent culprit until moved from short slip.

The comparative failure of Mr. Victor Trumper as a bat was a notable disaster. Whilst at the wicket he displayed quite flashing brilliancy, but he rarely settled down or troubled to play himself in. Inability to start steadily was also the fault of Mr. Reginald Duff, who hit hard, but did not remain as long at the wicket as his admirers desired. Mr. Clement Hill also gave the impression of

sacrificing some of his old defence. Of course this illustrious trio must be judged by the standard they have themselves created, which is indeed a flattering one. Frankly, Mr. Hopkins did not show that advance on his 1902 form which might have been reasonably expected; and if the reappearance of Mr. Sidney Gregory had furnished the surprise of the selection, on a few critical occasions he exhibited masterly judgment. Mr. Howell was throughout treated as a purely "reserve" man, and gave no indication that this was erroneous. Mr. Gehrs was a complete disappointment, for he never seemed to become accustomed to the conditions of English cricket and so prove his undoubted claims to be brought over. Still worse was the form of Mr. Newlands with the gloves, for he appeared to suffer from inability to gather the ball, and his ineptitude threw a great burden on Mr. Kelly, who kept wicket magnificently, taking the wide balls of Mr. Armstrong and the erratic ones of Mr. Cotter with equal judgment. He was decidedly one of the heroes of the tour.

Mr. Warwick Armstrong was without doubt the man of mark on the side. Blessed with powerful physique, he accomplished a tremendous amount of work. His batting was eminently consistent, judicious and formidable, suggesting comparison with the methods of Mr. C. B. Fry. With the ball he had protracted spells of work, and usually accomplished his object. His length was indeed wonderfully good, though how far his deliveries were open to terrific punishment by a left-handed hitter is another matter. He was never of course opposed by his own captain, who showed rare aptitude in making the best use of his mediocre attack, and handled his side in the field with his old adaptability, besides getting runs in sound fashion. It was, however, emphatically Mr. Armstrong's tour. As a bowler Mr. Noble was more expensive than of yore, for his ball had lost all its old spin off the pitch; but he was still a great bat, combining defence with every stroke that could punish a loose delivery. Brought over as manager, Mr. Laver was at one period absolutely invaluable with the ball, getting a lot of spin and work in conjunction with excellent length. As his fielding was fearless he has good reason to feel satisfied with his share, even though he did not maintain his form throughout. Had he not filled the gap matters would have gone hard indeed with our visitors. Mr. McLeod assisted materially without approaching a first-class standard, and his ball which went away often met with a less happy fate than it deserved. A little more mental activity would have enabled him to afford much-needed variety to his deliveries. Finally Mr. Cotter proved a tremendous disappointment. When the wicket permitted, and if he had the wind behind him, he bumped in ugly fashion.

Otherwise he lacked length and pitch until August, when he began to bowl with some measure of erratic excellence. He is so young that he may yet make a great bowler, but he will have to apply that iron self-discipline which enabled Mr. C. B. Fry to remodel his batting with such wonderful results.

There was a marked falling-off in the public patronage of what are usually known as our own "big matches," and the causes were examined in these pages in the last issue. Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's proved unexciting until the close, when there was a collapse of the amateurs before Rhodes, which yielded a victory to the paid division that an hour before hardly seemed within the range of probability. The great Yorkshire bowler had never performed so well with the ball in this match, and this was a source of keen pleasure to him, bearing in mind the severe treatment he received years ago on his first appearance, when put on at the wrong end. The batting of Hayward and Mr. Warner was extremely fine; Arnold cut with conspicuous attractiveness, and Mr. Spooner played beautifully on his second effort. It was an act of deserved courtesy to permit Lilley to choose the last two out of five nominated players, and as the professionals have not always enjoyed the unrestricted use of a fast bowler, the inability of Warren to play because he had strained a leg was the more disappointing. After his success at Leeds, there was general curiosity to see him at headquarters in this historic match.

The trial matches of the two Universities had revealed no particular strength, for Oxford had only won two matches out of nine, whilst Cambridge in ten fixtures could only show success at the Crystal Palace. On paper, the Dark Blues ought to have been much the more powerful, but as a side they did not seem well welded, and Mr. Burn utterly lost his former aptitude as a bowler. It was a genuine loss that illness kept the Hon. C. N. Bruce away, for his innings against the Australians had exhibited exceptional ability. There was, by comparison, a shocking attendance at the University Match, which was at least in sympathy with the unwonted apathy the public had displayed over the preliminary games; but an encounter full of startling changes was forthcoming. Mr. J. E. Raphael batted finely for Oxford, and Mr. E. L. Wright was unlucky in not getting his century. Cambridge, after being 101 behind on the first innings, lost five wickets for 44 owing to the effectiveness of Mr. W. H. B. Evans with the ball. Mr. L. G. Colbeck's plucky and determined 107 must take rank among the greatest efforts ever seen in the match. Oxford subsequently collapsed before the bowling of Mr. Morcom, who had previously shown but little of the efficacy he then evinced, and thus was

consummated an unexpected Light Blue victory by forty runs. The Cambridge captain, Mr. E. W. Mann, had the excellent average of 46, helped by a century scored in each match against Warwickshire; whilst Mr. Napier, with 56 wickets for 17 runs apiece, had by far the best analysis in either team.

Some general considerations suggested by the experience of the past cricket season demand attention. It is in the autumn, preparatory to the official meetings in Cattle Show week, that reforms or modifications are most fitly debated, and few lovers of the game will be bold enough to assert that its present state is absolutely satisfactory. It seems inevitable that before long the declaration will be permissible at any time, but this modification cannot exercise a wide general effect. Something has no doubt been achieved by less artificial preparation of the wicket, a feature especially noticeable at the Oval; and though I read the irritated protest of one batsman, I should at best call this a palliative, though nothing more drastic. Except a very few selfish century-mongers, we all agree that a bowler's wicket provides the best sport, but this when obtained is too often counterbalanced by uncertain weather.

Cricket may not be the only game afflicted with monotony by the enhanced skill of its players, but such a state of things presents a serious predicament. A game which in spite of declarations is often doomed to end in a draw after three days of colossal compilation interesting only to the batsmen (and not always to them) must tend to drive amateurs out of first-class fixtures, and when reduplicated in smaller contests will inevitably send them to lawn-tennis or golf. In reviewing the summer there was a large percentage of matches in which each side took a day to score some 400 runs, and as all interest evaporated, the regular bowlers were rested before and after the inevitable declaration at an absolutely safe period. These features form the burden of contemporary cricket and the inevitable bugbear of the spectator, who rightly detests drawn games. Whether the legalisation of a decision on the first innings would improve the game is hard to say, because the side which was superior on first hands might play in strictly defensive method during the subsequent stages, preferring to rely on the point obtained rather than to make a sporting bid for the greater reward earned by complete victory. In that case the later state might be worse than the present one.

Meanwhile, the attitude of the public towards first-class cricket is not a subject for congratulation. The plethora of matches may account for bad gates in less attractive fixtures, but slow batting has a still greater influence. This was plainly demonstrated during the Test Match at Leeds, for on the Tuesday a great crowd was

wearied by the portentous lethargy of the English batting, and the attendance for the final stage was extremely moderate.

The increasing desire of spectators to express distaste was undoubtedly a feature of the past season. Certain instances readily recur. The jeering heard at Leeds when Mr. Bosanquet was bowling in the Test Match, the hostile demonstration against Mr. A. H. Hornby for his invaluable batting at Leyton, rightly counterbalanced by the applause of the members, and the barracking of an Australian bowler during the return with Surrey at the Oval, all recur to memory. Mr. C. B. Fry rightly rebuked the crowd at Brighton, and threatened to take his men off the ground if the opposing batsmen were so molested. Whilst Maltby, for Derbyshire, was waiting for a catch at Leicester, a section of the crowd made an unsportsmanlike demonstration, obviously intended to distract his attention. They succeeded in their design, and had to submit to a sound rating from Carlin, one of the umpires, who was not sparing in his denunciation. We recollect a very similar thing happened years ago in a match at Derby, in which the Harrow Wanderers were playing. Mr. A. J. Webbe, however, made the catch all right, but in the fervour of his honest indignation at once turned round and banged the ball at his tormentors. Fortunately no one was hit.

There are several characteristics of contemporary cricket which are well within the law, but are not likely to promote the well-being or the popularity of the game. The over-doing of that off-ball which is just not a wide, but is so avowedly off the wicket that the wicket-keeper has not a single part of his body actually behind the stumps, was more in evidence than ever. Mr. Armstrong was even more deplorably efficient on the leg side. Of course, had matches to be played to a definite conclusion, Mr. Darling would not have utilised this method of bowling. In the effort to obtain a draw it was often successful, and invariably tedious to a degree. When Mr. MacLaren deliberately kicked a ball in the Test Match at Nottingham, the farce of such batting and bowling could go no further.

If this were irritating, equally so is the leg-play in which so many batsmen indulge, and which also tends to detract from the keenness of the game. The Eton *v.* Harrow match proved how these respective fallacies of contemporary first-class cricket are permeating the game and arresting the joyous exuberance of even school fixtures. After holding a decided advantage, Eton was reduced to dire plight to stave off defeat, as the last two batsmen had to occupy the wickets for over forty minutes. Mr. N. C. Tufnell and the Hon. P. Methuen showed themselves equal to the

trying ordeal; but both batsmen adopted the most tedious method of playing with their legs or letting off-balls alone, whilst the Harrovians made a great mistake in bowling off the wicket. Despite the anxiety of the situation, it thus became a tiresome struggle against the clock, though the Harrow fielding was superb. As a matter of fact, the ball twice touched Mr. Methuen's wicket without knocking off the bail. Curiously enough, the father of one of the batsmen, Mr. C. F. Tufnell, had a similar experience playing for Kent *v.* Notts in 1878, in the match in which he bowled twenty successive maidens. A deluge came when the Kentish team were six for 46, requiring 45 to save the innings defeat. When the rain stopped Lord Harris decided to go on to give Notts the chance of victory. The ground was practically under water, and every ball splashed mud and sawdust into the batsman's face. Mr. Tufnell and Remnant were finally left, and Shaw, Morley, Flowers, Barnes, and Daft all had a turn in those last three-quarters of an hour before the undefeated defenders re-entered the pavilion covered in mud from head to foot.

There were a number of rattling good games in 1905 which ought to be long remembered. One fine cycle by the Australians, immediately after the incorporation of Mr. Laver as a bowler, was the brilliant win over the Gentlemen at Lord's, when a strong amateur side was pitiably outplayed, followed by successive victories over Yorkshire by 174 runs and over Lancashire by 244. Worcestershire had a big try to defeat Yorkshire; for, needing 360 to win, they scored 295, Bowley by clean driving and cutting amassing 151. Those old neighbours, Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, fought a thoroughly ding-dong match; for the latter, after losing five wickets in the second effort, still wanted 74 to avoid a single innings defeat; but thanks to Braund, assisted by Messrs. Poyntz and Woods, Gloucestershire was set to get 147 in a little over two hours, but were dismissed for 78.

Essex had a decidedly mediocre season, partially due to the fact that Mr. Perrin, until nearly the end of July, had an average of fewer than fifteen, and to the customary uncertainty in catching, sixty-four chances being dropped off Buckenham alone in the slips before August 15th, as well as to the lack of a really excellent wicket-keeper. But two splendid achievements stand out in strong relief. One was the victory over the Australians, who until far into August only hauled down their flag in Test Matches and in this one match at Leyton. It was a low-scoring struggle, for no one made 40, but Buckenham's fast deliveries and the steady way in which Tremlin kept up an end gave the county a success recalling the one when Young bowled out our Colonial visitors. The other was a great victory

over Middlesex, whose captain had declared, leaving Essex two hours and three-quarters in which to get 254, and thanks to Mr. Percy Perrin, who scored a double century, and Mr. McGahey, this was done with twenty-five minutes to spare. If catches had been held it would have been a different matter, and in any case the Middlesex leader deserves far more credit for his sporting action than if he had been content with a tame draw.

The battles of the Roses furnished two vigorous struggles. The Manchester Whit-Monday match, witnessed by forty thousand spectators, saw the home side, aided by the best of the luck, victorious by an innings and 52 runs. After Mr. Spooner and Tyldesley had each run into three figures, Kermode and Mr. Brearley rapidly rattled out their opponents. This result was reversed at Sheffield in a ding-dong encounter. Heavily to the bad on first hands, Denton was the main agent in setting Lancashire more runs than they could get against the irresistible Yorkshire bowling. It was only after this that the general public evinced interest in what used formerly to be the absorbing county championship.

Lancashire was fortunate in discovering a new and promising fast bowler—Cook—aged twenty-three, son of the ground man at Preston, to support Mr. Brearley and Kermode, for the bulky Australian fell off considerably in July. The lack of any good bowler of slower pace was sharply contrasted with the powerful and varied attack of Yorkshire, who at one period won eight consecutive matches by cricket as formidable as it was attractive. In batting the County Palatine was decidedly more powerful than its greatest rival, but Lord Hawke has abundant material with which he is assiduously reinforcing his elder cricketers. Against Hampshire it may be noted that Yorkshire played a side entirely composed of professionals, and against Leicestershire, Hirst, by making 341, surpassed any previous score made for his county.

Perhaps the happiest feature of all was the remarkable resurrection of Surrey, the revival being due in great measure to the energy of Lord Dalmeny, who proved a courageous hitter as well as a keen captain. Lees bowled better than ever, and fine support was obtained from an improving fast bowler, Mr. Neville Knox. Many excellent performances were credited to them both, the most important being their share in defeating Lancashire at Aigburth, and Mr. Knox's feat of taking five Yorkshire wickets for 21 runs. In Davis a promising hitter was brought forward, and Hobbs quite took the place of Brockwell at the beginning of the summer; Hayward and Hayes were, of course, the mainstay of the batting, and Strudwick presently regained his old position at the wicket.

Sussex, although not always able to command the assistance of Mr. C. B. Fry, provided plenty of good cricket, the return of Mr. K. O. Goldie being much appreciated, and a new bat of considerable excellence being found in the Cantab, Mr. R. A. Young. When he and Killick were at the wicket together the odd coincidence was noticed that both wore spectacles. I personally remember seeing Messrs. Hamilton Ross and D. D. Pontifex batting in partnership under like conditions, and many other prominent cricketers have, of course, enjoyed similar optical assistance. Butt's success with the gloves deserves warm eulogy, and Cox bowled remarkably well. Kent brought out a new bat of the most attractive type in Mr. A. P. Day, and it was partially due to his fine batting that the very meritorious victory over Yorkshire could be recorded. If the best amateurs could be counted upon to play regularly, Kent might make a big bid for highest honours. Mr. E. W. Dillon surpassed all his previous achievements, making a number of fine scores. Abundance of excellent young professionals furnishes support of the highest order, but every now and then a terribly severe thrashing is suffered; for instance when Sussex beat them by 306 runs, and when Lancashire inflicted such a reverse at Canterbury.

Notts, except for Mr. A. O. Jones, Iremonger, and the two Gunns, could not claim to be formidable. Apparently Yorkshire terrifies the Trent Bridge side, for it is always at its worst against them, and when requiring 166 to win, Rhodes and Haigh sent the whole eleven back for 39. Worcestershire provided the unparalleled phenomenon of four brothers all playing in the same eleven. The newest recruit, Mr. G. N. Foster, has only to conquer his overpowering nervousness to be as good as his elders. Mr. R. E. Foster, after two years, came back to score 246 not out *v.* Kent, which he followed up in the next championship fixture with 93 and 99 not out *v.* Somersetshire.

Middlesex, Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Hampshire, all suffered materially from the sadly scratch sides they were often bound to put into the field. Tarrant thoroughly proved his value to the metropolitan team, and Mr. C. L. Payne made a good impression. On most occasions Mr. G. L. Jessop failed, but as usual he gave the Yorkshire bowlers one taste of his hitting, and he compiled 234 *v.* Somersetshire. Mr. Woods, too, regained his old audacity as a bat, and Mr. Martyn often hit superbly, besides keeping wicket as wonderfully as ever. Indeed, he is the only contemporary wicket-keeper in first-class cricket who habitually stands up to fast bowling. Captain Greig, a grand bat, Mr. A. J. Hill, who hit harder than of yore, and Llewellyn, all obtained double centuries,

noteworthy in the last instance because this really admirable professional has been on the whole luckless in this country. The old Marlburian actually made 22 in one over *v.* Somerset (6, 4, 4, 4, 4), the bowler being Coyle. This was in his double century match, whilst once at Southampton for Hampshire Hogs in 1891 he obtained 28 and 22 off two consecutive overs from Mr. E. R. Kindersley. Mr. E. M. Sprott also scored with consistent attractiveness. He is the best amateur bat of to-day who has never played for the Gentlemen.

Northamptonshire had no reason to be dissatisfied with its first season as a first-class county, notable especially for a rattling victory by 23 runs over Derbyshire, thanks to the bowling of Thompson and East. Derbyshire, which furnished Warren for England, had the assistance of another excellent bowler, namely Bestwick, and at the age of forty-three Mr. L. G. Wright compiled three consecutive centuries in masterly fashion. Storer dropped out of the side, but Mr. Maynard Ashcroft and Mr. Olivierre were excellent to watch. The versatility of the eleven representing Leicestershire was materially assisted by the development of Jayes, who is a puzzling bowler of a moderately fast pace, and likely to train on as a useful bat. It was as usual the formidable batting of Quaife and Kinneir, in conjunction with the wicket-keeping of Lilley and the bowling of Hargreave, which enabled Warwickshire to maintain its customary position about midway in the championship list.

In conclusion, without having had space to exhaust such a wide subject as the present theme, it may be as well to give a representative eleven of very young cricketers who have made some mark. With such a plethora of wicket-keepers, it does not matter that *no new* one of importance has arrested general attention. Messrs. A. P. Day, L. G. Colbeck, R. A. Young, E. L. Wright, and N. Knox, with Rothery, Hobbs, Davis, Cook, Jayes, and one selected from Mr. H. W. Persse, Mr. A. F. Morcom, and Mignon. *Without* containing any sensational player, this would provide a side *which would* take some beating, and the form of its members next *summer will* not constitute the least interesting feature of 1906.



HINTS TO YOUNG FOXHUNTERS

BY MAJOR ARTHUR HUGHES-ONSLow

ANOTHER hunting season has begun, a good many cubs have already met their fate, and soon it will be a case of eleven o'clock meets and red coats instead of the grey dawn and that wide variety of kit which goes by the name of "Ratcatcher."

To those who are really keen, October is perhaps the pleasantest month of the whole year; nothing afterwards gives quite the same pleasure as the first quick gallop of the season. The country generally rides very well, there is no crowd, and there are no gaps which later on cause so much crowding, kicking, and not a few of the worst falls one ever has. There is also the added interest of discovering the merits or otherwise of our new horses and how our old warriors are standing the ravages of time.

A few random hints on some of the many little matters of detail, both in the stable and the field, on which a successful season greatly depends, may not be unacceptable, especially to those lucky sportsmen and sportswomen who are only just beginning, and who consequently can look forward to more seasons than can those whose experience is more ripe; and it is to these chiefly that I venture the following remarks.

The first great matter is to consider the size and quality of one's stud of hunters. To the rich I would say, "Have the best that

money can buy and plenty of them," but don't make the mistake of keeping them too fresh and above themselves for want of work. If at the beginning of the season you have more than you can ride yourself, give some of your poorer friends a mount or two; for a fat, over-fresh horse is no good out hunting: he cannot get to the end of a good run, and he is very apt to give you a fall by rushing at his fences and not taking the trouble to look where he is going.

But to those who are not so well off I would most strongly recommend a few sound good horses rather than a lot of screws. Nothing is so expensive as a screw. He eats as much and needs as much looking after as a sound horse, and gives little or nothing in return. The only kind of screw worth having is one that makes a slight noise. If he is well bred it will probably not affect him much, and you will get a lot of fun for a small outlay.

In buying a whistler two points should be attended to: (1) he should not have gone wrong in his wind lately, for in that case he may rapidly be getting worse, whereas if he has whistled slightly for six months or more the chances are that he will remain much as he is; (2) he must be a fast well-bred horse. Whistling only interferes with a horse when he is stretched, consequently a fast well-bred whistler will carry you at a very decent pace without any discomfort to himself; a slow whistler, to keep up at all in a good hunt, would have to be going at his best pace, which would very soon stop him. When riding a whistler save him as much as possible going up hill or through heavy ground.

Screws that are constantly going lame are most expensive luxuries. In the buying of hunters I think a great many people pay far too much attention to make and shape, and not enough to manners and temperament. Some of the best hunters I have known have been queer-looking beasts, and many a good-looking one has turned out a rank impostor. I don't for a moment suggest that there are not many very good-looking horses who are also first-class hunters, but only that good manners and a bold and generous temper are much more important than mere looks, and that if you want both you will have to dip deep into your pocket.

You cannot expect to see a good hunt properly unless your horse is both bold and handy as well as fast and a fine jumper. It is no use having the fastest horse and biggest jumper in England if it takes a forty-acre field to turn him in and if he will not jump without a lead. A bold and handy horse is absolutely necessary in all countries; it is only in those where both the enclosures and the crowds are large that speed is very important.

The subject of manners leads to bits and bridling. There is *nothing* like the ordinary double hunting bridle; if a horse does not

go nicely in that it is 100 to 1 against his going better in anything else. The hunting field is not the place for a snaffle bridle; it is perfection for racing where you want a horse to take a good hold of his bit and to stride as far as he can, and where the turns are easy and known beforehand; but out hunting, where you are constantly changing your pace and direction and frequently crossing bad and boggy bits of ground, I think it is impossible to keep a horse properly balanced and collected with a snaffle. If he is allowed to flounder through these bad places he not only tires himself considerably, but is very apt to give himself a nasty over-reach.

I have hunted a good deal in Ireland, where the snaffle is very much in use, and I gave it a good trial; but I found I could get on much better with a double bridle. I would only recommend a snaffle to those whose hands are so heavy that a horse will not face a fence with them in anything else.

Pay great attention to the fitting and condition of your saddles and bridles. Nothing is more annoying than to have a horse laid up with a sore back or to lose a good gallop through the breaking of a stirrup leather or a girth tab. Always carry a pair of woollen gloves under the girth tabs; have them kept in the stable, and never go out without them. If when you are out you notice that your saddle is too near the horse's withers, put your woollen gloves under the front arch and you will save a sore back. Hunters are laid up and put temporarily out of action by so many unavoidable accidents and mischances, that we ought to be most careful to guard against those which can be avoided by care and forethought. Colds, coughs, and mud-fever come under this category to a great extent.

Stables should not be kept too warm, and should be well ventilated but not draughty. Always go to the stable and mount your horse there; there is no surer way of giving a horse a chill than to take him out of his warm stable and let him shiver on the doorstep for ten minutes or so while his unpunctual master is finishing his breakfast or looking for his gloves.

As soon as you have mounted, trot your horse briskly for the first mile, that will get his circulation up, and enable him to resist the cold; remember that you put a top-coat on when you come out into the cold, but his is taken off when he leaves the stable. I give my groom the strictest orders that the horses, when they go out to exercise during the winter, should always be trotted for the first ten minutes. There is no doubt that racehorses suffer more from coughs and colds than do hunters, and I believe that this is greatly due to the way in which they are allowed to crawl round one after the other in a small circle at the rate of about one mile an hour during the intervals between their fast work.

As to mud-fever, I will guarantee complete immunity from it if no water is applied to the legs above the coronet when the horse comes in. That is one of the rules in the cavalry regulations, and a very good rule it is. No matter how wet and dirty the horse's legs may be, no water should be used to them. The worst of the mud should be taken off with the wisp, and dry flannel bandages put on; the horse will be perfectly comfortable, and when the bandages are taken off in the morning, the rest of the mud will brush off quite easily.

About seven miles an hour is the right pace to go to the meet if you are riding your hunter, and it is well to get there some ten



MR. HANBURY, M.F.H.'S MISCHIEF—WINNER OF THE MELTON PLATE, 1905

minutes before the hounds move off: always go to the meet, and never to some covert which you think will be drawn first. Good foxes often lie very light, the earth has been stopped overnight, and the old customer, when he hears horses and talking about the covert-side, will not be slow to take the hint and move off to safer quarters, with the result of a blank draw, or at best a stale line when the hounds come up.

Directly hounds are thrown into covert, pay the closest attention to what they are doing; fire off your jokes, and listen to the last good story at the meet, or when jogging to covert, but as soon as hounds are at work attend to the business in hand if you want a

good start. In a fashionable country where the crowds are large, a good start is of paramount importance, and unless you have a great stroke of luck you will never recover from a bad one.

I would never recommend a beginner to ride altogether to a pilot. Try to use your own judgment and to take your own line as much as you can, but keep your eye on some good man, and if you see him leaving the line that the hounds are running take the tip, for you are probably approaching an unjumpable obstacle. When in doubt as to which of two courses to follow, it is always safer to go down wind; it will be right seven times out of ten, and when you are down wind of hounds you have the great advantage of being able to hear what they are doing. A fox generally sinks the wind; the great majority of runs end down wind of where they started. He gains two great advantages by going down wind: he can hear how the hounds are getting on, and his scent is blown away from and not towards them. Were it not that he often makes for some hole or covert which he knows, and where he thinks he will be safe, I believe a fox would always run down wind, for it is of vital importance to him not to throw away a chance.

The fastest gallops are generally up wind, and end by the fox getting to ground in less than four miles from where he started. He has gone straight for this refuge regardless of the wind; if the hounds press him too much he will turn from his point and sink the wind, and their pace will be greatly reduced. If he has been travelling dead up wind, he will turn to the left or the right as the lie of the country may favour him; his chief object will be to keep out of sight, and to follow the line of the least resistance. It is more likely, however, that the point for which he makes when leaving covert will cause him to cross the direction of the wind at a more or less acute angle. When, therefore, he is turned from his course either by the hounds getting too near to him or by being headed, it is at least three to one that he will turn down wind, and the longer he has been running the more certain will he be to sink the wind. It would be absolutely suicidal for a tired fox to turn up wind; far more likely would he be to clap down in the hedge bottom, and hope that the hounds would run over him.

The two chief factors in riding successfully to hounds are—(1) an intelligent appreciation of the country over which you are riding; (2) a correct judgment in selecting where you will jump the fences; the former is the more important, and the less regarded. No horse, however good, can gallop for long uphill or through deep ground, therefore it is all-important to ease him under these circumstances, and to slip him along when the slope is in his favour and the ground is firm. A good rider and a nice-mannered horse have

an enormous advantage over the moderate horseman or the ill-mannered brute that pulls and tears and can only be let out with safety up hill or through a heavy plough. Some people appear to have only two paces when out hunting, the gallop and the halt; their progress can be well seen in a slow hunting run; they proceed in a series of violent spurts and equally violent stops which must be most distressing both to themselves and their horses. On the other hand there are people who never gallop—I have known lots of them; they are not afraid of the fences, and so long as hounds do not run too fast they go really well, but directly the steam is turned



MAID OF THE FOREST, BY ASCATIC—FOREST QUEEN

Winner of Ladies' Purse at Melton Hunt Steeplechases, 1904—the property of Mr. C. S. Newton

on they drop astern. Beware of both these faults. Every fox may be a good one, and scent sometimes improves in a marvellous way.

Always be on the alert, and neither override the hounds nor get left behind. Both in a hunt and in a race the rider must ever remember that the horse supplies the energy and motive-power, but that the rider is responsible that that energy is employed to the greatest possible advantage; he is, in fact, the managing director of the company; he must try to interfere with his horse as little as possible, for friction always means a loss of power, but he must restrain

a useless expenditure of energy, so that they may not be found wanting in the last five minutes of the run or the last furlong of the race. Sit as still as you can, give nothing away at the start or in running, and when the supreme moment arrives, whether it be at a big fence out hunting or at the finish of a race, ask your horse for an effort with all your heart and strength, and if you fail it will not be your fault. In selecting the place for jumping a fence the take-off is the most important point; a good sound spot will enable a horse to jump a big place with ease, but a bad take-off turns the smallest fence into a nasty obstacle. As you approach a fence you can generally see where the ground looks firm and dry, and that is the place to go for. If possible avoid jumping a fence, and especially timber, where it is leaning towards you, or where there is a dip in the ground just in front of it.

Study your horse's peculiarities; there are very few who jump all kinds of fences equally well. Some do not like crashing through a bullfinch, and others are uncertain at timber or open water. On a good timber-jumper there is no fence so safe and pleasant as a flight of rails. I do not hold with riding very slow at timber, for if the horse falls he lands bang on top of his rider, whereas if they had been going a fair pace there is every chance of the rider being thrown clear. A slippery seat has some advantages, for it is the fine horse-man who sits like wax who gets his horse on top of him; the duffer flies into the next parish on the smallest provocation.

To get over a wide place, some pace is necessary, but this does not mean that you must go at top speed for a quarter of a mile before reaching it; if a horse cannot jump a brook with a run of fifty yards, he will not jump it with one of five hundred yards.

If a small brook has to be crossed in a slow run there is almost always a marvellous display of bad riding. About half the field start with desperate energy a furlong from the water, they are going strong when a hundred yards from it, but from that point their speed gradually slackens till they come to an ignominious halt on the brink. Much may be learnt from carefully watching the field jump any small fence, both as to how it should be done and how it should not. I often wonder how many would get over in safety if they had not the reins to hang on by, and I marvel at the courage of the horse who faces the fence with the certainty of getting an awful job in the mouth from his half-unseated rider on landing. There are not a few who take a hearty tug at the reins both as their horse rises and as he lands. Interfere with your horse as little as possible; if you cannot trust him to gallop straight down to his fence and jump it properly you must pull him well on to his haunches and balance him about thirty yards from it, and then set

him going again; this will give him every chance of measuring his distance and so taking off at the right spot; then keep a nice hold of his head, and sit still if he is free and generous, if he is a slug keep at him with your heels. Remember the old saying, "Head and heart up, hands and heels down": in it lies much wisdom. Lean slightly forward as you approach the fence, straighten yourself up when you are in the air, and lean a little back as your horse lands; if there is a drop on the landing side, get further back.

I do not believe in throwing oneself far back, in fact when going fairly fast over easy fences I don't think it is necessary to lean back at all. I am sure some people lean back far too soon, and others do not lean forward when approaching the fence, the result being that they are more or less left behind when the horse jumps, and have to hang on by the reins.

There is often an alternative to jumping a fence—the gate, the "foxhunter's friend" as I have heard it called. Almost if not quite as much skill and knowledge is required to open and get through a gate quickly and prevent it slamming in the face of the next comer as in negotiating the fence. Practice is absolutely necessary. As you come up, note which way the gate opens and in which hand you must have your whip, and get it ready. A heavy swinging gate with the wind behind it is no easy job to tackle skilfully, and if you gallop through and let it slam behind you, you will not increase your popularity; at the same time you must keep close up to the person in front, for you cannot expect him to hold it open if you are lengths behind. Those who find a difficulty should practise diligently on off days, and awkward horses should have the same treatment—it is simply a matter of practice.

If any ladies honour me by reading these lines, I hope they will



THE RIGHT WAY—GATE OPENING TOWARDS
RIDER—USE HAND NEAREST TO IT

excuse me for saying that as a whole there is considerable room for improvement in their methods of dealing with gates. Some are just as good as any men, but most are woefully inefficient. This is simply due to the fact that they have never been taught and never had any quiet practice. As girls they were taken out by their fathers, brothers, or grooms, who opened all the gates for them, and going to the meet or coming home there is nearly always a man to do it, so the only time they have to make an effort for themselves is in the excitement and bustle of a run, and it is small wonder that they often make a mess of it. I can assure them that they would be astonished at the improvement a little practice would effect.

A horse who kicks viciously in gates and crowds should be



THE WRONG WAY OF OPENING SAME GATE

Lord Arravale, winner of National Hunt Cup at Punchestown, and many other races

given a good hiding : he knows very well why he gets it, and it has a most deterrent effect. Nearly all well-bred horses are apt to lash out from excitement, but much may be done to prevent them by playing with their mouths and talking to them.

Very few men ride with their stirrups too short, but a great many have them too long.

When galloping uphill it is a great help to a horse to catch hold of his mane and pull yourself well up his neck ; he will shoot out as if half the weight was taken off his back. It is also of the greatest assistance to him to get off and give him a rest whenever possible, if only for a minute or too. By taking care of him in this

way, and never galloping furiously when a canter would do just as well, one horse can do the work of two. It is very seldom that I can have two horses out in a day, but I find that the exercise of a little care and judgment goes a long way to make up for it.

The best runs often come at the most unexpected time and from the most unlikely places. Some of the finest I have ever seen have been late in the afternoon after most disappointing days when there has seemed to be no scent at all: another reason for not unnecessarily tiring your horse, and for keeping something up your sleeve to finish with.

For a thoroughly tired horse with a long journey home there is nothing like a bottle of warm beer with a glass of whisky and some powdered ginger in it. If you cannot get him to take it, start him drinking some gruel and keep pouring the beer in steadily; he will probably go on drinking and finish it up. Then jog him along the level and lead him up and down the hills. Never push a horse beyond his pace on the way home; if he is a slow trotter, do not try to keep up with your friend who is riding a much freer goer; you will not get your tea and muffins quite so soon, but your horse will be fit to hunt about two days earlier.

Finally, watch the hounds, take example from the good men, shun the faults of the duffers, be courteous to all, and keep yourself fit.





BRIDGE

BY "PORTLAND"

IN the September number of this magazine the writer ventured to generalise about the play of the cards by the non-dealers, a department of Bridge to which, he pointed out, few players devote enough attention. He trusts that what he then wrote may have had the effect of encouraging some of his less-experienced readers to take a little more trouble with their partnership hands; but as all generalities about such a complex matter as Bridge are necessarily unsatisfactory, he will add a few hints of a more detailed character. These are mainly suggested by occasions on which he has been disappointed in a partner who, though not ignorant of the elements of the game, has nevertheless failed to act on certain principles which should have guided him in their joint interests. It can scarcely be hoped that they will be of any value to the advanced player.

At no-trumps the leader should, of course, lead his longest suit to begin with, and in ninety-nine hands out of a hundred this should be persisted with by both partners. "Return your partner's suit at once," is a fundamental maxim of the no-trump game, and should be strictly obeyed unless obedience is obviously disadvantageous. Changing suits does not pay, because if the dealer is guarded all round his hand will be strengthened by every fresh suit opened. He asks for nothing better than to be led up to. The non-dealers may take it for granted, moreover, that they cannot establish two suits against the maker of no-trumps—his declaration must be a strange one if they can—and hence, if your partner, instead of returning your lead, opens a fresh suit, it is generally better to go on with that. Either he has no card of your suit to give you, in which case the dealer is probably too strong for you, or else he has a better game of his own. It frequently happens, therefore, that

the situation can only be saved by assuming the latter to be the case, and playing boldly for your partner's suit.

When it is said that the longest suit should be led to begin with, it is not, of course, intended that this advice should be taken literally. With five cards of one suit, headed by the tierce major, and six small ones of another, one would naturally feel one's way first with the shorter but more powerful suit. But length is generally the thing to be considered. A red suit is to be preferred to a black one, especially if the dealer has passed the declaration; and with two suits of equal length—the one headed by the ace, and the other by the king—the writer would try to establish his king suit, keeping his ace as a card of entry.

To unblock one's partner's suit and block the dealer's are elementary precautions which will occur to everybody. As a rule, however, it is useless to hold up against the declarer, but the expedient is often very effective against his partner. When dummy has a long threatening suit he may sometimes be prevented from bringing it in by forcing out his cards of entry in other suits, though if the call proceeded from him, and not from the dealer, this will generally be impracticable.

In discarding at no-trumps it is clearly important to keep as many suits as possible guarded, but if one *has* to be unguarded it should be the suit in which one's partner has shown strength, *i.e.* the suit which he has not discarded. The two partners ought never to throw away from the same suit if it can be avoided; the one should tell the other by his discard which suit to keep. The "weak" discarder—and the great majority of players follow this convention nowadays—frequently finds himself in an awkward fix at no-trumps. He may be placed in the dilemma of having to discard from his long suit, contrary to rule, or of prematurely unguarding a short one. Until he has had some intimation of his partner's strength, he is naturally reluctant to adopt the latter course; and unless he has the opportunity of exhibiting a call by two successive discards, he is almost bound to deceive his partner by throwing from his long suit. If it is clear that the lead will come to him first, no particular harm will be done by the temporary deception; but if not, he must, if possible, throw such a high card as will lead his partner to suspect that he is beginning to call. Weak players always seem to lack confidence in leading to the discard, but as a matter of fact the occasions upon which one is compelled to make a misleading discard are few and far between, and the least you can do is to assume that your partner has played correctly.

At the trump game a singleton should always be led if the leader has any trumps to ruff with. It is most unwise to lead from

a tenace, such as ace and queen or king and knave, and it may be added that the lead of a low card from the king, or other high honour, is looked upon with extreme disfavour by most advanced players. Failing a singleton, therefore, a two-card suit is often led, but it must be confessed that this lead is not nearly so advantageous, and there are occasions upon which one is driven to lead one's longest suit irrespective of the card or cards by which it is headed. When fairly strong in trumps, for instance, getting in a ruff becomes a matter of less importance, and in these circumstances the short-suit lead loses much of its *raison d'être*.

It seldom pays to lead a trump against a declaration of an aggressive nature, such as hearts or diamonds, unless one is strong enough to double—and even then it is not always the best thing to do. Some players invariably lead a single trump when a red suit is declared, so that their partner may, when he gets in, go on with trumps, drawing two for one. This is not justifiable, however, unless the leader has considerable strength in *all* the plain suits.

The original lead should always be returned as at the no-trump game, for if a short suit or singleton has been led it is vital to let the leader have his ruff before the dealer gets in and exhausts trumps. If, however, one has the chance of showing one's partner how to put one in again before giving him a ruff there is no harm in doing so. Thus, let us suppose that hearts are trumps, and that A has led a singleton diamond; B, holding the ace and others in diamonds, and ace, king of clubs, can secure two ruffs for his partner by leading the king of clubs before returning the diamond. A double ruff is, of course, the most paying game possible against declared trump strength, and when available should be played for. If, on the other hand, the dealer shows that he prefers ruffing to taking out trumps, the only thing to do is to lead them for him. No matter how weak you may be, you can at least prevent him from making all his trumps separately, which is always disastrous.

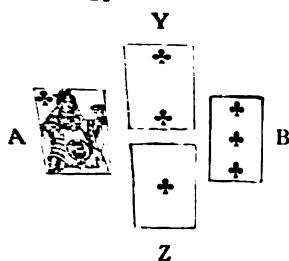
Speaking generally, the non-dealers should do their utmost to penetrate the dealer's intentions and thwart them as much as possible.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND

A and B are partners against Y and Z. Score: A and B, 28; Y and Z, 6. Z deals and leaves it to Y, who declares diamonds.

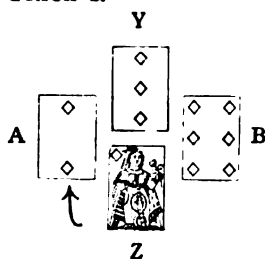
Y's hand (dummy).					Z's hand (dealer).				
Hearts	K Q 7		Hearts	6 5 3 2	
Diamonds	A K 10 9 4 3		Diamonds	Q	
Clubs	5 2		Clubs	A 7 6 4	
Spades	Q 4		Spades	A K v e 5 3	

TRICK 1.



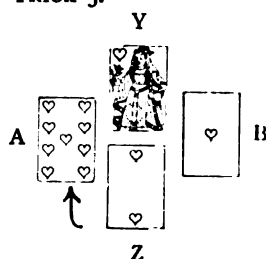
Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.



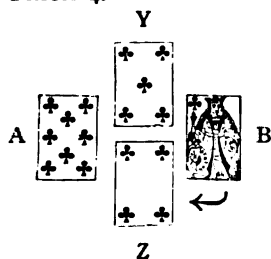
Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 3.



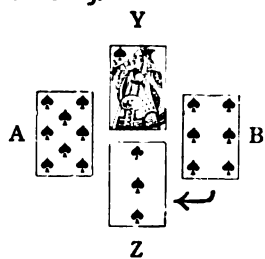
Tricks : A B, 1 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 4.



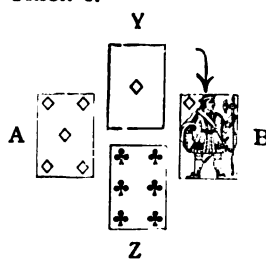
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 5.



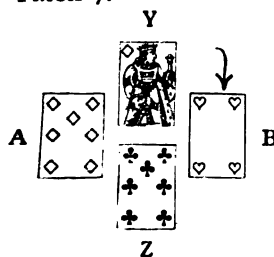
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 6.



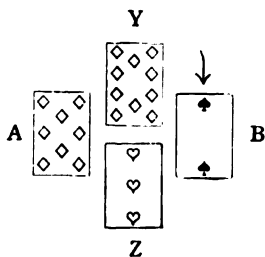
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 7.



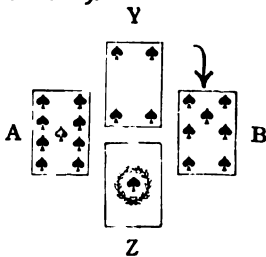
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 8.



Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 6.

TRICK 9.



Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 7.

The play of the remaining tricks is obvious. Y Z win four by cards and game.

Remarks:—

Trick 3.—Z can lead through A twice in hearts, having a second card of entry in the ace of spades. Thus, if A has the ace of hearts, dummy will make both king and queen, and with six tricks in diamonds, one (already won) in clubs, and one in spades, Y Z go game.

Trick 9.—Having no chance of a slam, Z ought not to finesse at the score, as A may possibly be holding up the king of spades. He gives up an almost certain chance of winning all the rest, but makes sure of the game.

BOOKS ON SPORT

GREAT BATSMEN AND THEIR METHODS AT A GLANCE. By George W. Beldam and Charles B. Fry. Illustrated by 600 Action Photographs. London: Macmillan & Co. 1905.

The object of this book, its authors remark, is to answer the question "How do the leading batsmen play?" and the question is answered with a completeness which renders the volume unique. The method adopted was to choose eighteen representative batsmen and show in a varying number of plates the strong points and peculiarities of each. The numbers of the pictures are somewhat arbitrary; thus no fewer than thirty-three illustrate the style of Victor Trumper, whilst to so interesting and picturesque a batsman as Mr. L. C. H. Palairet only eight are given; no more than a dozen are allotted to Mr. G. L. Jessop, and it requires five-and-twenty to exhibit the strokes of Mr. A. C. MacLaren. It need scarcely be said that both photographer and writer are about the best men that could have been chosen for the tasks they have essayed; for Mr. Beldam, if less distinguished as a cricketer than the famous amateur who heads the list of batsmen with such commanding figures, is still one of the most prominent exponents of the game. That Dr. W. G. Grace should come first is a matter of course, and here, as in other cases, the series of pictures opens with a view of the player's grip of the bat. It is curious to notice how this varies with different men. Ranjitsinhji's grip, for instance, is curiously high up, whilst Jessop's hands are as low down on the handle as the conformation of the bat allows. The pictures will be found curiously interesting to those who have studied the action of the men represented, Mr. Beldam having been most successful in catching some of the most characteristic strokes of his various subjects. One would like to know how many plates were taken and rejected before final choice was made of the 600 which here appear.

Plate 7 of the W. G. Grace series, the back stroke to a ball on the off stump, is one which everybody who has seen him play will at once recognise, and the same may be said of No. 10, back play applied to a rising ball on the middle stump. The uninstructed person might suppose that there could not really be many ways of hitting a ball with a bat, but this book will show that the ways are simply innumerable. Specially characteristic again is the illustration of Ranjitsinhji's leg glance, a stroke which his supple play of wrist enables him to make to perfection; and another notable shot is that of the same great player preparing to drive what must surely be a hard boundary. Mr. Jackson's sweeping on-drive is admirably caught in the twelfth plate devoted to him, and running out for a straight

drive is another life-like realisation of the batsman who has done so much this year for England. Mr. Jessop's vigorous play possesses an attraction of its own, and Mr. Beldam has done well in his choice of the first picture, the mighty hitter waiting for the ball to return after scoring a boundary. The veritable Jessop is portrayed again on Plate 11, jumping out with the right hand unclasped to gain a tighter grip at the start of the swing. The keen eyes of the authors have, of course, noticed one of Mr. Jessop's tricks, his habit of thus clasping and unclasping his hands round the handle of the bat whilst waiting for the ball, as though fingering for a tighter grip. Plate 12, the finish of an on-drive of a straight ball, is another example of his individuality. Besides the players already named, the authors have chosen Messrs. C. B. Fry, R. E. Foster, Clem Hill, M. A. Noble, R. A. Duff, W. W. Armstrong, H. Sinclair, with Tom Hayward, J. T. Tyldesley, George Hirst, and W. G. Quaife. The book is, of course, one to be studied and re studied, and doing this will constitute a liberal education in the game of cricket.

THE EMPIRE'S CRICKETERS. London: Fine Art Society,
148, New Bond Street. 1905.

We have already noticed the beginning of this really remarkable work, in which Mr. G. W. Beldam exchanges the camera for the pen, to expound the wholly admirable drawings by Mr. A. Chevallier Taylor. Accuracy and vigour are notable in all the artist's work. Here we have bowlers, fielders, and wicket-keepers as well as batsmen: Rhodes, for instance, about to deliver, Lilley stumping, and Jessop throwing in; of him Mr. Beldam says with all truth, "Brilliant as his career has been as a batsman, and much as he has delighted crowds, yet he has perhaps charmed the critics still more by his wonderful fielding at cover-point. That he saved 40 or 50 runs every match is quite possible, besides many being run out by his hitting the sticks." Why Mr. Darling was omitted from the book previously noticed we are not aware, except indeed that the volume could not include everybody; here, however, he is in this series, with others too numerous to mention, but none who is not worthy of his place.

SPORTING DOGS, THEIR POINTS AND MANAGEMENT. By Frank
Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. Illustrated from photographs.
London: R. Everett. 1905.

A few months since we noticed Mr. Barton's "Non-Sporting Dogs," and this is a companion volume. That the author is a leading authority most readers are aware, and if he seems to treat some of his subjects in rather curt fashion, what he has to say is usually to the point. It is curious to note how the present breeds

of sporting dogs have been drawn to England from all countries. The pointer, for instance, is said to have been first introduced into this country by a Portuguese merchant who lived and shot in Norfolk; the spaniel originally came from Spain, as his name suggests; the bloodhound originated from the Talbot, and was brought from France by William the Conqueror; the dachshund is of German derivation; the Borzois is Russian; Scotland and Ireland have supplied terriers of various sorts. Where the greyhound came from does not seem to be known; he is said to have been introduced into Britain some time during the third century, and from representations upon Egyptian monuments it is clear that he existed in Africa three thousand years ago. The smooth-coated basset comes from the province of Artois, the rough-coated variety from Flanders, and amongst other dogs included in this book is the Afghan greyhound.

Mr. Barton adopts Laverack's conclusion that the setter is nothing more than a setting spaniel; and Laverack was a writer whose opinion is not to be lightly disregarded. We know, indeed, how types often change within a comparatively short time, but it certainly seems remarkable that so beautiful a dog as the setter should proceed from the spaniel, from whom, in so many particulars, he differs so widely. Mr. Barton observes that the scenting powers of bassets "are said" to be exceptional, but he might have made the assertion without reference to hearsay, for they undoubtedly are so, as we can state from personal experience, having been out with them. No dogs draw a covert more thoroughly, though they differ in trustworthiness. A few will speak to what is not there, but one soon gets to know who is to be implicitly depended upon. It was perfectly safe to remark of terriers that they "still are exceedingly popular." Mr. Barton gives what he supposes to be the reasons for this, but omits what are perhaps the principal ones, their affectionate disposition, at least as a very general rule, and their wonderful intelligence. Not a few readers will doubtless look in the table of contents for the Aberdeen, who has come so much into favour of late years. He appears under the title of the "Scottish terrier," for "the terms are or should be," it is said, "synonymous." The points of the different dogs are given, together with the Rules of the Clubs which govern the breeds. The author need not have said that "the uncertain temper of the Borzois renders them not very reliable," that being a self-evident truth, and his idea of "the principal packs of foxhounds in England" is remarkable, for though he includes the Sussex and the East Kent, he makes no mention of the Pytchley, the Cottesmore, the Cheshire, and several others that should assuredly have been included. The illustrations on the whole are satisfactory, some indeed being particularly good.

THE PRACTICAL ANGLER; or, the Art of Trout Fishing, More Particularly Applied to Still Water. By W. R. Stewart. New edition. With an introduction by W. Earl Hodgson. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1905.

It is nearly fifty years since Mr. Stewart's book was published, many hundred of volumes on the subject have been issued since January 1857, and it says a vast deal for the merit of the work that its astute publishers should have considered it worth while to reprint it, more particularly as in many respects things have altered so greatly since Mr. Stewart fished and wrote. As his introducer says, "Mr. Stewart knew all that was to be known about trout and the methods of catching them, and, like 'A Son of the Marshes' in later years, he was singularly well endowed with the knack of presenting his knowledge on the printed page." Mr. Hodgson will doubtless be surprised to learn that the "Son of the Marshes" had no such knack. This keen observer and accomplished naturalist is a man in very humble life, whose knowledge was put into shape by another hand, and that the hand of a lady. It is gratifying to note that Mr. Stewart's apprehensions as to the effect of the drainage which was just being introduced in his time have not been fulfilled; and when we read what he has to say about rods we can only regret that he was never able to use the modern article, which has surely been brought as near perfection as it could be. On this head, by the way, it may be mentioned how Mr. Hodgson at present equips himself. He finds that "three rods are equal to all the opportunities of a holiday on well-varied waters. One of them, nine feet long, weighs four ounces and a half; another, eleven feet, weighs eight ounces; the third is twelve feet and weighs twelve ounces." The book is one that may be commended to every fisherman.

A leading feature of the volume is the admirable coloured representations of stream and loch flies, forty-eight in all, admirably reproduced.

THE MOTOR YEAR BOOK, 1905. Illustrated. Methuen & Co. London.

This volume is packed full of useful information. Mr. Felix Gray writes of "Recent Developments in the Automobile Movement," and of "The Automobile Races of 1904"; Mr. H. Massac Buist deals with "The Motor Shows of 1904-5," Mr. Basil Crump with "Tricars," Mr. A. Moresby White with "The Law of the Motor," and Mr. Oliver D. North with "Touring Cars" and "Light Cars." These last two chapters should be of special assistance to all intending purchasers, for they give details of the construction and prices of all the principal machines now in use; together with photographs of each make.



BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

THE introduction of Messrs. Kynoch's new smokeless powder "Axite" demands special notice. The famous firm were the only manufacturers of cordite and cordite ammunition, and were consequently able to ascertain the weak as well as the strong points of that explosive. No authority could be greater on the subject than that of Messrs. Kynoch; and they claim that "Axite" possesses all the merits of cordite with none of its demerits. Prominent among advantages are that "Axite" does not corrode the barrel as cordite does; that with equal pressure it gives greatly increased velocity; that the erosive effect is considerably less; and that accuracy is largely increased. In order to give practical demonstration of these facts Messrs. Kynoch invited a number of experts—representatives of the War Office and the Admiralty, of the National Rifle Association, of various foreign governments, together with members of the leading firms of gunmakers and specially qualified journalists—to an exhibition of "Axite." It was submitted to well-nigh every conceivable test, and the verdict was one of cordial approval. Messrs. Kynoch's claims were pronounced to have been justified to the full. That "Axite" is as nearly as conceivable smokeless in reality and not only in name is proved by photographs of comparative flashes at the muzzle of a '303 in firing. Black powder makes a regular cloud, cordite about a fourth as much, "Axite" the barest perceptible species of vapour.

* * * * *

Messrs. Barnard, of 52, Cheapside, particularly requested us to try their Pytchley Hunt gloves. They are, it is stated, "cut on a special broad basis." What that implies we are not precisely able to explain, but they are certainly the most comfortable gloves we remember to have worn, they seem exceptionally durable, and for half-a-crown a pair are a wonder of cheapness.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

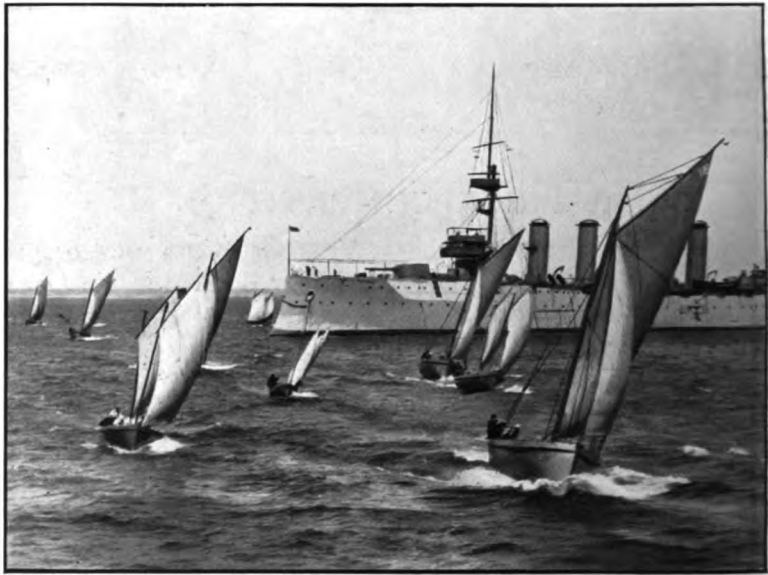
The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

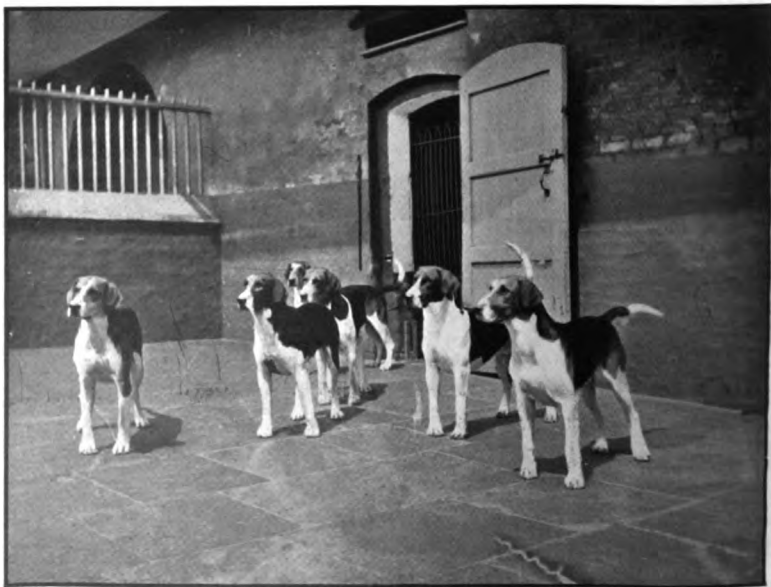
The result of the October competition will be announced in the December issue.

THE AUGUST COMPETITION

The Prize in the August competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. Herbert H. Barton, H.M.S. *Majestic*, Atlantic Fleet; Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. R. A. Silk, H.M.S. *Amethyst*, Atlantic Fleet; Captain W. G. Thompson, R.H.A., Lucknow; Mr. J. T. Spittle, Newport, Monmouthshire; Mr. T. W. Bartlett; Mr. J. Walton Lee, Dilston, Corbridge-on-Tyne; Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire; Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; and Miss Mabel Eccles, Quarry Bank, Blackburn, Lancashire.



SPORT IN THE NAVY—SAILING FOR THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S CUP
Photograph by Mr. Herbert H. Barton, H.M.S. "Majestic," Atlantic Fleet

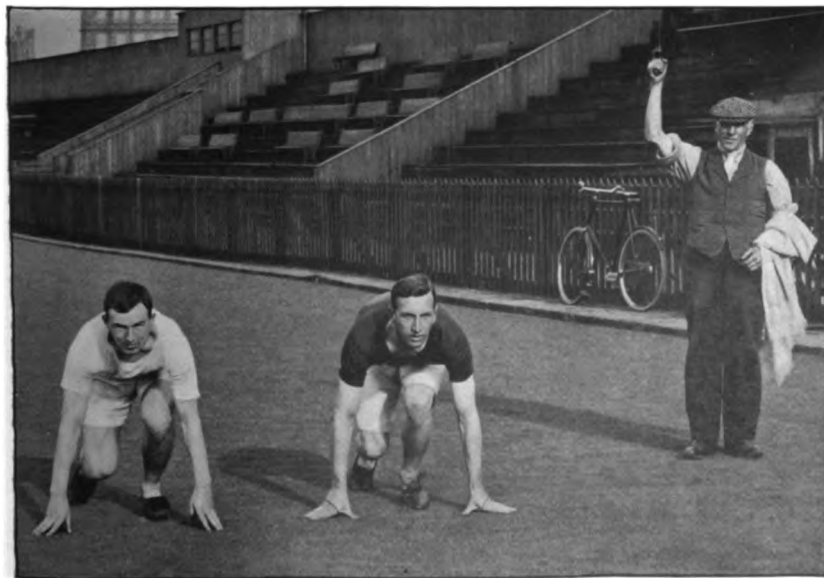


LEADING BELVOIR HOUNDS
Photograph by Mr. John C. Smith, High Street, Lincoln



THE OPEN DITCH—THE ESSEX HUNT STEEPLECHASES

Photograph by Miss Archer Houblon, Hallingbury Place, Bishops Stortford



E. W. HALL, BORDER CHAMPION AT 100, 220, AND 440 YARDS, AND W. H. WELSH, LATE SCOTTISH CHAMPION AT THE SAME DISTANCES

Photograph by Mr. Stuart F. M. Cumming, Howe Street, Edinburgh



BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS' POINT TO POINT, APRIL 1905

Photograph by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



WATER POLO AT GIBRALTAR—A SCRIMMAGE

Photograph by Mr. R. A. Silk, H.M.S. "Amethyst," Atlantic Fleet



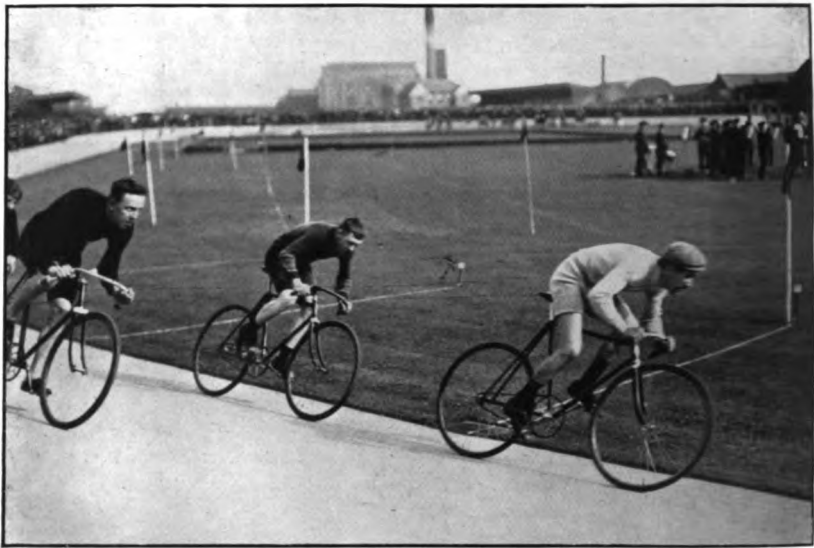
PADDING A TIGER

Photograph by Captain W. G. Thompson, R.H.A., Lucknow



NEARING THE END

Photograph by Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford McFall, Brownestown House, Kilkenny, Ireland



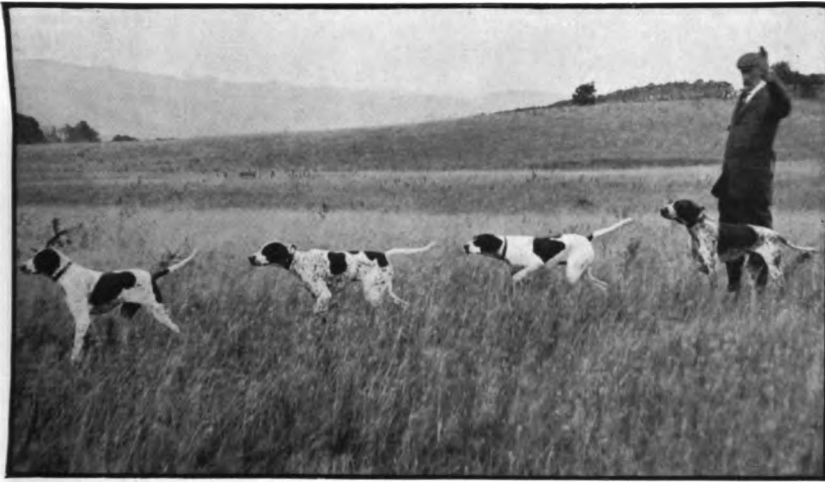
CYCLE RACING AT NEWPORT—THE LAST LAP

Photograph by Mr. J. T. Spittle, Newport, Monmouthshire



DIVING AT SWANAGE

Photograph by Mr. T. W. Bartlett



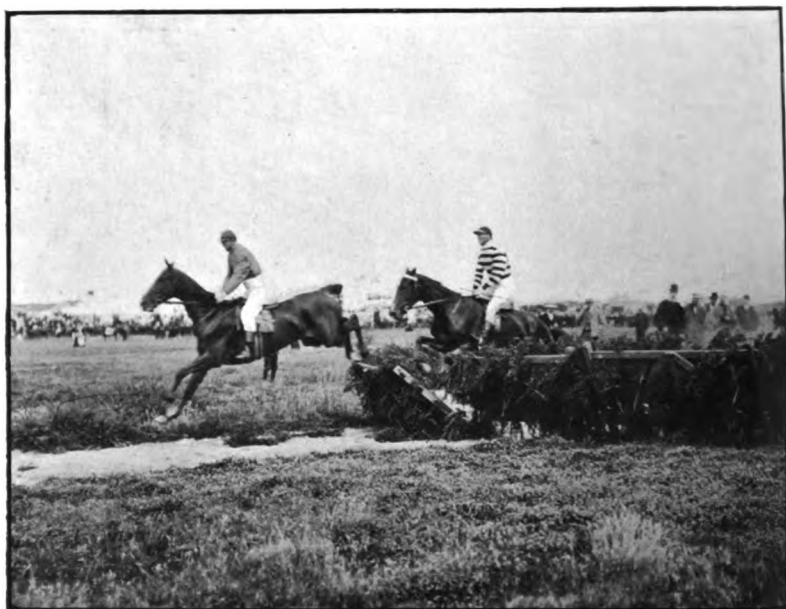
A PROMISING LITTER

Photograph by Mr. J. Walton Lee, Dilston, Corbridge-on-Tyne



CLIFF "CLIMBERS" GATHERING EGGS AT BEMPTON, YORKSHIRE

Photograph by Mr. A. H. Robinson, Troutdale, Hackness, Scalby



ST. OWEN'S RACES, JERSEY, AUGUST 3, 1905

Photograph by Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire



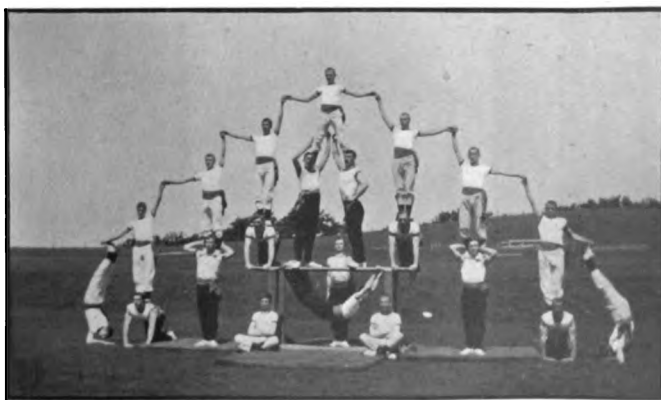
THE SHREWSBURY SCHOOL EIGHT AFTER THEIR ANNUAL RACE WITH BEDFORD
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



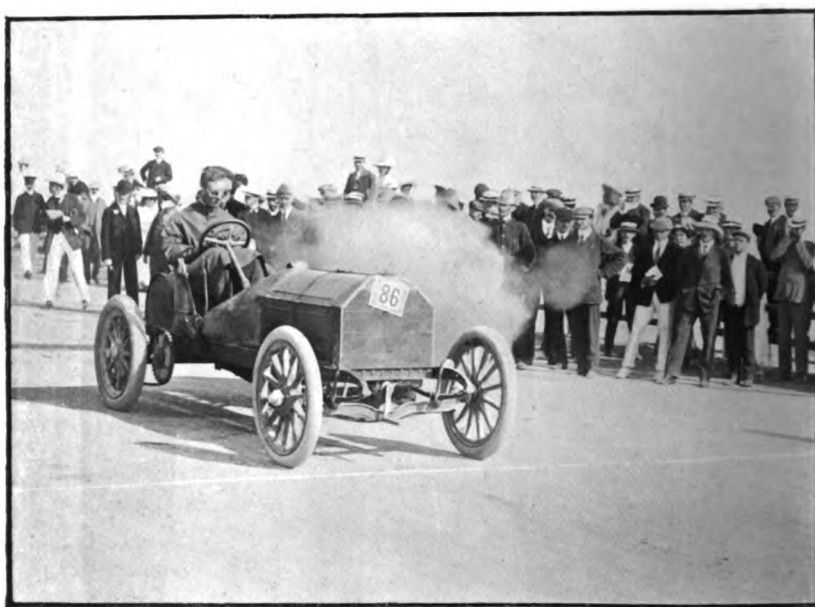
SHOOTING A WEIR

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Wickham Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea



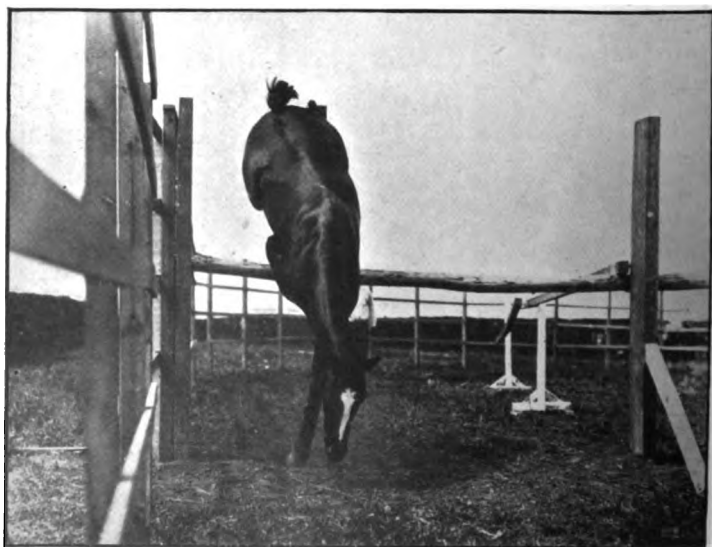
GYMNASTIC DISPLAY AT H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE" SPORTS

Photograph by Mr. Dashwood F. Moir, Lieutenant H.M.S. "Impregnable," Devonport



BRIGHTON MOTOR RACES, JULY 1905—J. E. HUTTON (120 H.P. MERCEDES)
READY TO START

Photograph by Miss Pearce, Sussex Square, Brighton



IN THE SCHOOL

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenné, Brussels



ON BOARD H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE" AT PORTLAND—WATCHING THE FINISH OF
A SWIMMING RACE

Photograph by Mrs. Hamilton-Gordon, Harston, Sidmouth



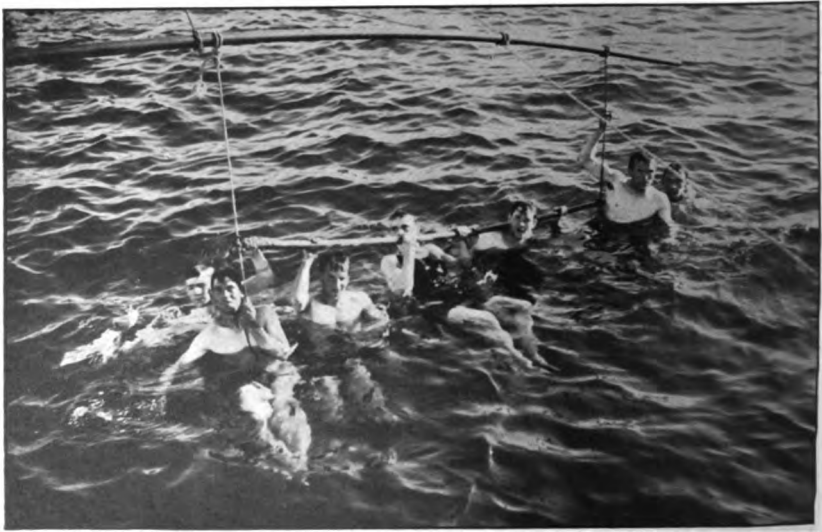
ON THE LAKE AT RUSTHALL BEACON, TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Photograph by Mr. Walter H. Harris, C.M.G., Junior Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W



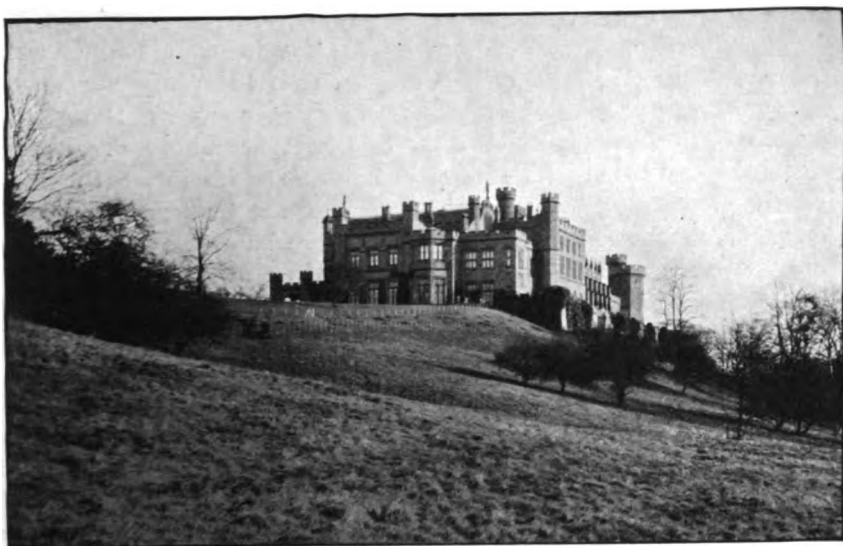
A CANINE ATHLETE

Photograph by Miss Mabel Eccles, Quarry Bank, Blackburn



WATER POLO AT GIBRALTAR—HALF TIME. TAKING BREATH AND RESTING
ON THE GOAL

Photograph by Mr. R. A. Silk, H.M.S. "Amethyst," Atlantic Fleet



LAMBTON CASTLE, DURHAM

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

I.—THE HON. GEORGE LAMBTON

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

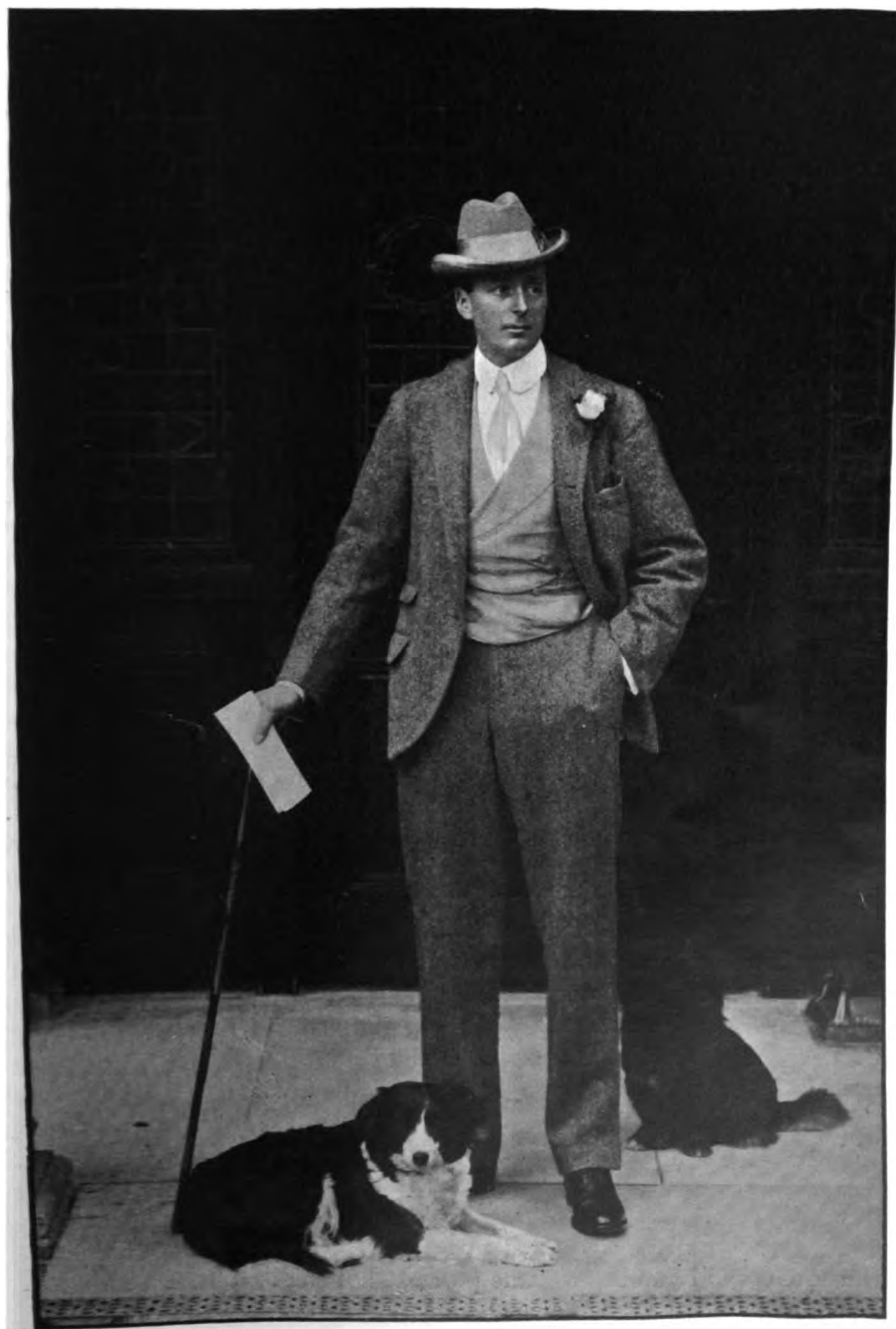
FOR many years past the name of Mr. George Lambton has been prominently associated with all that is best and worthiest in the domain of English sport. The mention of the name of Lambton, indeed, sufficiently implies this; but it chances that George Lambton has devoted himself with special assiduity to the horse, and so naturally he comes to the front in connection with that, to very many persons, all-absorbing creature. Every Lambton appears to ride by the light of nature. I think Bondager was the name of the animal on which his brother, the head of the house, Lord Durham—George Lambton is the fourth son of the second Earl—won a race at a Stockbridge Bibury Meeting in the eighties, and his younger brother began when literally a child, for he was hunting at an age when most little boys have scarcely been promoted to a rocking-horse.

It was in the year 1867, on the occasion of his seventh birthday, that George Lambton was out with Lord Wemyss's Hounds in

Northumberland, his father having a place in that county where he occasionally resided. That the child on his pony surmounted desperate obstacles and crossed "navigable arms of the sea" is not to be supposed, but it is certain that somehow or other he managed—as has so often happened since—to be in at the finish, that is to say up at the death, and that the birthday present he received was the mask and brush. There has always been much controversy as to the age at which children should be allowed to ride, and seven certainly seems young, but his early start assuredly had no detrimental effect on the boy's performance in the saddle in later years.

That he hunted whenever he got the chance will readily be understood; a love for racing also gradually took possession of him, a desire to own a horse and ride it to victory; and when under the care of a private tutor at Storrington—where, if I recollect aright, another friend of mine who took the highest rank as a gentleman rider, Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies, likewise studied—a part of his ambition was gratified. He bought a horse called Martyr, sent it to be trained by Fred Barratt, and ran it in a race at Warwick, finishing second. At this time owners entered in whatever names they chose—it is on record that the late Lord George Bentinck occasionally had half a dozen running in a race under different names—and Martyr performed as the property of "Mr. Douglas Dawson." It was claimed by Mr. Dalgliesh, who did not know to whom it belonged, and so ended George Lambton's first ownership.

On a mare called Pompeia he won his first race, at Nottingham. The favourite was ridden by that superb horseman, Mr. Arthur Coventry, and started at 7 to 2 on, little regard being paid to an animal with an unknown amateur up. But even at this early period Mr. George Lambton was not to be despised, and he managed to beat his famous rival by a neck, riding back to the paddock to weigh in, the proudest man in England. His third mount was also on Pompeia, at Windsor. Again he was opposed by Arthur Coventry, on something of Tom Cannon's, and again beat it, this time by a short head. Everybody wants to win races, and there is no sort of doubt that the wearer of the Danebury hoops was disappointed; but Arthur Coventry is the most generous and least selfish of created beings, and felt warm satisfaction at seeing his friend shape so well and exhibit such unmistakable promise. Soon after this George Lambton made the acquaintance of a horse called Pudding. Pudding was a hurdle-racer; he had never been schooled over a country, but it occurred to his owner that he would like to start him in a steeplechase, and he asked two or three jockeys to ride, all of whom declined the honour, not caring to be associated with



THE HON. GEORGE LAMBTON
(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

K K 2

a four-year-old who was playing a game he had not been taught. Someone whom the owner consulted, however, told him that he knew a "young fool who would ride anything." George Lambton, who answered to the latter part of the description, was offered the mount, and though it necessitated his riding in a 4-lb. saddle and a snaffle bridle without a martingale, he won by twelve lengths, having courageously backed his mount at 12 to 1.

The day was memorable, because on that morning he had bought a hunter which he always declares could have no superior. Captain "Doggy" Smith was once asked who was the best man in Leicestershire. He replied that it was impossible to say: there were scores of "best men"; but he could tell his questioner what was the best horse, and this was George Lambton's Etolus. Woodcock was another of his equine tutors, if the phrase may be employed, who taught him a great deal of what he afterwards turned to such excellent account. George Lambton used to admit that he really "couldn't ride one side of him." Woodcock had to be driven from start to finish, he never got tired, but would not go unless vigorously coerced; but the pair together won a number of races. The horse was entered at Sandown soon after he passed into Mr. Lambton's possession, and was looked on by a number of his friends, who had had a bad week, as a probable "retriever"—if he would entrust him to unquestionable hands. "Do let Arthur Coventry ride, and then we can bet!" they said to him, but he replied that he had bought the horse to ride himself, not to bet on. To make the story complete, it ought to be added that he won in a canter, but as a matter of fact on this occasion he was beaten, though he carried off a number of races afterwards on Woodcock.

Early in the eighties the late Matthew Dawson, imagining that George Lambton wanted a horse, sent to tell him that he had just the animal for him, a mare called Bellona, by Mars—Idle Girl. George Lambton went to see her gallop and was delighted. She was ridden in this spin by Blackwell, who has since done such excellent work as trainer; and George Lambton inquired, as he pulled up, what sort of a mare she was. "You buy her, sir," was the reply, and asking Mat Dawson what he wanted for Bellona, he replied £300. "I should like to have her very much," George Lambton said. "The only difficulty is I haven't got the money!" "Dom the blunt!" the kindly old trainer remarked. "Pay when you like!" And so George Lambton became possessed of one of the best hurdle-race horses he has ever known.

I will not go laboriously through the *Racing Calendar* and give an account of her victories. If I remember rightly she carried off the big hurdle-race at Croydon twice, also the principal event "over

the sticks" at Sandown. George Lambton, who betted in those days, went for a big stake on her in one of these Croydon events. He backed her to win, also "one-two," and for a place; but when they had gone a little more than half way the disagreeable idea was forced on him that he was sure to be badly beaten. He thought, however, that by sticking to it he might possibly save his place money, and by degrees got fourth. The animal in front of him was obviously tiring, and by working hard he managed to drive Bellona ahead of it. Then it occurred to him that he might get second, and after a tussle he obtained that position. An Epsom horse, Silver Sea,



BELLONA

(From a painting by W. Sextie)

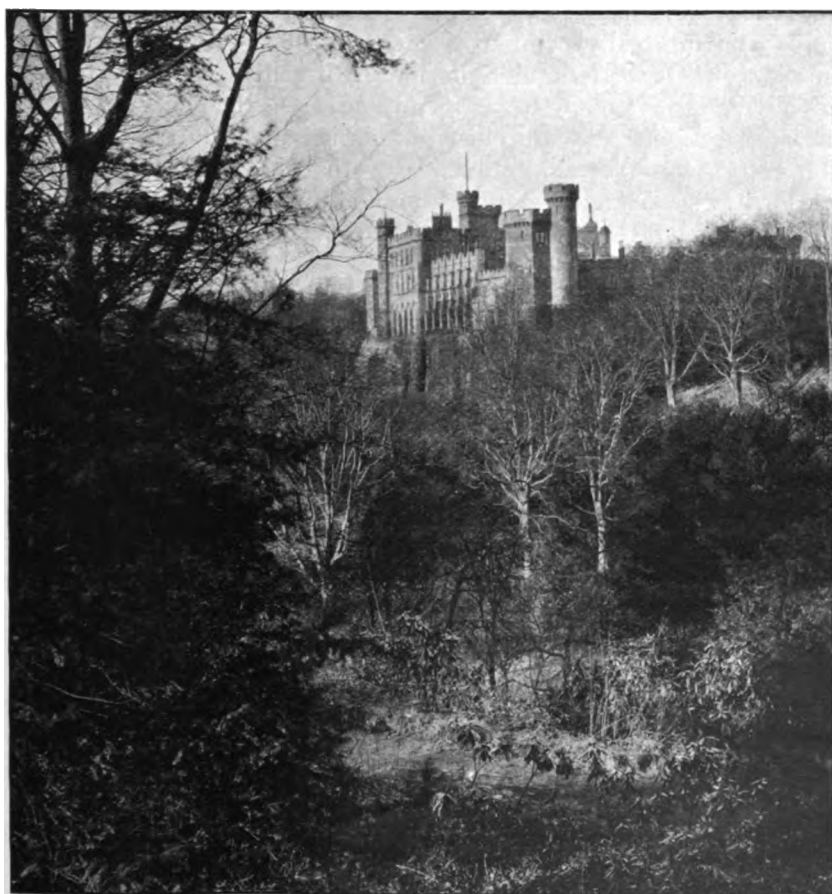
ridden by Arthur Hall, was then leading with the victory apparently in safe keeping; but, looking back, Hall let go of the mare's head, she swerved across the course, and George Lambton, riding for all he was worth, just got up. Had it not been for the vague hope or saving his place money, he would have ceased to persevere a mile from home; a proof of the adage that "a race is never lost until it is won." Bellona, George Lambton always asserts, was not only the best hurdle-race horse he ever rode, but one of the best ever known. She gained lengths at her jumps, and wherever she took off never fell. She was as safe over hurdles as she was unsafe over country,

for steeplechasing was not her game, though she did win on at least one occasion. This particular race was looked on as a certainty for Captain Bewicke's Forest King. His owner and rider had a thousand pounds on him, and in a little conversation at the post confided to George Lambton that Bellona had "no earthly"; but though Captain Bewicke is right oftener than he is wrong, this was one of the occasions when his expected good thing did not come off. Over the built-up fences at Liverpool Bellona was no good. Her owner, nevertheless, started her in one Grand National; she got over the first fence all right, but rushed wildly at the second, and the first thing that hit the ground on the other side was her head. This was the race in which Spahi, ridden by the late Tom Beasley, started a hot favourite at 3 to 1, and also came down heavily. The circumstance is worth note as showing with what little justification these hot favourites are sometimes made, for Tom Beasley had no hope of winning, and told his friends that there was not the least chance of his getting round once.

Other animals on which George Lambton won good races were Gerona and Duckett, the latter of whom twice carried off the big Sandown Hurdle-race. Duckett was a desperately hard puller, and one very foggy morning ran away with his boy three times round the steeplechase course at Kennett. There was a dense fog at the time, and Joseph Cannon gives a most amusing account of the way in which Duckett suddenly appeared at intervals and dashed off into obscurity again before one could well realise that he was there. It may be assumed with tolerable safety that he would not have done this had George Lambton been on his back, for he had superlatively good hands. One used not seldom to see a horse with a professional jockey up go to the post pulling and fighting desperately for his head; but the same animal, with George Lambton in the saddle, would canter down in perfectly placid fashion, playing with his bit and making no effort to get away.

One of his early successes was on Sir William Throckmorton's Phantom at Croydon, in the first steeplechase that good horse ever took part in. That he was a good hurdle-race horse, too, many readers will remember, for he won the Great Sandown Hurdle-race as a five-year-old with 12 stone, Mr. Arthur Coventry up, in a canter by half a dozen lengths, and the Grand National Hurdle-race at Croydon a few months afterwards. Notwithstanding that it was his first time over a country, and that he had 12 st. 7 lb. to carry, Phantom was made a warm favourite for this United Kingdom Steeplechase, as it was called—1887 is the year. Croydon was a generally easy country with the exception of the "Farmhouse fence," a big upstanding obstacle with a ditch on the taking-off side,

and Chandler, who trained the horse, was confessedly nervous as to what might happen here. George Lambton declares that Phantom is the only horse he ever rode that cleared this fence without touching it, and this involves a large experience, for perhaps he won more races at Croydon than anywhere else. On The Sinner and St. Galmier he also distinguished himself, though the former was then past



ANOTHER VIEW OF LAMBTON CASTLE

his best, and could only get third to Coronet and M.P. for the Mammoth Hunters' Steeplechase at Sandown. On St. Galmier he won several races—the horse's record of success is indeed altogether wonderful—at Liverpool and elsewhere. It was over the big Aintree fences that St. Galmier was seen to greatest advantage. He slid over them as if they had been hurdles, never causing his rider the least anxiety; and these are, of course, the horses that win over this

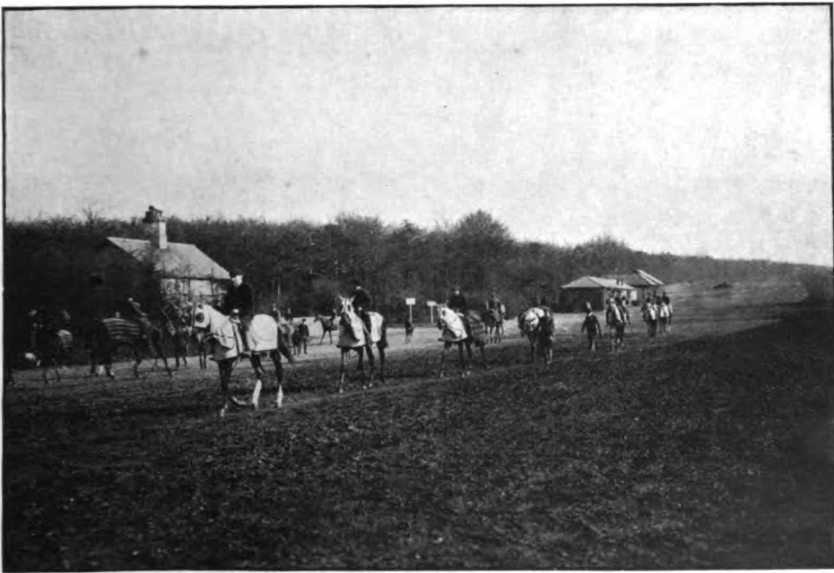
difficult country; they stand away and jump the big black fences as they jump the easier ones elsewhere.

Though he won many other steeplechases at Liverpool, George Lambton was never successful in any of his five rides in the Grand National, albeit success had seemed in his grasp when Savoyard fell with him in 1889. He was going strong and well at the last fence but one, landed over it safely moreover, when he crossed his legs and rolled over like a shot rabbit. He had safely completed the course, and finished second to Gamecock, the previous year. The son of New Oswestry and Solferino had badly twisted forelegs, which were always likely to cause mishap. On the occasion of his fall, George Lambton's whip flew out of his hand many yards away. After getting up and pulling himself together he wandered about to look for it, and Garrett Moore, who noted him, declared that, in his disappointment at being beaten, he had walked back to the canal intending to drown himself.

Savoyard, if he only stood up, was regarded as a certainty for the Grand Steeplechase de Paris of 1886, but came to grief through no fault of his own or of his rider. One of the English jockeys who went over was extremely drunk, George Lambton was specially warned of the fact, and did his utmost to keep out of the clumsy lout's way. He thought he had done so, when as they approached the wall this jockey came swooping past him, blundered over the obstacle, and fell just in front of Savoyard as he was landing, rendering it impossible to avoid disaster. On the whole, however, George Lambton was remarkably successful when he went over to France to ride. In 1888 he won the Grand Steeplechase on Parasang by a short head from Fierte. Parasang seemed to have so little chance that his rider was half inclined to beg that he might be excused, but did not like to do so, and was rewarded by victory, which was all the sweeter for the reason that it was gained by sheer jockeyship. The second certainly ought to have won easily. Parasang was a desperately hard puller, and it is notable that George Lambton always rode him in a snaffle, none of his other jockeys ever dreaming of going out without a double bridle. Poor Roddy Owen was to have had the mount on Parasang, but an accident kept him out of the saddle. The Auteuil course was somewhat stiffer then than it is now; at any rate, the water jump opposite the stand—at present a sufficiently formidable obstacle—was then both wider and deeper; but Parasang, though a particularly impetuous animal, never made a mistake. He gained lengths at his jumps, and if a hard puller does chance to hit things off right it vastly helps matters forward. Prior to his success on Parasang this day, George Lambton had won a hurdle-race on Bolero, and finished third for another on

Koster. The Savoyard fall, by the way, was the more disagreeable, as while he lay on the ground, knocked out, some of the crowd helped themselves to his links, pin, and studs, even his collar-stud being requisitioned; but one must not denounce the French mob too severely, for the same thing had previously happened to him here after a bad fall at Aldershot, when he found himself in the ambulance denuded of all the jewellery he had started with.

Perhaps George Lambton ought to have won the Auteuil Hurdle-race on Playful in 1886. After being knocked out on the Sunday, as just described, on Savoyard, he returned to England to ride at Lewes, and won the Southdown Hunters' Flat-race by ten lengths



AT EXERCISE

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

on Lord Beaconsfield, returning on Tuesday night to ride Playful on the Wednesday. He had been wasting hard in order to get down to the weight, went to a Turkish bath immediately on his arrival in Paris, and fainted from sheer exhaustion. The wasting and the travelling had told upon him, and though he felt well when put up into the saddle, he was not strong enough to do himself and his mount full justice. The Duke of Hamilton's Jannock beat him a length and a half, though there were such good animals as Theophrastus, Too Good, and Roquefort behind him.

Whether he would have won the Grand National on Satellite cannot of course be guessed. This was a very good horse. In the

National Hunt Steeplechase, at Melton, Satellite had accomplished a really remarkable performance. He fell twice, ran out, and nevertheless won a short head. Satellite, in at 10 st. 5 lb., was the same horse as Zoedone, with exactly 2 st. more. A few days before the race, however, George Lambton had had a very ugly fall on Marplot, the result of the mishap being bad concussion. He was sent skimming along the hard ground with such force that the skin was torn off his face from forehead to chin; and had he not been thoroughly fit, after wasting in the most sensible way, by walking without sweaters, the result might have been more serious. This prevented him from riding Satellite, who fell; but because a horse falls with one jockey it does not of course in the least follow that he would come down with another, who would surely not be in the same position in the race and in the same circumstances. Marplot, however, thoroughly acted up to his name.

The gentleman rider naturally meets with some awkward incidents in the course of his career, and one occurred to George Lambton when riding Bestwood at Nottingham. The race had looked good for him, his rider had an extra dash, and was delighted to find, as he passed the distance, that the only horse who there led him was showing signs of having had enough of it. Evidently he could take Bestwood to the front when he chose. The moment arrived, he sent his horse out, headed the other, and was just congratulating himself on victory when the animal suddenly swerved across the course, going almost straight for the spiked railings which bounded the stand. Before George Lambton could pull him together the other had struggled to the front again, and just got first past the post. This was exasperating enough; but what made it worse was that a brawny ruffian, standing with his hands in his pockets, assailed the rider of the second in blood-curdling language, declaring that he had "not tried a yard," and that all sorts of horrible things ought to be done to him. Most excusably, not in the best of tempers, George Lambton was so infuriated at the insult that, jumping off his horse, he slashed the blackguard across the face with his whip. The man went for him, half a dozen other roughs joined in; at that moment Lord Marcus Beresford—always in the right place when wanted—and Captain Hedworth Lambton came forward to bear the brunt of the attack; but a swarm of other "lambs" pressed on—there may have been a greater barbarian than the Nottingham lamb, but it is difficult to name him—and it looked as if the gentlemen were going to have an awkward time. Suddenly, though busily occupied in defending himself, George Lambton observed a very strange phenomenon. His assailants, he all at once perceived, were going down by ones

and twos in all directions; a man was striding forward through the throng, using both fists, and using them with such remarkable effect that one on the jaw never failed to roll over the victim at whom it was directed. He neared the little group, when in the excitement of the moment Admiral Lambton, as he now is, mistaking him for one of the enemy, smote him vigorously in the eye.



LAWRENCE'S FAMOUS "RED BOY"

Mr. Charles Lambton, George Lambton's Great-uncle

"All right, Captain! I'm on *your* side!" the man quite good-humouredly observed. It was Ted Pritchard, the prize-fighter, champion of I do not know what, but several things, who had come to the rescue with what may be called such striking results. Fred Archer too, whilst the battle still raged, had cut in to help his friends and had landed one burly blackguard a shrewd blow; after which, however, jockeyship and not pugilism being his *métier*, he

had turned round and sprinted to the weighing-room in what must have been as nearly as possible record time; but the rough, not knowing who had hit him, and thinking it might not improbably be Mr. Joseph Davis, who was standing near, violently retaliated on that unoffending looker-on, and with one on the jaw sent him flying through the air. Pritchard's division turned the tide of battle, and George Lambton duly weighed in.

Another of his "dashes" was more fortunate. This was on a mare called Irma, trained by a little man in the North, the patrons of whose stable looked on £50 as a rather serious wager and were accustomed to gasp when the stable commission ran into three



HOME AFTER WORK

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

figures. The consternation of the trainer was extreme when he heard that George Lambton had £2,000 on his mount, indeed the excited trainer could not stand it. He retired to the weighing-room while the horses were going to the post, and while the race was being run hid his face in his hands and rocked himself to and fro, exclaiming at agonised intervals, "Oh, 'ow I do 'ate this gamblin'!" and there he remained, good man that he was, till George Lambton returned, saddle on his arm, to weigh in after a comfortable victory.

I must interpolate a story, which, though it does not deal with Mr. Lambton's riding career, he is fond of telling. The scene is Newmarket Heath. In a certain race—I must not give the names and weights and colours of the riders—Archer was up, a great ally

of his was up also, and the only other starter was ridden by a rather rough-and-tumble jockey from the North, who hardly seemed worth taking into consideration. All the same he bestrode a good old sticker that was not to be altogether despised. It seemed desirable, at any rate, just to "take care of him"; and Archer and his friend the other jockey flattered themselves that they precisely understood the situation. Archer was on the rails—he usually was there—the North-country jockey next to him, Archer's friend outside; and as they neared the distance Archer, growing just a little anxious, looked significantly over his left shoulder. Instantly the outside horse



CHARCOT, BY GAY HERMIT—DAM BY GALOPIN

Trained by Mr. George Lambton—Winner of races in England, Africa, and America

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

closed in to the right, one second more and the North-country rider would have been squeezed out of it, between the two; but, grasping the situation, and being on a great heavy lumbering horse, he "went for" his near-side opponent, and ramming him heavily on the port quarter sent him flying some yards away. Then he turned his very best attention to Archer on the rails, and pressing hard against the favourite, obliged the great jockey to shift his leg in order to avoid crushing it on the rails, keeping him, moreover, a hard and fast prisoner till the post was past. For once Archer was utterly

defeated, preliminary generalship and usually well-nigh infallible assistance notwithstanding.

"I don't say my jockey is a good one, because he ain't," the trainer of the winner subsequently remarked; "but when it comes to foul riding, I'll back him to ride against anyone in England!"

There was some talk of an objection, but Archer was not always too punctilious in his own method of riding, a few questionable examples of the fact had recently been in evidence, and he thought it better to let the affair pass.

Many races which George Lambton rode are remembered by his friends, and perhaps one in particular, on a horse called Rosemount. For this contest an animal named Durham was, for excellent reasons, a red-hot favourite, and Rosemount's jockey, supposing that he had no sort of chance, had £200 on the favourite—so appropriately named for a Lambton to back. Now Durham was a horse that simply would not go in front. He had remarkable speed, and if anything led him to near the post he would gallop on and comfortably win at the finish; but to lead for half a mile or so was a thing he resolutely declined. On the occasion in question George Lambton, well aware of the condition of affairs, stuck resolutely behind till past the distance; and then, dashing to the front, won on the greatly inferior horse before Durham, who had been hanging and swerving, could be got straight. Had he sent his mount on in the last two furlongs Durham would have raced with him and inevitably have beaten him hollow at the finish, nor of course could anyone have said anything, and George Lambton would have pocketed nice long odds to £200. The rider's methods and sentiments were far indeed from commending themselves to one personage connected with the favourite, he, like the winner's jockey, having had a lot of money on Durham. So angry was he that he violently hurled the saddle into the corner of the weighing-room. "If it was good enough for you to have £200 on, wasn't it good enough to make running?" he desired to be informed; but his and Mr. Lambton's method of looking at things were so different that there seemed no hope of agreement, and the rider of the winner (but heavy loser on the race) made no reply.

It is no sort of compliment to George Lambton to say that he does not understand what fear is, because that is a constitutional disadvantage—or defect? But bold and skilful as he may be, the cross-country rider is tolerably sure to meet with unexpected accidents, and some bad falls so shook Mr. Lambton more than a dozen years ago that not only was he unable to ride, but special precautions against jolts and jars were necessary, even when he went on a short railway journey. The sport in which he delighted had

necessarily to be abandoned, and instead of riding races he took to training, though it may be added that to the hearty gratification of his friends the evil symptoms abated, and by skilful treatment he was enabled to make a recovery that can only be regarded as little short of marvellous.

Hettie Sorrel, a daughter of "Mate" Astley's Peter and Venus's Looking Glass, was, if memory serves, the first animal he had under his charge, and with her he won five consecutive races in a very little over four weeks (1893), a fact which was by itself a striking testimony of his skill. A few steeplechase horses were also confided



STANLEY HOUSE

(*Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket*)

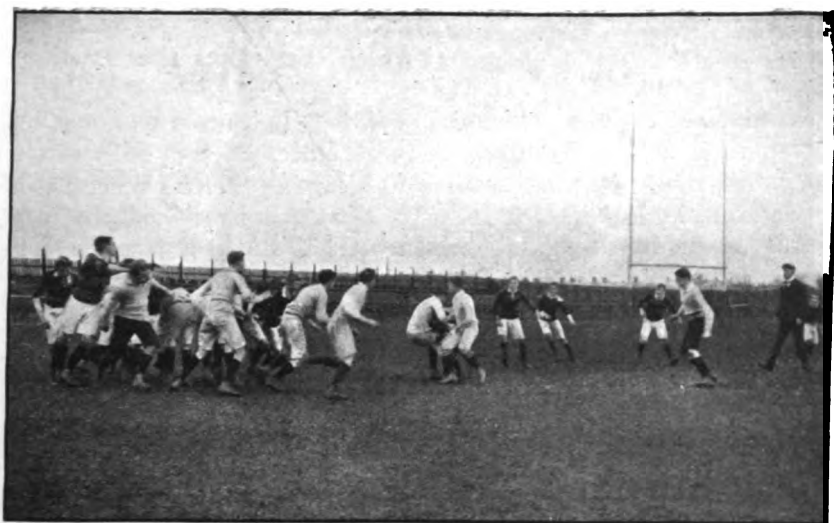
to him, Norval, Sheridan, Emin, and others, and one of his friends and supporters was the late Earl of Sefton, then Lord Molyneux. Poor unfortunate "Mull," as he was called by his intimates, had a most enjoyable afternoon on the Derby Day of the year just mentioned. He had bought two animals, Ejector, a daughter of Victor Chief and Cuckoo, and Pampero, a son of Philammon and Tempête, hoping they would both afford him pleasant and remunerative rides over fences. But George Lambton could make nothing of them; neither would jump, for though they certainly looked like jumping, appearances were entirely deceptive. They were accordingly trained

on the off chance of their being able to pick up a little race of some other kind, and that afternoon at Epsom both won! Their owner was delighted. "You and I are steeplechase men," he said jubilantly to George Lambton, "and to come and beat all the flat-race people is lovely! I've never had such a happy afternoon in my life! On the Derby Day, too!"

Lord Stanley bought Hettie Sorrel and also Greywell, a grey daughter of Marden and Seakale, who won the Liverpool Plate at the Summer Meeting. Lord Derby joined the stable to support his friend, and how many victories George Lambton has brought off for the black and white jackets it would be tedious to enumerate. From small beginnings great things have arisen, and though Lord Derby and his son have never bought expensively, they are gradually getting together about the finest stud in England, a triumph of George Lambton's ability and judgment with liberal and sympathetic support to sustain him. Naturally the Liverpool Cup is a special attraction to the lord of Knowsley, and since George Lambton has been in command he has won it no fewer than nine times, with Pelisson (twice), Chiselhampton, Golden Rule, Glasalt, Canterbury Pilgrim, Crestfallen, Chaucer, and Alt Mark. The last-named could do well-nigh anything at home, but consistently declined to give her running in public, except on the occasion when Sloan rode her and persuaded her to win the coveted trophy. Even then she did not run up to within a stone of her home form. The best animal the stable has turned out is probably Canterbury Pilgrim, who won the Oaks of 1896. She had great speed and stayed well, and there was an idea of training her for the Ascot Cup as a four-year-old; but Persimmon seemed so certain of victory that it was useless to put her to the ordeal, and she retired sound as a bell at the end of her three-year-old career.

At the time of writing it looks as if Princess Florizel could scarcely lose the Cesarewitch. Victorious and Gemma, neither yet ever seen at the best, *if* they train on—always doubtful in the case of two-year-old fillies—should do notable things next year, and it is satisfactory to learn that the present yearlings are a most promising lot. If the horses are good enough the record of "winning trainers" during the last few years speaks for itself.

About sports apart from the horse Mr. George Lambton is not particularly keen, his chief interest in shooting arising from the pleasure he derives from seeing his dogs work, for to dogs he is devoted. As a man, to speak of him as simply popular would be to convey a misapprehension. Always courteous and considerate to his inferiors, he is the soul of kindness and ready sympathy to his friends, by whom he is regarded with the most sincere affection.



THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF SPORT

IX.—FOOTBALL

BY G. B. POLLOCK-HODSOLL

Pastime with good company
 I love, and shall until I die ;
 Grudge who will, but not deny,
 So God be pleased this life will I . . .

So wrote King Henry VIII. nearly four hundred years ago ; and although customs and mode of life have changed much and often during the intervening ages, the majority of Englishmen will echo this sentiment to-day—because bluff King Hal was a typical Briton, and national character dies hard. In quaint Middle-English diction the king continues his ode to games—

. . . All goodly sport to my comfort who shall me let¹ ?

There is something very delightful in the simple but spirited challenge. Who, indeed, shall prevent us ? Certainly not the school that decries sports generally ; certainly no external influence from whatever source. No ; if games and sports cease to play the beneficial part they have so long played in English life the evil will come from within, through the degeneracy of the sports themselves, the loss of the true sporting spirit through the baneful and increasing influence of money upon our pastimes, the neglect of that

¹ *i.e.*, hinder, prevent.

nice sense of fairness and honour which constitutes the unwritten laws in all sports.

And is not the evil coming from within? Is it not true, generally, that there is a growing tendency to trouble ourselves with results only rather than with the manner and means by which those results are obtained? Is there not a spirit of casual irresponsibility pervading the country, an unexact materialism which teaches us to ignore the niceties of decent feeling and to value only the tangible?

So we allow our wealthy neighbour to overfeed us periodically without questioning the methods by which his money was earned; we shoot for the bag rather than for the healthy exercise and pleasure of which the kill should be but a climax; we play games to win—by fair means if possible, but—well, the win is everything. In any case, whether I am right or not in these generalities, there can be no question that a reminder as to the unwritten laws of our pastimes such as has been published in this series comes at an opportune time, when contests and competitions play such a prominent part in the sports and games of England, tending as in nature bound to increase the importance of *results* over everything else.

When I was asked to contribute this article my first thought was that football, with its numerous and all-embracing rules, left little to the unwritten arbitration of right feeling; but in all games there are some matters which cannot be controlled by fixed laws, and I will endeavour to touch upon those which one runs against in our great winter pastime.

It is perhaps due in a measure to the strict rules governing football nowadays, and the powers vested in referees for their enforcement, that amongst such as do not approach the game from the right standpoint there is a tendency to hold the referee alone responsible for fair play, and to consider that one is perfectly justified in hoodwinking that official if able to do so. This feeling naturally leads to various breaches of the unwritten laws. One sees men claiming against an opponent—for “hands,” for instance—on the chance of a mistake by the referee, when they know there has been no infringement of the rules; one finds them slipping, or deliberately falling down, and pretending to have been fouled when the position of an opponent at the time puts appearances in their favour; one occasionally sees men even simulate injury in order to stop the game at a moment when the other side is getting away dangerously. Such players are blind to the dishonesty of these tricks; they feel that the referee is there to dispense justice, that all responsibility on this head is removed from their shoulders, and any advantage that can by any means be gained should be snatched. I remember in my callow days, when playing against one of our leading professional

teams for the first time, I fell over the ball, and immediately the player nearest to me claimed "hands." As he was in a position to see that neither of my hands or arms touched the ball I remonstrated with him, and received the rejoinder in a tone of righteous indignation, "Well, there's no 'arm in claimin', is there?"—a view which, surprising to me at the time, I have since found to be typical of a certain section of footballers.

While on the subject of appealing, I might refer to another matter—that of protesting against an opposing side for such offences as playing an ineligible man. Such protests are better left alone altogether in the interests of the game, but if any objection is to be made it should be raised before the game whenever possible. If one hears before a match that one's opponents' side includes an unqualified man, the only sportsmanlike course is to raise the point with one's adversaries at once instead of relying on the information as a way out if beaten.

I remember an instance of this which occurred in the Amateur Cup Competition a few years ago. A team of some prominence in the country had to make a long journey to play in one of the final rounds of the competition, and therefore travelled to its destination on the Friday. On Saturday it was beaten, and at once lodged an appeal against the victors for playing a man who had been a professional and had not been reinstated. Their objection proved to be well founded, and the winning team was disqualified. The matter caused a good deal of stir at the time because the management of the offending club were ignorant of the facts which the visiting team, from quite another part of the country, had been able to enumerate so glibly. Eventually the true circumstances of the case leaked out. There were two rival teams in the town, and some members of the other club knew the history of the professional. On the Friday night they went to the hotel where the visiting team was staying and "lodged information"—as they had done, by the way, a fortnight before in a previous round of the competition, only in that case the visitors were an Old Boy team who sent them about their business. Now, in a case of this sort, obviously the only sporting thing to have done would have been to raise the point on Saturday morning, and so have given the offending side an opportunity of investigating the matter and omitting the ineligible player from their team.

Another flagrant breach of an unwritten law is the wasting of time by kicking into touch, *i.e.* by putting the ball out of play. Owing to this practice a law has been passed which enables the referee to take off the time so lost when the ball is out of play for long; but in spite of this a side which has gained a lead of one goal

can waste time in a succession of small instalments, so to speak, and considerably minimise its opponents' chances of equalising by keeping the ball out of play as much as possible. It is hardly necessary to point out that such a practice violates all sportsmanlike feeling, since it is unfair to the other side and spoils the game. These remarks refer, of course, to Association football. I am aware that in Rugby "finding touch" plays an important part in the general tactics and science of the game. *Autres "jeux," autres mœurs!*

It may seem superfluous to say that the football ground is not the place to practise your conversational powers, but there are many players who find it difficult to refrain from anathematising members of the opposing side with whom they come in unpleasantly close contact, and still more who are given to "cursing" less skilful members of their own side. To refer to the former first, it is alike undesirable as a matter of form and useless as a matter of policy to remonstrate with an opponent on the field. If he has taken an unfair advantage of you in any way, a decent fellow will be the first to regret it, and the other sort will be unaffected by anything you may say. With regard to one's own side, what talking is necessary should be left to the captain, and it should then take the form of direction rather than complaint. There are few sides that are not the better for judicious coaching at times, and a word at the right moment will often make all the difference, but anything like perpetual grumbling by one player at another invariably spoils the play of the grumbler and the grumbl~~ee~~*ee*, destroys the harmonious working of the side, and is in the worst possible taste. As is also, of course, any altercation with a member of the crowd. The first thing the footballer must learn at the beginning of his career is to ignore the uncomplimentary remarks which are sure to be addressed to him occasionally. "Let the heathen furiously rage." The praise or condemnation of the *profanum vulgus* is of about equal value on the football ground as elsewhere.

Another unwritten law is that every player must accept the decision of the referee without murmur. If non-compliance with this precept takes too forcible a form, of course the written laws enable the referee to deal with the offender; but although this seldom happens, one frequently sees players showing in no uncertain manner their objection to a referee's decision. And this, to my mind, is quite one of the most difficult laws to comply with, for the majority of referees were never players of any standing and are far from infallible. It is extremely galling to have a hard-earned victory thrown away by an obviously incorrect decision; but in coming on to the ground to play one has consented to abide by the ruling of the umpire, and it is worse than futile to object to it

subsequently. If one remembers, too, always to play to the whistle, *i.e.* not to stop playing until the referee has acknowledged the point claimed, it is much easier to accept the referee's shortcomings philosophically; for it is not the mistakes *per se*, but the disasters resulting, which lead to wrath, and many a goal scored through an incorrect decision would not have been obtained had the other side continued to play instead of waiting for the whistle which never went.

Finally, this article would not be complete without a word on unselfishness—an unwritten law which applies to all games played with more than one a side, but to none more than football. At cricket a man has to choose occasionally between himself and what is best for his side, but in football he has to do so in every game, and almost at every minute of the game. To many the temptation to play to the gallery is very strong—to indulge in fancy kicking, and bring off showy shots instead of passing to the man who is in a better position to make headway or to score—and in this, as in most things, our irresponsible cheap press exercises a pernicious influence. Some papers have taken in recent years to giving with the results of matches the names of those who have scored the goals, while some actually publish a weekly list of goal scorers in order of merit throughout the season. Could anything be better calculated to make a man try to shoot goals from any and every possible and impossible angle rather than pass the ball to another player who can make a certainty of it? I have seen it suggested that cricket averages would be better unpublished in so much as they conduce to selfish play, but this is nothing compared with the evil effect of publishing a list of goal scorers, thereby holding up the actual putting of the ball through the posts as the only act of merit and importance in the game. It is naturally far harder for a captain to enforce unselfishness and to teach his men to play for their side when it means dropping a place or two in the list of goal scorers, or the non-appearance of their names in the widely circulating journals on Monday.

A game controlled by numerous exact and stringent regulations dealing with every possible contingency is naturally in a different position, with regard to unwritten laws, from sports such as hunting and fishing, where practically everything is left to the individual to honour in the breach or the observance; and consequently the points I have enumerated are violations of the general principles of fair play and sportsmanlike feeling rather than infringements of specific "laws of honour." None will say, however, that they are the less serious on that account, and it behoves all who believe in the beneficial and ennobling influence of sports properly pursued and

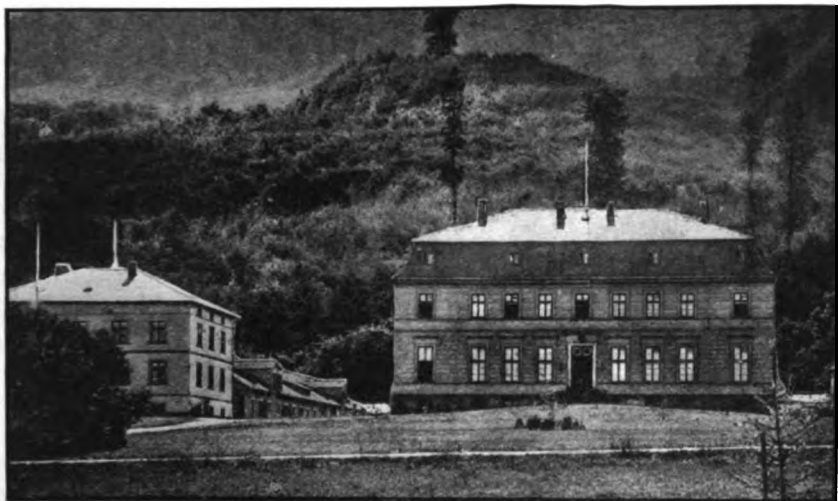
controlled upon the national character to watch zealously over our games and pastimes, and to see that those laws which appear in no book of rules are as religiously observed by the present and rising generations as they have been by those who have gone before us.

And not only so, but to look to it that our greatest games—and this applies particularly to football—do not become spectacular shows instead of national pastimes; for whatever benefit a nation derives from sports, it is from a general participation in them, not from the performances of a paid few for the amusement of the rest. This thought recalls to my mind Goldsmith's lines in "The Deserted Village" on the old order of things:

And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd.

Compare the atmosphere, the mental tone, and resultant influence suggested by these lines with those of a professional football ground, and you must be a purblind optimist if you think that the present age gains by the comparison. The standard of fairness and sportsmanlike instinct handed down to us is a high one—one for which Englishmen are known the world over. For this we have our fathers, not ourselves, to thank, and it is for us to maintain this standard rather than to boast of it, to see that we hand on the national character and the nation's sports a grand tradition unimpaired for those who follow.





THE CHÂTEAU OF SPRINGE BOAR-PARK

With the residence of the Warden of the Forest on the left of the picture

ROYAL HOMES OF SPORT

XIV—HOMES OF SPORT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS OF PRUSSIA: SPRINGE

(Written by gracious permission of Kaiser Wilhelm II.)

BY J. L. BASHFORD, M.A.

SAUPARK SPRINGE (the Springe Boar-Park) is a "Home of Sport" which, like Göhrde, dates from Hanoverian times, and has belonged to Prussia only since the annexation of the kingdom of Hanover in 1866. The town of Springe is situated on the line between Hanover and Hamelin (Hameln), which we know from the old legend of the Pied Piper, sung of by Goethe, Browning, and others; and is about twenty miles from the Hanoverian capital.

The château, which is about two miles from the town, is of modern date, having been built in 1837, the year King Ernst August ascended the throne of Hanover. Owing to the proximity of the forest to their residential city, the Electors and Kings of Hanover seem not to have deemed it necessary to build a house there. The forest was used more as a preserve for entertaining the ministers, the officials of the State and Court, and the country gentry of the neighbourhood. The original house was only one storey high; the Kaiser had another storey added to it in 1898. It is a simple country residence, with no special attraction inside or outside, and

is only a few yards from the high road; but it is situated amidst lovely surroundings in a valley between the wooded slopes of the great and small Deister Hills, a chain that runs between the Weser and the Leine in a north-west direction from Springe, noted for coal, sandstone, and salt, and not far from the Osterwald. The sandstone for the Reichstag Palace in Berlin came from the Deister Hills. The forest forms a picturesque background to the house as you drive up to it from the high road. There are three buildings—the château being in the centre, flanked by the residence of the Warden of the forest on the right as you face the road and by the



BOAR PARK, SPRINGE—A FEEDING GROUND

so-called Cavalier House, where some of the guests are put up, on the left.

In contrast to the Schorfheide, Letzlingen, and the Göhrde, the quality of the soil here is very good, containing a large quantity of lime; and the beech trees in the forest are truly magnificent. They are from 100 to 150 years old, and are the most beautiful in Germany, being from 124 feet to 131 feet high. The shade afforded by the trees is, however, so dense that, despite the quality of the soil, grass and vegetation cannot grow beneath them where they stand thickly planted together.

The old Saupark was 1,400 hectares, *i.e.* 3,460 acres, in extent up to 1903, and between the years 1837 and 1840 a wall was erected round it twenty kilometres ($12\frac{1}{2}$ miles) in length and $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet high,

built from the limestone from the Deister Hills. The Saupark proper is now nearly 6,000 acres in extent, and the area of the whole preserve is 7,240 acres (2,930 hectares).

The stock of game is 1,000 wild boars and 200 fallow deer. Up to the eighties there was a good supply of red deer—about 100—and the herds were fairly good, but they were shot down in consequence of the injury they did to the beech trees, and were replaced by fallow deer.

The arrangement of the battues here is slightly different from that adopted at the Göhrde. The boars are collected into



BOAR PARK, SPRINGE—A FULL-GROWN WILD BOAR

“chambers” much in the same way as I have already described in the chapter on the Göhrde; but when they are “served” to the guns the process is so arranged that they pass the standings as if they had been roused in the forest without any artificial arrangements. In years when there is an abundance of beech-nuts, it is no easy task to collect the boars into these chambers or to attract them to the feeding grounds.

The standings are all placed on the slope of the hill, that of the Kaiser being at an ideal spot, so that His Majesty shoots upwards towards the rock as the boars pass him. The dogs used for hunting the boar here are the same queer lot that hunt in the Göhrde—a motley concourse, but well capable of performing the work assigned to them.

for railway sleepers. There is a great demand for the beech wood; about three-fifths of the forest consists of beeches, one-fifth of pine (*pinus*), and one-fifth of oak. The forest belongs to the State, but the Crown has to keep it in order and maintain it. One notices a good deal of the *Crataegus rubra*, the fallow deer being very fond of its red berries. In all directions streamlets are visible purling through the forest, which is of course a great boon for the game.

The scenes at the feeding grounds were very interesting, resembling those at the Göhrde. The sow (Bache) is very vigilant for the safety of her young (the Frischlinge—or pigs of the sounder), and



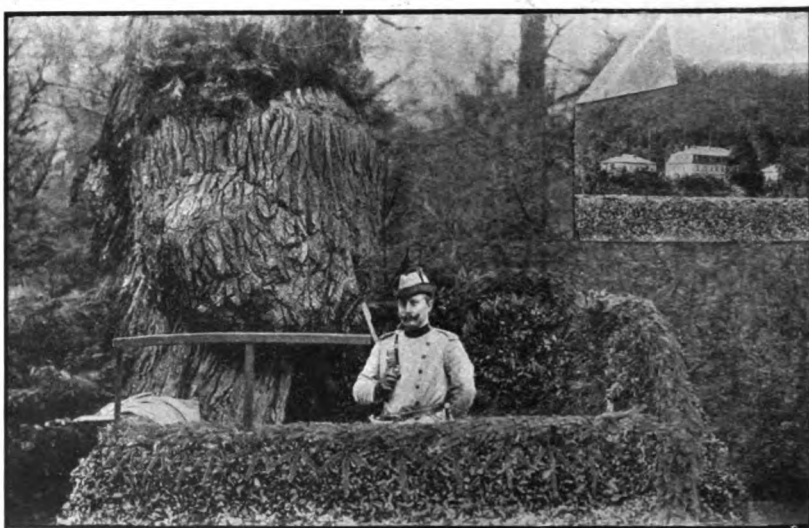
WILD BOAR AT A "KÖRNUNG" OR FEEDING GROUND

will not let any stranger—man or pig—interfere with them. A sow generally has three to four young pigs, sometimes from six to seven, and sometimes only one or two.

When there is a Court battue at Springe the party lunch at Hanover, and then proceed to Springe and have one drive. On the following day there are two drives. The accompanying card shows the result of the sport on January 9, 1903, which was the date of the last battue that took place at Springe.

The subjoined list of the game killed by Kaiser William from 1872-1904 cannot fail to be interesting. Almost every species of game to be found in Europe has fallen to his gun. He is a regular guest at the country seats of some of the great landowners in East

Prussia and Silesia, and he often visits the preserves of the federal sovereigns of the empire. As the guest of Prince zu Dohna, an intimate friend, at Schlobitten and Prökelwitz in East Prussia, he has accounted for some magnificent roebucks. On the occasion of one of his visits at Schlobitten he killed 28 bucks out of 31 shots, all of them stalked on foot. His Majesty takes immense interest in this sport. The last time he was at Schlobitten the Court officials were very much upset because they could not obtain any orders as to the time he would take his departure, so absorbed was he in the pleasure he was deriving from his sport. At Moschen, the seat of Count von Tiele-Winckler, he killed 927 pheasants out



H.I.M. KAISER WILHELM II. TAKEN IN HIS STAND AT BOAR PARK, SPRINGE,
DECEMBER 15, 1900

of 1,017 shots; at Neuduck, the seat of Prince Henckel von Donnersmarck, 885 out of 1,003; at Slaventzitz, the seat of Prince zu Hohenlohe, 625 out of 764—amongst them 13 beautiful royal pheasants; at Gross-Strelitz, the seat of Count Tschirschsky-Renard, 782 out of 994. At Donau-Eschingen in South Germany, the seat of Prince zu Fürstenberg, the Kaiser often shoots capercaillie in spring in the mating season.

In the May number of this magazine it was mentioned that the Kaiser no longer paid attention to partridge shooting. Out of the 861 he shot from 1872-1902, he accounted for 208 in 1896; the largest number of them were shot at Rudow near Berlin one day over dogs belonging to a well-known Royal Warrener, the late

HOMES OF SPORT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS 501

Forester Luther ; and 103 on another occasion in the vast turnip and potato fields belonging to Herr von Dietze, an old friend of the imperial family, at Barby in the Magdeburg district. His Majesty shot on this occasion at Barby with a No. 20 calibre gun. The weather was extremely hot that day, but there were plenty of birds, although elsewhere it was a bad year for partridges.

			1872-1902.	1903	1904.
Red deer :—					
Stag	1,346	85	53
Hind	66	2	—
Fallow deer :—					
Stag	1,596	16	1
Hind	96	—	—
Wild boar :—					
Full grown	2,583	89	76
Young	316	—	—
Roebuck	798	29	25
Hares	17,847	—	18
Rabbits	2,036	—	291
Chamois	121	—	—
Foxes	26	3	1
Bears	3	—	—
Elks	7	—	2
Auerchse	4	—	—
Reindeer	3	—	—
Badger	2	—	—
Marten	1	—	—
Capercaillie	84	2	5
Blackcock	24	—	—
Pheasants	21,430	—	3,358
Partridges	861	—	—
Grouse	95	—	—
Woodcock	4	—	—
Snipe	2	—	—
Wild duck	87	—	—
Hérons, etc.	826	—	—
Whale	1	—	—
Pike	1	—	—
Various	482	1	12
Total	50,748	227	3,842
Grand Total ... 54,817					



AN IRISH POULTRY FUND

BY DOROTHEA CONYERS

SOME time ago "The Humours of a Poultry Fund," extracts from letters claiming money for ducks and hens carried away by marauding foxes, appeared in the *Badminton Magazine*. These came from English claimants, and I thought it might prove amusing to see how the Mulcahys, Murphys, Cassidys, etc., of the West of Ireland claim in like case. They are occasionally more vindictive than their English neighbours, and if their statements as to numbers were credited, hunts would most certainly have to get their subscriptions doubled if they intended to go on, and foxes would merely waddle out of covert and rest their fat sides on the first fence until the wave of yelping death engulfed them. I remember the "payee" of our side of the country many years ago, whose church was invariably made a penance to him by the flock of irate old women who waited in the churchyard for his appearance, many of them armed with unsavoury remnants of fowls—none claiming for less than twenty of their lost poultry. Payment, it may be observed, is never quite in the ratio of the claim. The country most of these letters come from is what might be termed "sphoortin," sandwiched in between larger hunts, well stocked with foxes. So the claims are many.

This is a letter from an old lady whose wrongs are apparent. (There are seldom any stops.)

"YOUR HONOUR

"the fox killed my old gander on last night you know sir thats a big loss to me I have three old geese and they are of no value to me now if you dont believe me sir he is here plain to be seen thats £1 10s. od. loss so I expect your Honour will see me justified

" from MRS. ANNE

" to"

The next is from a very indignant person :

"SIR

"Please excuse my neglect for not addressing you in the last of my letter as I had not room.

"SIR

"I was told by Mr. . . . that you are the man that pay for L . . . foxes Injuries, and I am a long time suffering from them and never got any scent for compensation and it is quite wrong for Mr. . . . to think that I will be feeding geese for to support his game in the rock, and this is the third time with them robbing my fold. It is not long ago since they gave me a complete withering. I held on my field on June 14th 18 gozelings with their parents, and when I get up in the morning of the 15th I had but 3 with the old geese, so my words can tell you that there were sixteen gone. These sixteen were found around the borough with James Dunne in the morning, the young ones were taken for to feed the young foxes, and it is hard to support three or four broods of foxes. Now Sir. Let this be my last application to you for you ought to know the value of 16 gozelings and two more offences that happened a good while ago, but . . . would not let me aply for 16 only and I tell you in plain words the value of the geese it will be 1s. 6d. for each of the sixteen amount £1 4s.

"(Address)

". . . ."

This is marked "Paid £1." No claim apparently made for the gentleman who appears to have been found with the "gozelings" taken by this fierce fox.

Here is a new class of goose :

"DEAR SIR

"A few lines to inform you there were 2 old geese and 4 ducks killed by the foxes about me about a month ago one was a gander goose he was a serious loss as there is three more geese gone to loss on that account hoping you will see I am fairly compensated I remain dear sir

"Yours truly

". . . ."

This is marked "Paid 12s.," the gander goose being valuable.

The next is from a lady who is almost poetical in her accusations :

"DEAR SIR

"I beg to inform you, of the losses which I have recently sustained to ten ducks and eight geese have been killed by an

atrocious fox. It is with reluctance I trace such, but, I expect you will understand how inconvenient it comes to us farming people to find our few geese and ducks dragged to death, by those rakish animals. I trust you will find it agreeable to offer me compensation for same.

"I remain

"Yours Respectfully

"MRS. . . ."

Here is one ending with a delicate hint—not lost, as it is marked "Paid . . .":

"DONERABLE SIR

"The old goose I couldnt describe her losses to me she ust bring two clutches in the year I didnt take any notice of her till all the rest of the clutch went 6 geese and 5 ducks and tuck thim all off of the the house out threw the window, the ducks in the night I hope docter this letter wont go astray as the two more did.

"(Address)

"JOHN"

"SIR

"I wish to call your attention once more for compssation for my 11 hens Even old Mrs. Bennett that is mouldring in her grave now often asked did Dr. . . . ever compstate me for me hins ands me answer ever no it troubled her very much as it is she that brought the breed to me they were not common hins so I trust you will give me beyond the ornery rule of comensation for them as thay were a great loss to if I only sold the breed to the neighbours as I could have got a good sale for the.

"MRS. JOHN"

"hoping you will kind enough to see to my wants."

It is marked "Paid . . ."

In the next the M.F.H. would seem to have taken to it himself:

"SIR

"I having a grievance to make towards your Honor of the loss of sixteen geese killed by Mr. . . . ; foxes they are continually coming to me, he killed three the last morning and were persued by neighbours. I did not sue them myself. I trust your Honor will be good enough to see justified in my loss. this loss is too much.

"I remain

"THOMAS"

There is a note to this: "What about dogs?"

This is a half-page, and an indignant one :

" 'Tis really a shame to allow your foxes to go at large this way and plunder and eat all honest poor peoples industry hoping to hear from you by return

" Very sincerely yours,

" MRS. MARY B"

" To DOCTOR

" it grieves me Doctor to have to trouble you about the killing of my fowl with foxes. I am beggered with the past 8 months one time I had 12 ducks and 20 hens, well at the present I have not one duck and have only 10 hens they were carried one by one along with 2 young geese So I will appeal to you Doctor for to do me some good for me as I am to poor to be at such a loss by loosing so much fowl by the foxes, any of my neighbours can tell you Doctor all that was carried from me. So I do expect to be compensated for the fowl.

" Yours Obt.

" MRS. MARGT."

This lady evidently wishes to test the truth of her neighbours' statements:

" SIR

" I have to inform you that two of my geese were killed a few days ago by a fox. I would not wish them for more than a pound. I heard that you paid some people around so I hope you will not fail to pay me.

" Sincerly your

" MRS.

" P.S.—When answering this letter please let me know how much money did you send to Mrs."

" SIR

" I expict you will compensate me for the loss of my foul. for the last three months I noticed J but they are taken away every night since. I must get out of foul altogether because I am surrounded with foxes.

" Yours respectfully

" MRS."

" DEAR SUR

" referring to your cover at Im destroyed by your foxes sence the 16 of November up untill the presant time 1, hins 2, guise and 3 doocks which I have reported to you cover keeper at

" J

" I want to get compensated for the damage."

This angry man claims on medicinal grounds :

"DEAR SIR

"I regret to have to write you that every one of my goslings 13 in number were killed and partially devoured by *foxes* last night. I have kept for inspection by your man . . . the mutilated remains of four. This is very serious for me and my equals to be trampled on and depressed of our only luxury to satisfy the ambition of sportsmen whose cellars are stocked with the good things of the world and cares little for what others of the humbler grade will do. In conclusion, you may kindly permit me to tell you, *as my doctor*, that the flesh and soup of geese are invaluable to me thro the autumn and winter months for my health. There is nothing personal in this letter except the last paragraph.

"Yours sincerely,

". . . ."

It is marked "Paid."

"HON SIR

"I beg to inform you the Foxes have destroyed 5 Hens in presence of Postmaster's son, value of same 7s. 6d.

"Your Obt Servt

". . . ."

"HONOR SIR

"I beg to enform you that on Saturday night the fox carried an old Breeding goose and she was A great loss she youst to bring from twelve to fiftien gazelings every year. She was only three years.

"(Address)

"MARY"

Here is fury written to another hunt :

"SIR

"As I wrote you a letter of explanation my present and future losses still waiting for a reply but got none so far. Will you be kind enough to let me know will you take any action to compensate me for the damage done me by the foxes which you are already aware off and if not I expect you or any other gentleman of the Co. . . . Hunt Club will not blame me for to take another coarse I will not feed the vermine of the woods for the pleasure of any person if I am not compensated I will give the cubs a safe covert for the season where no horn shall disturb their rest. You are at your own option.

"I remain,

"ALICE"

"DEAR SIRE

"with regard to the fox trespass I'm ruined he has done me the greatest of Injury a fine old goose if it were a young one it would be nothing I wouldnt give him for any money and 2 fine hens and eggs so dear an scarce. I hope an trust in your kindness you will have me paid.

"I am yours faithfully,

"MRS. JOANNA

"One old goose too hins."

"I want to Till you about the fox he killed & eat 10 geese on me & 8 ducks & 12 hins & 3 of the geese were Breeding geese he eat them on my own land & I meat the fox on several occasions in my yard & thyse were the way I had to support 8 in family so I hope your honor will take it into consideration & pay me for Them & I will pray for your wellfare.

"Dear Sir,

"I am sending you my adress,

"MRS. WILLIAM"

Another man relates how the fox killed his gander and left "after having a good lunch," and that he can "support it no longer as he is on the foxe's bate to covert."

"DEAR SIR

"I mean to tell you the number of fowel is lost in which was the property of Pat Maher. To my knowledge there was 26 or 27 hens and a house cock all are missing except one and a young housecock. I need not tell your Honour the loss of that much fowel to a poor man. I hope your honour will recompense me for them.

"Directions :

"PAT"

"DEAR DOCTER I must aploy to your Honour for the loss of 7 ducks one old goos 4 hens only for the old goos I would not trouble your honour this time their is one for that do come every morning.

"Yours truely,

"MRS. NORA"

"SIR for the past three weeks there are seaven ducks taken from me by the fox for which I hope your Honour will see me paid for them as they are a great loss to me and during the past year he took five more from me so I said I'll not let it run no longer so I expect you'll see me paid.

"No more at preasant,

"MRS. TIMOTHY"

M M 2

The next is scarcely that of a loving father :

"HON. SIR

" I have been treated cruelly by a drove of Foxes from
 gorse they devoured everything in the yard they had no respect for
 a Mother or a Father though the one Father did for them all 13
 young chikans 48 chikins fat for killing 10 Hens one cock the drove
 of foxes come into the yard so Bould and ferocuous that herself was
 indread they would take Some of the children not that they could
 not be spared because the wife is great at stocking the house with
 them. please comensate me and leave it to Mr. . . . bring the
 Black mare on Munday for the yellow islands for leaping will be
 big and you will wand an independant Horse.

" Yours to Command,

" I "

"to

" Honorable Secretary

" Hunt Club."

The last letter I have picked out does not claim for injured
 fowl, but has so much truth in it that I copy it. It begins:

"DEAR SIR

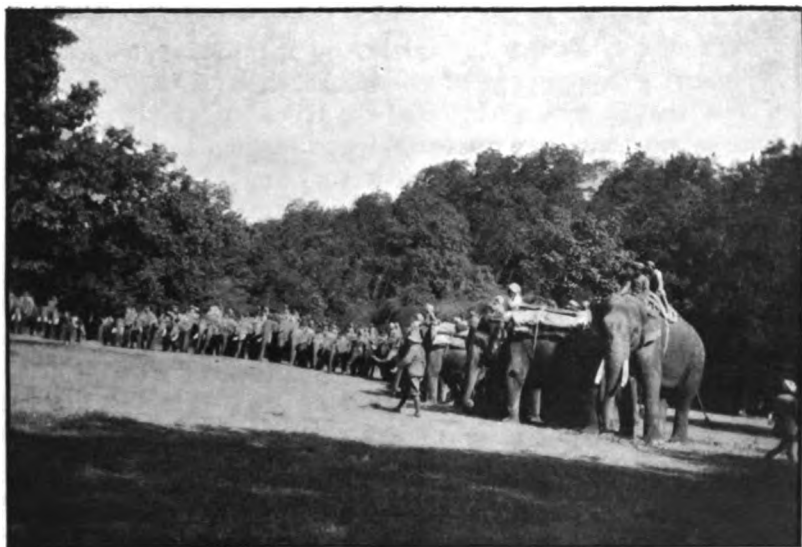
" While hunting the fox on Saturday, 18th January, with the
 hounds the hunting party passed through my farm."

Goes on to tell a tale of gates left open despite warning shouts,
 cattle frightened, and other cattle coming in. In consequence of
 this his "best cow" got sick, and he asks for compensation.

" The cow is not well up to the present. I am caring her as
 well as I can. Gentlemen should be careful in hunting not to drive
 through cattle on any account or leave a gate open between two
 farms. The right sportsman will never do harm his horse is abel to
 go and he knows how to steer him the greenhorn that does the
 harm he can't keep up and will drive through anything everything
 that comes before him."

The letter then goes on into further details, and is marked
 "Paid £3."

I have a great many others before me—claims for "duck and
 goose checkins," also a letter from one payer-out, whom I wrote to,
 asking for his amusing correspondence, saying that he fails to see
 anything amusing in fowl claims; but there is a certain sameness
 about the remainder. But here we are happily in the thick of the
 sport, which repays all the good red gold which goes to settle for
 our red friends' lunches and dinners.



THE BALRAMPUR KHEDDAH

THE BALRAMPUR KHEDDAH

BY HAMILTON DOUGLAS

To those who have never heard of the Balrampur Hunt, I may briefly explain that it has been in existence some fifty years, that its meets have been quinquennial, that the Maharajah of Balrampur is the Master, one Naneh Khan the huntsman, and that the pack is a mixed one of sixty couple of elephants.

The country hunted over is a couple of hundred miles of sub-montane tract—that is to say, the forests that extend along the foot of the Himalayas from near Philibit on the east, to where the river Jumna issues from the hills on the west. The quarry is the wild elephant, and a meet lasts intermittently during the whole of the Indian winter, say from November to February or March.

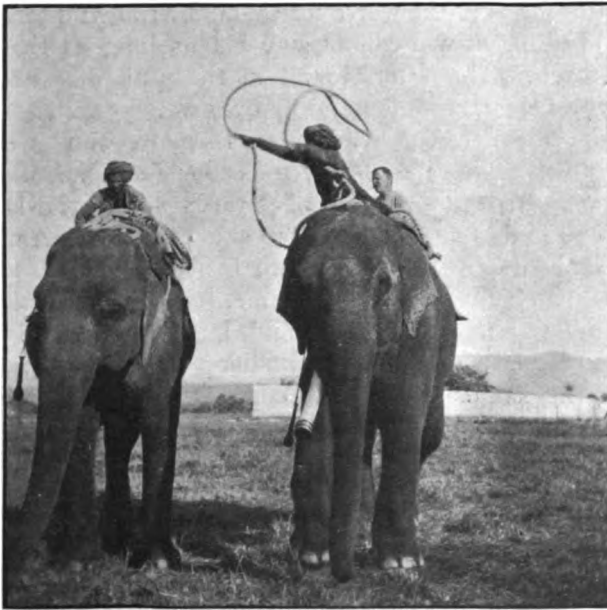
It was my good fortune to be the guest of the Maharajah last January, at his camp near Hardwar, where sacred Mother Ganges flows out of the hills into the plains. The jungle on a low flat-topped hill overlooking the river has been cleared, and the camp pitched in the form of a square, a flagstaff on a little artificial mound dominating the centre; pseudo-grass lawns—young wheat taking the place of the turf that even Maharajahs cannot call into existence at short notice at this season—neatly gravelled paths, and a great array of beflagged lamp-posts, forming rather an odd contrast to the virgin

jungle all round. We are surrounded by heavily forested low hills, gradually rising as they trend northward, until fifteen or twenty miles away the outermost barrier of the Himalayas arrests the eye. Through a gap here and there in this rampart, and rearing their shining peaks in unspeakable grandeur, yet ethereal unreality, against the clear blue winter sky, are to be seen the everlasting snows. Forty miles to the north-west, clinging to the sides of a dark hill far above us, a cluster of white specks denotes the hill station of Mussooree. The subdued murmur of the Ganges, hastening limpid over its bouldery bed, forms a fitting accompaniment to this scene. Below us on the river bank is the elephant camp, with that of the Maharajah and some two or three hundred followers, horse and foot, mahouts and trackers, matchlock men and musicians, together with great store of camels to carry the stuff. Here they dwell—the best part of them—under the greenwood tree, out of sight of our camp; but the shrill trumpeting of the elephants come up to us on the plateau.

The methods of the hunt are something as follows, and it will be allowed that, compared to the better-known class of Kheddah, where the wild elephants are rounded up into stockades, the Balrampur style is distinctly a sporting one. Trackers are continually out in all directions to locate the quarry, which, though constantly on the move and in the most difficult country, still travel, unless alarmed, slowly and along certain well-known lines. The tracks, as may be imagined, once found, form rather plain reading. Sometimes the elephants are in herds, sometimes solitary. The latter are usually young ones, not strong enough to dispute the supremacy of a herd, yet unwilling to acknowledge a leader; or old fellows, frequently rogues, who have been ousted from the chiefship, and who lead in consequence a lonely, soured existence.

The elephant ground is densely wooded hills, broken into an impenetrable tangle of ravine and nullah. Indeed, it is wonderful what difficult precipitous ground these huge beasts find to their liking, still more so to observe the way they can get over it, hunters and hunted alike, when in full cry. Amongst these hills are occasional stretches of flat or comparatively flat ground, such as the river bed, or wide shallow nullahs, and grassy plains only lightly timbered. Here and there are dense reed beds or impenetrable stretches of grass much higher than the top of a howdah. It is the business of the Kheddah to persuade the wild elephants to leave the hills and take to the flatter ground; here the tame ones, in much better wind from the most careful diet and training, have an easier task in running them down, and enabling the "phand" (pronounced "fund") or noose to be cast over their necks and hauled taut.

The trackers, having located a herd or an "ekra" (solitary elephant), as the case may be, quickly pass the news on to a sowar, and he comes galloping hot foot into camp. It will not be very long after his arrival ere the long-drawn notes of the "Assembly," which a bugler now sounds, throw the whole camp into an uproar. The Kheddah, hurried up by the stirring notes of the "Boot and saddle," the "Fall in," and any other calls which the musician may fancy, preparing to go forth. Elephants are being got ready, some with howdahs, some with pads; some, the swift runners and the fighting ones, with light hunting pads. Mounted men are careering about



THROWING THE PHAND

amongst the trees, infantry armed with Sniders are falling in and marching off, beaters are being marshalled. Everyone is shouting. An ancient Khansamah gravely hands each of us a small packet containing the regulation midday hunt-ration. Within an hour the Kheddah is swiftly moving towards the scene of action.

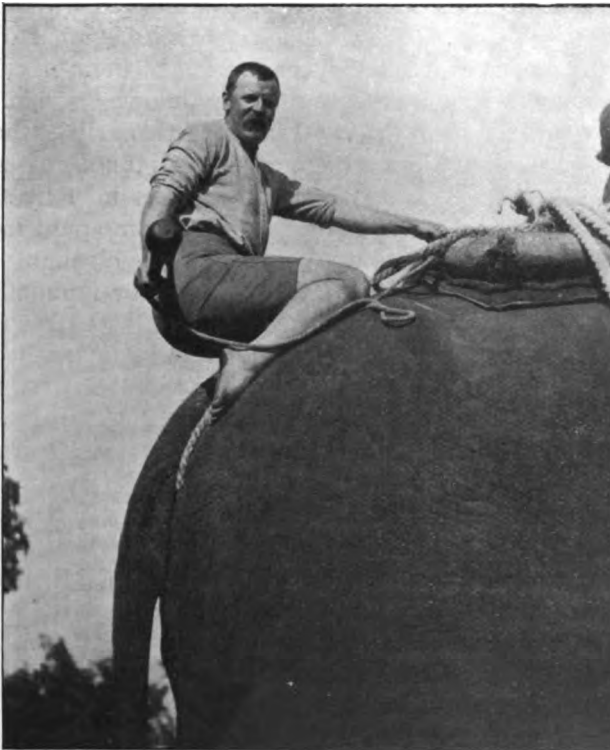
Arrived near it, silence is kept while Nanah Khan receives the latest reports, forms his plan, and then in a low tone issues his orders. The beaters melt away into the depths of the forest, and the elephants are marched off to their stations. After a delay, long or short, according to your luck—and you may have to wait many hours—the distant firing of guns and a faint yelling warns everyone

to be ready. Then one of two things happens. You may hear a breaking of branches, followed by silence; and after exercising a much-strained patience, a murmur goes round that the quarry has broken back or out, and off you go either home or to another locality to start another beat. Or, if things go well, amidst a silence in which the down-flutter of a leaf may be noted, you will first hear and then see the wild elephants passing through the trees on the way they should go. Sufficient law given—for they must on no account be headed back—away streams the hunt and away dash the hunted. In and out among the trees, in and out of nullahs, up densely-wooded slopes, down banks, dodging, twisting, and turning; the hotter the sun the better for you, the worse for them, for the wild folk dwelling at ease and feeding at will cannot stay half as long as their highly-trained brethren. The latter are all in the pink of condition, can last longer, travel faster, and stand up over worse ground.

Sometimes when the wild ones take to and are entirely swallowed up in a great reed-bed, it becomes a game of hide-and-seek. No one can see a yard. Backwards and forwards goes the hunt from end to end and from side to side of covert. Amongst the Kheddah elephants all system of mutual support is lost. There are chance meetings between wild and tame, followed by *combats à deux* when the latter are the heavier and larger, otherwise by hasty retreats. The final issue, however, under these circumstances, will usually be the same. The pack consists of the heavy, slower, fighting elephants, and the smaller, lighter, and speedier ones. The latter will eventually wear down the wild ones, and hold them up till a bruiser arrives and takes charge. The mahout will range up close alongside and throw his noose. It will fall on the neck and well down the trunk of the wild elephant. The latter, foolishly nervous of his trunk, immediately tucks it up chin-wards, enabling the noose to pass between it and the ground, and be immediately hauled taut round the neck.

Now the tussle begins. The tame elephant butts the wild one in front, flank, or rear. Another bruiser comes up in support and pursues the same tactics—together with squeezing ones. This will soon knock the fight out of the captive. With the advent of a third and fourth assailant he is fairly hemmed in and, if still refractory, dealt with drastically, progged, leant against, butted, and rammed. He is half-choked, out of wind, perished with thirst, exhausted by the heat. More than all, wild though he is, he possesses an intelligent recognition of *force majeure*. Like a sensible animal he gives best. The noose round his poor galled neck is eased; and when he is quite surrounded and unable to move, men climb under the bellies of the tame elephants, and encircle his legs with bonds

which he will not be relieved of for many a day. This task is not altogether unattended with risk, for although the men on the tame elephants have throughout the fight often been within easy reach of the captive's trunk, he appears not to see them, and certainly pays them no heed; and they are never touched. It is far different with a man on foot. Let him come within trunk reach, and he will not live to do so a second time. Strongly escorted, two elephants towing in front, two checking him in rear with stout hawsers, a



A MOOGRI-WALLAH

couple of gaolers close on to him on either flank, he is marched off campwards, or if that be too far he is securely picketed to trees, and left with a sufficient guard over him till next day. He is probably fairly amenable now, but if he shows signs of foolishness a punch in the ribs from a couple of blunted tusks or a dig in the stern will remind him that the game is up.

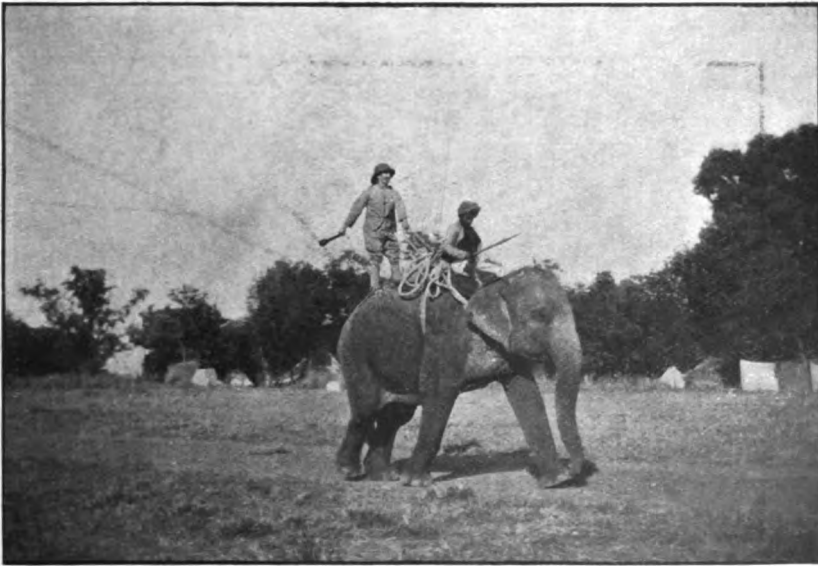
No sooner does he arrive in camp than his training begins. No man may approach him, but he sees the hated biped constantly about, ministering to his wants. By day an escort tows him out to

water and graze; by night he is picketed bow and stern to trees, a big elephant ready saddled up constantly on hand to apply the usual reminders, if needed. He is at once "aged" and named; and he bears that name throughout his long, useful, and by no means unhappy career. Sometimes he is given a native appellation, sometimes that of a distinguished guest, or other man or woman of note, with the usual complimentary native elephantine affix, such as "La Touche Bahadur," after the Lieutenant-Governor; "Bobs Bahadur"—the champion fighting elephant bears this name; "Anson Bahadur," after an official long connected with and highly esteemed in the State. The wicked unpopular elephants are said to receive the names of individuals answering to them in character.

An elephant's age is determined by knowledgeable elephant men by his general appearance, and more particularly by the lapping over of the ears, along their upper edges. Gradually he will allow himself to be handled. In three or four months he may usually be mounted; in a year or thereabouts he has become possessor of the usual accomplishments, and may be called an elephant of parts. He has a complete grasp of the language used by mahouts to their charges, and obeys any orders given in this tongue. He will kneel and stand up, he will pick up anything off the ground, and hand it to the man on his neck. He will pull down a branch with his trunk or smash down a tree with his head or forefoot according to order; he will shift timber and do other such herculean tasks for the bidding.

He will assist you in mounting, either by presenting you with both his ragged ears to seize hold of, and his looped trunk to place your foot in; and will then raise you to the level of his bristly head, and so enable you to take the mahout's hand and walk on to the pad. Or he will kneel and permit his tail—with which he can deliver a terrific blow when he chooses—to be held for you to use as a step in mounting, when he is in the kneeling position. He may learn to stand staunchly the charge of an angry tiger, though he will never pretend to like it; but he will never quite get over his dread of a hare rushing through the grass under his feet. He will get over his shyness; and in one thing is just a little more sensible than man his master. Equally with the latter he knows when he is under fire; but, unlike the latter, nothing will induce him to remain there. Last, but not least, long before the next meet of the Balrampur Kheddah he will have forgotten that he ever was a wild elephant, will accompany the Kheddah and joyously assist in running down his own folk in those very jungles where he too once roamed at large. Such is a brief outline of the methods of capture and training of wild elephants according to the Balrampur method.

Soon after arrival in camp we were summoned to try our hands as moogri-wallahs. Now, while the mahout on the elephant's neck steers his mount, the moogri-wallah, occupying rather a precarious position on the beast's hind-quarters, acts as a spur by belabouring him with a wooden nail-studded mace, called the "moogri." Hence the term moogri-wallah, or the man who wields the moogri. Standing in the camp square and swinging a fore-foot idly from front to rear—an elephant is never quite idle even if it comes to thumb-twiddling—is a small elephant carrying a little pad about three feet square. On this is coiled and secured with a light lashing, which comes undone with one tug, a one-inch cotton rope, light but



NO. 1 POSITION—STANDING

very strong. This is the "phand" or noose; and it is this that the mahout flings over the wild elephant's head when he gets close enough up alongside to do so. Dangling by a six-foot cord from the pad is the moogri. If you want to see the fun of the hunt and to be in at the capture you can only do so by becoming a moogri-wallah. Bare feet are necessary: shorts and bare knees are advisable, for you must get the best hold you can on the sloping quarters of your mount. Prehensile toes and strongly adhesive knees are also strongly to be recommended, but few Europeans possess them. They should, however, be cultivated by all true moogri-wallahs. You mount, and the three positions are explained.

No. 1, standing, and holding on to a short length of rope secured to the pad. No 2, kneeling or crouching, and holding on to another and shorter length of rope. No. 3, not very graceful—sprawling feet dangling in space, and holding on to the pad.

Try No. 1: this is for use when no branches are about. Lean well back. Catch the elephant one with the moogri. He moves forward and stops. You flop down on your knees. But you must learn to keep upright and at least one hand for the implement.

Try No. 2 position. It is less precarious—easier maintained, but painful to the knee-joints if persisted in long. You start the elephant again, and away he goes with a rocking, swaying shuffle. All very well for a hundred yards, but can you last for twenty minutes without a check?



NO. 2 POSITION—KNEELING

Lastly, try No. 3 position. You assume it when you see a low branch ahead, and your mahout disappears behind the elephant's ear. It is rather trying to the diaphragm, especially after a meal, and unless you are peculiarly strong in the arm you are liable to remain hanging, clawing at the pachydermatous flanks with your toes, in a vain effort to climb up again. Should you fail, you will drop off ignominiously to the ground. The man with the camera will never grudge a film or two at No. 3 position. It is good exercise, and a little, for the first time, goes a long way.

Some half-mile from the camp live the captives and their guard. Here are two, *ælat*. respectively twenty-four and forty-five. We are warned not to go too close. The necks and hind legs of the poor

brutes are badly galled by the ropes against which they are continually straining, now lunging forward with tusks buried in the ground and the fettered leg pulled straight out behind, now sitting backwards till almost on their haunches. Truly it is a sad sight to see the great beasts struggling for liberty. Near them is a captive she elephant. Hers is certainly a hard case. Just five years ago she was caught, marched away to Balrampur, four hundred miles distant, partially trained, and then escaped. Back she came to her old home in the forests, and there remained at large till she was again caught early in the present operations. She was immediately recognised, and gave further proof of her identity by evincing very little fear of her captors and allowing herself to be handled almost at once.



NO. 3 POSITION—THE MAHOUT IS BEHIND THE ELEPHANT'S RIGHT EAR,
TO AVOID BRANCHES

Next her is a baby elephant, about four foot nothing high, too young to have learnt fear, and already recognising himself as a great pet. Attached by a needlessly strong cable to a gigantic tame foster-mother, he shuffles solemnly about, fumbling round your pockets with his trunk, and placing the pieces of bread or fruit which he is given on to his large pink tongue, in order to see what they taste like before he swallows or ejects them. He is two years old and unweaned.

The Maharajah's tents are pitched close to the Ganges, a river held in the most extraordinary veneration by all Hindus. Our host is making the most of his proximity to the holy stream, and bathes

daily at dawn in its icy waters. Perhaps it is only a lick and a promise. He neither washes in, nor drinks, nor eats food cooked in any but Ganges water. It has, save at the present time, to be conveyed two hundred miles to his capital—but what of that to a really orthodox Hindu? I cannot say whether, like another Hindu potentate I wot of, he goes to sleep with his eyes bandaged so that on awaking the first thing his pious eye may rest on is a cow, this sacred animal parading each morning at the foot of his bed for that purpose!

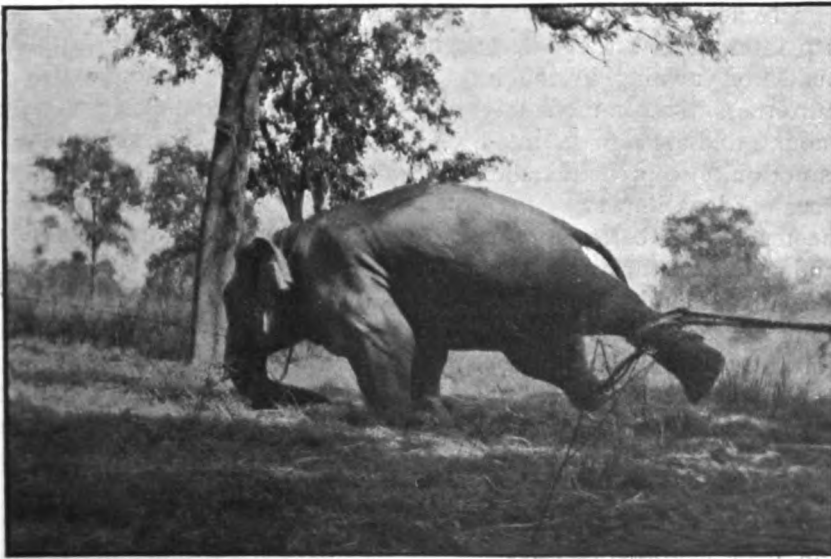
The Maharajah's hobbies are three rather oddly assorted ones: to wit, the practice of his religion, the possession of elephants, and the playing of football. Professionals for all three accompany him, and the football ground which we visit on off afternoons is on the plateau by our camp, constructed at some labour out of the jungle. He is withal a most excellent host, dispensing an almost princely hospitality both at his Kheddahs hereabouts, and at his tiger-shoots and pig-sticking meets near Balrampur. The officials of his little Court mostly bear military rank—the State has its force of all arms. Captain Naneh Khan, head of the elephant stud, and Captain Rameshar Dat Singh, who has killed a tiger or two, are both worth knowing, and withal perfect-mannered native gentlemen, who, did they so choose, could tell a yarn or two about their experiences in the chase. Corporal Ram Sud, a chuprassi, carries his two stripes in recognition of a slight affair with a panther in which the gallant corporal with his bayonet proved himself the better man of the two. Give him enough panthers, and he will doubtless win his way yet to the Commander-in-Chiefship.

If it be not trespassing a domestic privacy, we may add that the Maharajah has not yet been blessed with a son, without which no Hindu can go to wherever good Hindus wish to go after death; and unless the present Kheddah operations are successful, even the Balrampur stud will ill stand the strain of providing dowries at twenty elephants apiece for the Maharajah's little daughters.

You have blank days in Kheddah operations as well as bumper ones. It was not our luck to see one of the latter (twelve elephants caught in one day), and we had several of the former—one seven miles from camp, in which, after a three hours' wait warming our bare feet against the elephant's hide, the herd broke out of the beat. On another occasion news came from a forest bungalow across the Ganges ten or twelve miles away of a solitary elephant. We started early, crossing the river with some difficulty—a couple of hundred yards of limpid water, six feet deep, running like a mill stream over boulders, and foaming up against the stout sides of the elephants. Arrived at the bungalow, signs of its nocturnal visitor were not lack-

ing. He had scratched his back against the thatched eaves, removing a good bit of the thatch: he had poked both tusks through the mud walls of an out-house, and had made his supper off a whole bamboo clump in the compound. He had then crossed the railway that here runs through the heart of the jungle, making small work of the wire fence by flattening out an upright with his foot and stepping over the prostrate wires. Evidently he was, as he proved himself to be, a forward pushing fellow, entirely wanting in shyness. We had two beats for him, but he broke out of each. A long ride back to camp brought us there after dark.

That night there was a continual firing of rifles, and trumpeting



"A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL"—BUT A PULL ALL IN VAIN

of elephants and general uproar in the lower camp. This was caused by our friend, who in a manner had turned the tables on us, having followed the Kheddah over the river and back to camp, and employed the hours of darkness by walking round the elephant camp and attempting to stampede the animals at their pickets. Towards dawn he had come uphill, passed through our camp, and had taken up a position scarcely half a mile off in the forest. Here he could be heard making a noisy meal off the trees. He was evidently trailing his coat, and Captain Naneh Khan was not slow in taking measures to tread upon it the same afternoon.

But even before the beat had fairly begun, while beaters and elephants alike were quietly moving into position, he was off with

a crash. The signal for pursuit is given, moogri-wallahs take out their whips, and away sail sixty elephants in chase. They stand not upon the order of their going—there is no time for any formality. Our mount is a little fellow named Suraj Kulli—which may be roughly rendered into Sunshine Bill. He has a great reputation for pace, and Ashraf, his mahout, is a thruster. This starting of the wild elephant before the fall of the flag, and the hurry and scurry of the whole thing, makes it look rather a hopeless business. Instead of pursuing him away from the hill and the forest, we are pushing after him into both. However, all we have to do is to shove along, beat Sunshine Bill frequently and hard over the root of the tail, and trust to wiser judgments than our own.

In less than no time we have crossed the bit of level that separates us from the hill, "negotiated" at top speed a blind nullah suddenly yawning in the long grass, and ten foot deep, with an adroitness that immediately inspires complete confidence in our mount, and are now sailing bald-headed at a tree-clad slope which is not quite so perpendicular as it looks. This is not to say that it does not look impossible to a clumsy animal like an elephant. But he teaches us better by running up it on fore knees and hind toes and smashing through the dense foliage as if it were nothing.

Immediately and almost perpendicularly above us is another elephant, and immediately below another again; the ground is tottery and falling in huge clods, and if the topmost fellow tumbled back what a smash there would be! Suraj Kulli's position means tight holding on.

Now we are up, and for a short distance continue the pace along a narrow path till we catch up the next ahead and slow down to a walk. Our cap went in the first rush through the branches, our coat is torn open, both eyes weeping from being flicked with leaves and twigs. On the whole we are quite glad of a check. We follow our leader, and he his, and so on: sixty elephants in single file along the same path. No one but the three or four in front knows what is going on. We shuffle steadily onwards, with now and again a short check, which we conjecture is caused by an examination of tracks on ahead. Sunshine Bill, cleverly handled, and by a fine disregard for fighting, has gained a lot of places and improved his position. He takes care to present an uncompromising stern at anyone trying to shoot past him. So on for perhaps half an hour at a walk. Not a word has been spoken, nor is there a murmur from the van. It passes rearwards; one moogri-wallah after another rises up; moogris are laid on; no one speaks, but the elephants break into their quick shuffle, and brushing through the trees that hedge our path, some to right and some to left, we open

out into a rough semblance of a line. The hunt proper has begun. We are running to view.

Now sit down and ride. Yet this is a needless caution, for you can surely adopt no higher position. Crouch, kneel, sprawl, or lie, you must shelter your head behind the pad, which gives about eight valuable inches of cover. You have not to use your eyes. Ashraf has to do that somehow. All you have to do is to use your right hand and to plant blows—many and true—on that portion of Sunshine Bill which is most responsive to them; to keep up a strong head of steam, never to let the pace drop, and to line somehow up



AN INFANT CAPTIVE AND ITS TAME FOSTER-MOTHER

to the front. Ashraf has to decide constantly, and at a moment's notice, what he can burst through, what he can run under, and what he must go round. Sal trees and bamboos are of varying degrees of strength and thickness.

As you duck your head behind the pad to avoid being swept off, you see Ashraf disappear for the same purpose behind one of Suraj Kulli's sheltering ears, but he is up again in a moment. We now leave the trees behind us, and boil up the pace through grass so tall and dense that no horse could force his way through it. "Toka," murmurs Ashraf; and Sunshine Bill, instead of coming to grief in the gully that opens at his fore feet, steadies himself, and drops

over the edge. You can hear the drag of his two hind feet as he trails them behind him, which is his way of putting on the break. Down into the bottom we slide, the stiff mud of a sluggish jungle stream showing oozy footprints three feet deep made by our leaders. We struggle through this with half a dozen mighty squelches, and get on to a nice bit of going—open glade and all plain sailing.

We have described a complete circle, are nearly back at where we started, and are now passing close to camp, catching a glimpse of white-clad servants hurrying out to see the chase. The hunt has tailed out a lot, and our little elephant is now well up in the van. All this time—we have been going best pace for about twenty minutes—we have neither seen nor heard anything of the quarry. He must be ahead somewhere, viewed by somebody, or the pace would be cooling down a bit.

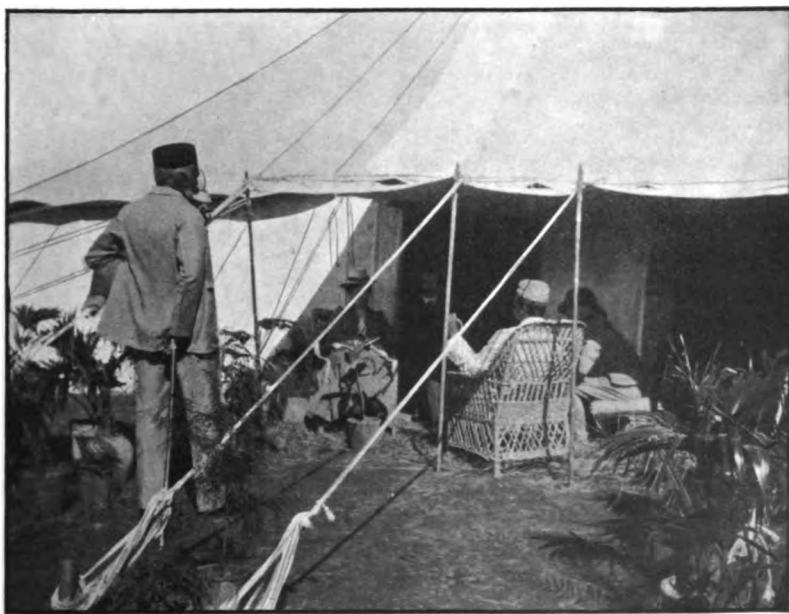
Now, however, a native moogri-wallah, standing cleverly on his heaving quarter-deck, and leaning well back on his tope, points at something we cannot see. Ashraf, a most silent man—a murmur from him is a whole volley of exclamations from another—suddenly says quietly, "There he is!" There he is indeed, the undoubted King of the Forest; for the tiger must take a very back seat when the wild elephant is about.

He is stalking majestically along with a large dab of mud on his royal rear hind, swinging his tail from side to side, buried apparently in deep cogitations, entirely unmindful of his surroundings. He is a heavy fellow, and with a half turn of his head he shows a long white tusk. Majestic though he be, 'twould be basest flattery to tell him, or anyone else, that a back view of him does not forcibly suggest a stout and elderly party walking ponderously along, clad in a very baggy pair of reach-me-down trousers!

We are now leading elephant but one; we are full of the fearlessness born of inexperience, and quite unmindful of the comparative insignificance of Suraj Kulli's weight and inches. We press him on to come to close grips, and are already fingering the lashing that secures the phand. Suddenly the leading elephant sings out, "He is coming!" and whips to the right-about, an example instantaneously followed by ourselves. A momentary glance to the rear shows that the monarch is not so utterly immersed in the cares of state as he would have had us believe. He has turned in his tracks, and is now bearing down on us under full head of steam, and only about sixty yards distant. Ashraf, fully alive to the situation, drives both feet into the roots of Suraj Kulli's ears in a succession of kicks, the moogri-wallah hammers for all he is worth, we fall back swiftly on our supports, and are soon amongst them, and in safety.

By this, however, we have lost pride of place. That's the worst of being mounted on a light elephant. You are quicker and handier, but useless without the heavy elephants. Now we are off helter-skelter again, leaving the open glade and taking to dense jungle. The memory of the thorns with which its trees were garnished yet lingers. A stout creeper stretched across our path is one too quick for Ashraf, and catches him just across the apple of his throat, bending him back in his seat. Lucky for him that his elephant halts on his word "Dut." And so on again.

Ten fingers, ten toes, two elbows, and a couple of knees are all too



THE MAHARAJAH CALLING ON HIS GUESTS

few to hold on by and protect one's face. Dusk is approaching. We have lost sight of the tusker. Surely he cannot have given us all the slip? No; a great uproar and shouting is heard ahead, and with a final effort we barge through a leafy barrier and find ourselves in a small clearing; and it is here that the grand finale takes place. The wild elephant has had enough: his afternoon has been thoroughly spoilt: he'll have no more of it. On the further side of the clearing, and hardly thirty yards away, he stands at bay facing us, swinging his tail and watching out of those little eyes his pursuers fast gathering in front of him. Surely there are angry, vengeful thoughts passing through that mighty head! But it makes a grand

N N 2

picture were there only someone with skill to paint it. But no one could paint the uproar. Every man is yelling at the top of his voice, and sixty elephants swaying and trampling amongst the young sal trees make some noise.

And what are they all shouting for? "Nagendra Guj! Nagendra Guj!" The name is reiterated by one hundred throats. They are calling for our champion to come forth and do battle.

In a shouted colloquy with the crew of the elephant next to us, we learn that Raj Guj, our largest and heaviest fighting elephant, bar one (Bobs Bahadur, and he is so short of wind that he has been unable to stay the course), has already gone down before the wild elephant, and has left the arena blowing blood and bubbles through a puncture in his trunk. Nagendra Guj, knowing exactly what is wanted of him, now steps out from the ruck, advances a few paces into the ring, and stands.

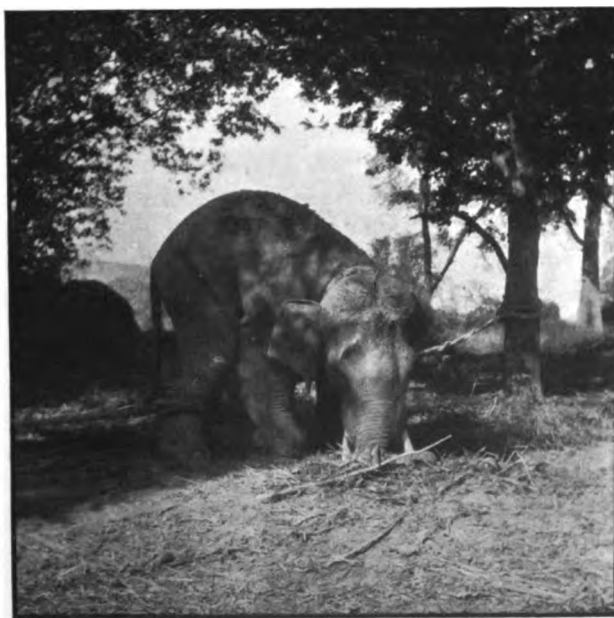
We have time to note that the weights are about even—perhaps slightly in favour of our champion by the small matter of a ton or so, but that his huge brass-bound tusks, sawn blunt at the ends, have to meet a pair equally long, but with the buttons off. His mahout, perched now on his withers instead of his neck, uses no persuasion, and his moogri-wallah crouching behind the pad remains passive. Both men appear to be in rather parlous positions, but the wild elephant regards not man under these circumstances.

Ten paces separate the combatants. Perfect silence alone is wanted to complete a most impressive scene, but the discharge of heavy ordnance would pass unnoticed in the clamour. A few paces at a rapid shuffle, and then, as they meet, each great head is jerked sharply up, and with a prodigious "click" the four tusks meet and lock. A momentary pause—the critical moment—and then, as the tusks unlock, Nagendra Guj is slewed round, gives back, and is sent staggering on to his supporters.

With an increased uproar they too give back, and then the whole mass, first in a dense body, and then splitting asunder amidst the tree trunks, stampedes pell-mell to the rear for a short distance. Everyone is glancing over the shoulder to see whether the victor is not following him up, and about to insert a tusk into the small of his back. The victor, however, keeps to the ring, resuming his former station at the far side, one against sixty, and never a friend to pat him on his broad back. He casts a little earth on his head by way of cooling himself, and resumes his trunk-swinging and meditations, waiting for the call of time. And if Nagendra Guj or some other doughty representative of the Kheddah does not come up to the scratch, things will certainly fizzle out ignominiously for us.

The mob surges forward again, and Nagendra, now quite unwilling—there is blood at the root of both his tusks—advances into the ring. To it once more: again the tusks meet with a resounding click. The sharp points have it again and show blood. Bully Nagendra again gives ground: he is prodded once, twice in the ribs (such body blows as never were!) and again is received by his stampeding, trumpeting fellows.

If anyone is thinking of falling off, the present occasion would scarcely be a favourable one; everything is literally flattened out—trees, bushes, grass. It is high time to drop the moogri and hold



UNHAPPY STRUGGLES

on with both hands. The little elephants in this *sauve qui peut* amongst the big ones get considerably the worst of the bumps.

And now, O king!—our sympathies are all with you—if you only would follow up your victory and batter these cowardly sterns, what confusion and rout would there be!

But no! Satisfied apparently with making us all give ground, perhaps uneasy as to his rear and communications, he again stalks back to his station, and immersing himself once more in meditation, resumes the train of some elephantine line of thought.

And now goes up a cry for Bobs Bahadur. "Where is Bobs Bahadur? Bring up Bobs Bahadur!" But call we never so

loudly, Bobs Bahadur, the heaviest bruiser and the most truculent of all the Maharajah's one hundred and twenty elephants, short in the leg, long in the barrel, low in the stern, not to be trusted even with his own kind—Bobs Bahadur is not on hand. Whether he is still trundling in the rear, or whether his mahout has discreetly lost his way, Bobs, false to his name, is not to the fore. A third time Nagendra, who though an unwilling fighter is a gritty old sort, and rises in our estimation, stalks out, and is again routed. This time he receives an ignoble, and doubtless very painful, prod in the hind-quarters, and is taken out of the press.

The babel continues. "He is must!" "Shoot him!" "Call off the elephants: he will kill any that face him!" "Where is the Maharajah Sahib?" "Send for a rifle!" and so on.

Though undoubtedly "must" (mad), he is not yet a "proclaimed elephant," and until the official edict goes forth he may be captured, but may not be shot; and we are glad of it.

Captain Naneh Khan resolves to waive his right of capture; tame elephants are costly cattle—Nagendra cost fourteen thousand rupees—and are best and most profitably employed where hard knocks are fewer and wild elephants more amenable.

The pack is whipped off—and the last rays of the setting sun shining through the trees fall on the victor still facing us, standing unconcernedly in the ring which he has so gallantly held against all comers.

Still, one could not help regretting the absence of Bobs, and wondering what would have happened had he come up to the scratch.



BRINGING FORAGE



STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

IX.—A DEAD MAN'S JOKE

BY H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD

I HAD been working late, and I felt tired. The problem I had set myself to solve still baffled me. Earlier in the day a distinct ray of light had fallen upon my mind. Patiently, for many hours, I tried to trace it to its source, but at length I found myself at the end of my clue with nothing tangible in my hand. And it is the tangible, the definite, that I determined to have. Vague illumination is the property of the man in the street. The true worker in the domain of the so-called occult must be known by his results.

I was not altogether sorry when I heard a faint knock at the outer door. I felt that I needed companionship. I glanced at the clock: it was 2 a.m.—a black October morning—wet, too, for I had heard the rain at intervals beating against the panes. It was late, of course, for a casual caller; but my friends do not, as a rule, tie themselves to the conventional divisions of time. My visitor made no reference to the hour as he entered and took an accustomed seat.

He was an old friend. In days gone by we had worked together, but as time went on we had drifted apart, each to follow his own mental bent.

Stewart—George Andrew Gordon Stewart, to give him his full title—was a fair biologist and chemist, who later had taken up electricity. Now he was engaged in training it to ring new kinds of bells, and to drive more or less complicated machines. I, on the other hand, had discovered that I was surrounded by occult mysteries, occult in the sense that they are partly hidden, and mysterious inasmuch as they are imperfectly understood; and I wanted, if possible, to make one or two of the simpler of these clear to science before I died.

So my friend always described himself as a practical man, and myself as hopelessly impractical.

"Been working late?" he said, as he lighted his pipe.

"Yes," I replied.

Then I waited for one of the old friendly gibes on the vanity of hunting the supernatural—an absurd word which even educated men still use when they plainly mean the super-physical. To my surprise the gibe was not forthcoming.

As I glanced across at Stewart I recalled in a mental flash his somewhat picturesque history. The only son of a Scottish laird, he had been at one time heir to great possessions. But a deep temperamental gulf had been fixed between the father and son from the very outset. The laird was a man of giant frame, a keen sportsman, a dead shot, a hard rider, and a harder drinker, drawing his nature, as his son expressed it, direct without a tincture of intervening civilisation from his fierce cattle-lifting ancestors. Andrew, on the other hand, following on the lines of his dead mother, was a gentle creature without a trace of sport in him, a bookworm from his cradle, living altogether in a small mental kingdom of his own. The father and son stood at opposite poles, and it would have been hard to say which regarded the other with the more settled contempt. Things had gone badly with Andrew whilst the laird remained a widower; when he met and married the strange woman—a countess in her own right, said to have been divorced—a lady who rode with him, shot with him, and, unless rumour lied, drank with him on perfectly level terms—home life for the son became frankly impossible. So Andrew withdrew to a narrow circle of his own, and within six weeks of his marriage the laird was hurled into eternity by the intervention of a rabbit-hole and a stumbling horse. Then the pale student learnt that the whole of his father's possessions had gone to the interloper, and that save for the small deer forest of Bala-huie, which he derived from his mother, he was left acreless and penniless.

I don't think this condition of affairs worried Stewart much, but it unquestionably surprised him.

"I cannot bring myself to believe that the old man had sufficient independence of character to do it," he once said to me. "I am the next link in the chain that goes back through the centuries. He hated me, of course, but he would naturally argue that I must have something of the primeval ruffian latent in my system, and that the chances of marriage might bring the old line of cattle-lifters back again. To break this chain, by which through long tracts of time we have been enabled to cheat our fellows out of their fair share of the earth, argues an amount of enlightenment of which I feel sure he was incapable."

And this view was strengthened by certain oblique hints which reached Andrew from the office of the family solicitors. The entail had been broken by consent, generations, back; but, notwith-

standing family feuds, the land had always gone by will from father to son. Now Andrew learnt that great efforts had been made to divert it; but in the end, as ever, the strong race-instinct had asserted itself, and the final will on a single sheet of parchment had been drawn up to keep the old hills in the old line.

The question now arose, where was that single sheet of parchment? Andrew firmly believed that the countess had destroyed it; a most natural thing, in the circumstances, he said.

There was, of course, no proof of this. The fact remained that an earlier will was proved leaving her ladyship in full possession, and that the one known to have been made later had disappeared, destroyed probably by the laird himself.

As I looked across at Andrew, I saw that he had something on his mind. His thin, almost colourless face wore a look of uneasiness; it was the face of a man who has a difficult subject to broach, and is in doubt as to how he shall approach it. We spoke of passing things, but I soon saw that he was shaping the conversation to some definite end.

"I myself, as you know, am not drawn to this so-called occultism," he said, at length. "In fact, its vagueness repels me. At the same time, things occur which are not easily explained on purely scientific lines."

He looked up guiltily; he was plainly horribly afraid of being chaffed.

I had no desire to chaff him. I was growing intensely interested. I had seen that look on a sceptic's face before.

"That, of course, is a commonplace," I said. "Such occurrences are perfectly well known. The rare thing is to find them approached in a scientific temper."

I saw his face lighten. "I can talk to you freely, I know," he said; "without fear that the matter will be repeated. I have a reputation for critical common-sense to lose, and I don't want it to go lightly," he added, with a touch of his old humour.

I threw my pouch across to him. "Smoke," I said, "and speak freely. I daresay I shall understand."

"Well, you remember my father's will. I know, from the solicitors themselves, that it was duly signed, sealed, and witnessed, very shortly before his death. It has disappeared, and an earlier will altogether in favour of my stepmother has taken effect. I believed that my stepmother had destroyed the later will. That is not true. It is still in existence."

"How do you come to know that?" I asked.

He looked confused. "That is the strange part of the story,"

he said. "I dare not name it to anyone but you." Then he lowered his tone impressively. "*I have seen my father.*"

There was no mistaking the earnestness in his voice. I took a turn up and down the room. What luck some fellows had! Why will these wayward forms persist in appearing to rank outsiders, when so many trained psychical observers are waiting to take accurate notes and data. The momentary annoyance made me unjust. The astral laird had obvious reason for preferring his own son to myself.

"You are certain of your facts?" I said, at length. "Late suppers, alcohol, and so on, all out of the question, I suppose?"

He was visibly put out. "Don't rot about it," he said, irritably. "It was in broad daylight. I was sitting in my own room engaged in intricate calculations. To prevent interruption, I had turned the key in the door. My brain was at its clearest and soberest. I chanced to look up, and my father was standing before me, leaning against the mantelpiece."

"You had no sense of fear?" I asked.

"Not the slightest. Not even of surprise. That seems odd now I reflect upon it. At the time, the appearance seemed quite natural."

"It *was* quite natural. A little reading will assure you that this occurs in all ages and in all countries in the world. It was merely supernormal, which is quite a different thing."

"Well, to cut it short, the old man spoke to me. Now I think of it, that again is an odd thing. Death had failed to improve his manners in the least degree."

I offered no comment, but why a casual trip in a rabbit hole should be supposed to change on the instant an irascible old gentleman into a silvery-tongued angel I have never been able to see. So far as manners and morals were concerned, the old laird would be precisely the same upon the astral plane as upon the physical.

"He spoke to me," Stewart went on, "sneered at me, giped at me. Every physical and mental demerit of mine came in for its due share of abuse. But it was as I believed: he could not rest in the thought that the old hills were to go out of the old line. He said he had come to give me another chance. The will leaving me sole heir, save for a reasonable jointure for the wife, was still in existence. He said that I must hunt for it. Those were his words. 'Pluck up some of the old Gordon Stewart spirit, and hunt for it. Remember you must hunt—hunt literally.' And he grinned as though it were some occult joke. Even as he spoke, I lost sight of him. It seemed rather that the mantelpiece behind him became plain than that he disappeared."

"Did he give you any clue to the hunting ground?" I asked.

"Yes; he spoke of Bala-huie, that God-forsaken wilderness of rock and heather which I have from my mother. He said that the will was there."

"You must go to Bala-huie at once," I said. "The clue, faint as it is, is worth following."

He reflected. "Yes," he said, "it will be well to go. There is only one trouble. The countess is there. My father, as you know, died at Bala-huie, and his widow on one pretext or another has not yet seen fit to leave. Still, the place is my own. I will telegraph to the housekeeper at once that we are coming."

"We!"

Stewart looked up quickly. "Oh, you won't leave me in the lurch, I know. I shall need you badly."

So it was decided after some little discussion that Stewart and I should take train as early as possible for the far north.

* * * * *

It is a far cry to Bala-huie from King's Cross, mainly because the last sixty miles have to be done by road. It was late at night when we reached the little white shooting-box lost in the hills in the wildest corner of the West Highlands.

The furniture was of the barest; a few scattered deerskins served as carpets, and many rifles, mostly of a bygone pattern, rested on rude wooden racks; a place meet enough for a few hardy stalkers, but badly suited for the residence of a lady. Yet here the countess had lived, practically in solitude, for many months.

We were not destined to meet her ladyship that night, but in the morning she awaited us in the barren reception-room. I am bound to say I was agreeably disappointed by her appearance. Instead of the strong masculine figure I had pictured, I found myself in the presence of a slight, blue-eyed girl dressed in dainty mourning, and barely the age of Stewart himself. Later, I spoke to Andrew, referring to the inadequacy of his description.

"Wait till you know her better, my friend," he replied. "See her handle a rod or a rifle. Then she rides over precipitous places as though she were possessed by a whole colony of restless devils."

I remembered my friend's hatred of the athletic woman in all her forms, and I saw that it was necessary to make due allowance for his prejudice.

Certain it is that from the first the young countess showed us all consideration and courtesy.

I, at times, felt something like dismay at the vigour with which the usually philosophic Andrew prosecuted his search for the missing will. The scanty furniture was overhauled, boards were torn from

their places, even the walls were dismantled in the bootless hunt. Yet the countess gave no sign of either surprise or annoyance.

At length we both grew rather weary of the chase. To vary the monotony, I suggested that we should take a rifle and try for a deer on the hills, but Andrew was hopelessly unsympathetic. So it was settled that I should go alone with old Angus, the gaunt stalker, for an escort.

I found a Winchester, somewhat out of date, which fitted me; and early on the following morning, without waiting for the tardy breakfast, I prepared to set out. But, early as I was, the countess was before me. She met me in the hall, and with a faint smile wished me success. "There is one thing I want to ask you," she said, as we parted. "There is an old stag on the hill with a broken horn. If you chance to see it, may I ask you to spare it? It had once a narrow escape from death, and my dear husband promised that it should be held sacred. It seems childish, I know, but you will forgive me for naming it. His last wishes now seem to grow into laws."

She sighed involuntarily. I began to feel that the countess was a misjudged woman, and I promised readily.

* * * * *

It was a glorious morning. Before us stretched the vast expanse of heather and rock, and the great mountains reared their serried crests on every hand. The note of a wandering curlew fell fitfully on the ear, and a golden eagle, the last it might be of a noble line, swept across the sky. Truly, Andrew's God-forsaken wilderness promised well for a man with a drop of sportsman's blood in him. Intuitively I felt a touch of sympathy with the old laird regarding from these sunlit heights his degenerate heir.

Old Angus, too, was a man after my own heart. He was a keen naturalist as well as a sportsman, and had ears and eyes for everything that moved in the heather or in the sky. So we fared forward, making for the brow of one of the loftier hills. Here the telescope was withdrawn from its brown weather-stained case, and the old man lay down to make his careful observations. In the meantime I swept with my eye the intervening valley and the great slopes beyond, but although they seemed devoid of cover, I could make out no living thing. Now the slowly-moving telescope stopped. I saw that Angus was concentrating his gaze upon a bare stony ridge to the right.

"The deer are there," he said at length, slowly. "It's a bad place, whatever."

I took the glass and turned it in the direction indicated. At first I saw nothing, but at length a faint greyish-red form came

within my ken. Then suddenly I made out several ; some lying down, and others slowly feeding on the sparse herbage between the stones.

It was indeed, as Angus said, a bad place. There seemed to be no vestige of cover in any direction from which the beasts could be approached.

"We will just gang awa' to yon far ridge and lie doon," said Angus, rather hopelessly. "It's nae gude trying to get near them the noo."

"Yon far ridge" involved a long detour. After a hard scramble "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent" we at length lay down in the shelter of a great barrier of rudely-heaped rocks, to await developments. The deer were still resting where we had at first seen them, and our hope depended on their movement to more broken ground where our approach would be hidden. The day was fortunately nearly windless, so we were able to beguile the long waiting with whispered conversation and a pipe.

By degrees I turned the chat in the direction of the countess. I found she had a warm adherent in old Angus.

"No finer leddy ever stepped the hulls," he said. "With her rifle on her shoulder, she was ever on the mountain with the old laird, and no day was too long for her."

"I suppose it was mainly for the company of her husband that she came?" I suggested. "She was still almost a bride, you remember, at his death."

Angus gave a decisive puff from his pipe, as he lay face downward on the rock.

"It wass no the company at a'," he said ; "nae, nae, it wass just the sport. She would gang on all the day and all the nicht for just a chance of a shot at Auld One-horn."

"Auld One-horn," I exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, did she wish to kill him?"

"She did indeed, just that," said Angus, chuckling as though at some amusing reminiscence. "Once when the two were alone on the hull (I was awa' with the sheep) the laird broke off the horn of a royal with his bullet, and never again could they get a chance at him. He wass a strange mon, the laird, full of wild ways, but on the hull there wass no better. He would tease the leddy, and promise her some fine thing (I would hear them talking) if she would but get Auld One-horn roped down on the pony's back."

I smoked reflectively. There was a marked discrepancy somewhere between the countess's pleading words and the strange statement of Angus.

"Oh, it wass no just the company that brought the leddy to the hull," the old man went on, still chuckling. "It wass just the sport. Why, on the very day after the laird was taken to his buryin' at Glenisla, she wass out on the hull again."

"Do you mean to tell me that on the very day following her husband's funeral this lady was out on the hills trying to shoot a stag?" I spoke incredulously, but Angus was firm.

"Ay, she was that—and me with her. And every day since," he added, "up till just when Maister Andrew and yoursel' came to the lodge. An' aye it wass just Auld One-horn she wanted. She cared for no other, whateffer."

I began to see the countess in a new light. There was a mystery here which I was quite unable to fathom. Why was she so keen herself to kill this one-horned stag? Why so anxious for me to spare it? Why had she lied——? But my musings were cut short abruptly. Old Angus had raised his head like a setter who winds game. His quick ear had caught something.

"Hoot, mon!" he hissed; "your rifle—quick. The deer are coming doon the glen."

The Winchester was at my side. In a moment I was ready, but I was barely in time. I peered over the rocks and saw the deer, probably alarmed by something beyond, trooping in a hurried mass in the narrow gully just below. I had little time for discrimination, for the great boulders blocked my view on every hand, but I marked what I took to be a decent beast, and fired just as he disappeared beyond the brow.

"I missed him!" I exclaimed, as I remembered that I had caught the barest glimpse of him as he vanished; but the old stalker did not reply. Already he was climbing down the steep side of the gully, whither I followed him with more cautious steps. When I reached the brow, I saw the flying herd far below in the valley.

"A clean miss," I said, and I was cursing my luck, when I heard a low whistle. In a moment more I was standing by the side of Angus. In a hollow at his feet a great stag lay quite dead, and I saw that one antler had been cut off as with a bullet, within six inches of the skull.

* * * * *

As we drew near the lodge, with Auld One-horn slung on the hill-pony, my feelings were not easy to analyse. I knew I had made a most singular discovery, yet I could not be quite certain whether I felt elated or depressed. As I expected, the countess was waiting. She offered me no recognition at first, save one bitter glance; but as I entered the hall she turned upon me.

"You lied, then?" she said, drily.

I steeled myself for the coming scene. I wondered how she would take it.

"Not altogether," I replied. "The killing of the stag was the merest accident; yet it may be that, in the circumstances, I owe you an apology. And now, on your side, what have you to say? It may save time if I tell you what you have already guessed, namely, that I have found the last will and testament of your late husband. I found it, as you know, bound round the remaining horn of the stag I have just shot, and protected by some webbing, which appears to have been hastily torn from the lining of a shooting coat."

* * * * *

And so, to end the matter, she told me the whole story, and I believed every word of it.

After the marriage, the laird had made a will leaving his whole estate to his wife. Later, Andrew's absence having, it may be, a softening influence upon him, he wavered, and taunted her ladyship with his intention of reinstating his son. She never credited it, but at length she found that a new will had been actually prepared. In one of his most tantalising whimsical moods, when the matter was still held in the balance, the laird fired at a stag, the bullet cutting off the horn. The animal was completely stunned, and appeared to be inanimate. But the laird, drawing upon similar experiences, believed that it might recover. Thereupon, he amused himself by carefully binding the will upon the remaining antler.

"There," he said to the countess, "if it goes away, it will give you each a fine sporting chance. If you can kill it, I give you full leave to destroy the will, and I swear never to make another. If Andrew can pluck up spirit enough to bring it to bag, the prize, of course, goes to him. If it escapes permanently, you win; if it is bagged by an outsider, and the will is found, you lose. Nothing can be fairer."

Then the eccentric old gentleman sat on a rock and watched the stag. Soon it showed signs of returning life, then it raised its head, and at last, to the disgust of the anxious lady, it cantered off as though untouched.

"Good," said the laird. "Now I'll notify Andrew at once as to the terms of our arrangement."

Andrew never got his letter, the rabbit hole intervening; but, as we have seen, the old laird was too good a sportsman to forget his promise.

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It is good to see my old friend a large landed proprietor, especially as I have the run of his domains. Still, I always feel a little sorry for the countess.



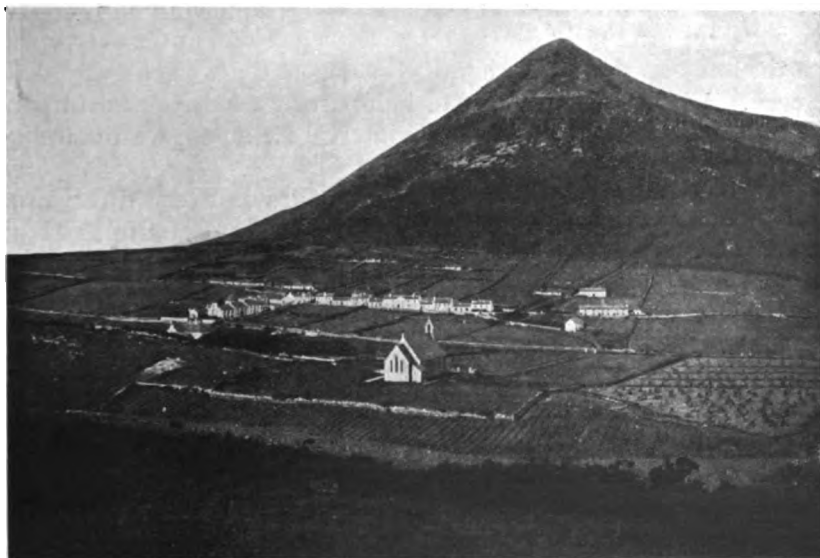
AN IRISH SHOOTING HOTEL

BY H. T. INMAN

A WEEK on the mountains and bogs of Western Ireland offers a complete change from the ordinary conditions of rough shooting in England. The vast extent of the field of operations, the wildness of the scenery, the difference of vegetation and colouring, the sea breeze and mountain air, combined with a fair amount of sport of an unusual character, should suffice to make an enjoyable holiday for the average sportsman. Shooting hotels along the coast offer these attractions on very similar terms and without much variety of circumstances. The game consists of woodcock, snipe, golden plover, and wildfowl, and these being mostly of a migratory habit are found fairly distributed from Donegal to Kerry. There are, doubtless, favourite spots frequented by regular visitors, but a stranger will find sport wherever he goes, and will probably get as good a bag at one place as another. The season for this kind of shooting may be said to begin about the middle of October, but the weather is an important element. Storms at sea drive the wildfowl inland, and continuous frosts concentrate the woodcock and snipe in the neighbourhood of running streams.

It is not my intention to advertise any particular hotel or locality, but to describe a week spent last December with a friend in

Ireland, for the guidance of those who may have an inclination to go there. The weather was not particularly favourable; there was abundance of water all over the country, and consequently the birds were scattered. Taking the night boat from Holyhead we were timed to reach our destination before sunset the next day, but an unfortunate mistake at a junction gave us a long drive in the dark. I mention this because it occurred in spite of careful inquiries made in London and *en route*. Our tempers somewhat ruffled by this mishap were restored by the hearty Irish welcome on arrival and the good news that the hills were full of cock. Hundreds of them! Our experience of woodcock-shooting had been limited to



COLONY, ACHILL

one or two in a season, and these had been accorded a special niche of their own in our memories. The thought of them in such numbers within our reach sent us to bed happy, and brought us down punctually at the hour named for breakfast. But our keenness was not shared by the rest of the household. The boy who attended to the peat fire was engaged in kindling it, and the cook had not completed the same necessary preliminary to the preparation of breakfast. The remaining inmates of the hotel appeared to prefer that the rooms should be warmed and aired before making their descent.

These domestic details would be unworthy of notice were it not for the fact that upon resolute dealing with them from the first

depends in large measure the success of an expedition of this kind. We unfortunately allowed ourselves to be cajoled morning after morning by the soft, cheery optimism of the landlord. Breakfast was never to time, boots and leggings followed suit, the car was always just coming round, and when we were about to take our seats it was discovered that a portion of the lunch had not been put in. As soon as the cook, boots, and ostler began to be influenced by the approach of tipping time, the horse came to the rescue by casting a shoe. It is absolutely necessary that the visitor should insist from the first upon a punctual start. If he once allows himself, as we did, to listen to excuses he is done for. The Celt is so polite and sympathetic that he makes the Saxon ashamed of his brusqueness. The terms should be drawn up in black and white beforehand. Each morning we arranged to leave the hotel before ten, and never, except on the one occasion to be described later on, did we get away before eleven. With the sun setting at half-past four, a drive of an hour or so to the shooting ground, and an interval for lunch, we made but a poor use of our opportunities.

The shooting rights extended for miles in every direction, so that there was ground enough to satisfy the most exacting. Heath-covered mountains with narrow watercourses trickling down them every few hundred yards were the prevailing feature. By the side of the streams the heather grew in greater luxuriance, with occasional patches of gorse and other vegetation, making good cover and feeding-ground for cock. Two old Irish setters ranged a hundred yards or so from the guns, and did their work uncommonly well. One of them was so rheumatic that he howled piteously for ten minutes every morning while getting the stiffness out of his joints, but for the rest of the day was keen and apparently happy. The scramble through the thick heather over sloping ground and small boulders to a "set" was a novelty after smooth English fields. At the bottom of the mountain slope were small paddocks enclosed by low walls and more or less covered with rushes. These were, as a rule, a certain find for snipe, which, however, had a very inconvenient way of getting up as you were crossing a wall or a ditch. In the valleys between the mountains were wet or comparatively dry bogs. In the case of the former there was nothing for it but wading up to the knees, with an occasional flop into a deeper part. The attendant, however, is careful to warn you in the case of dangerous holes which sometimes exist. These wet bogs are the main holding for snipe, and must be disturbed for the purpose of scattering them over the more accessible places. The comparatively dry bogs are of a honeycomb pattern, the water in course of ages having washed away the soil round the roots of each plant of

heather and left little islands of soil two or three feet apart standing a foot or so out of the water. The only way to cross them is to step from island to island, which necessitates a constant look-out for a foothold. When a snipe jumps up with his familiar "peep," the inexperienced gunner is apt to take too much or too little time in establishing the necessary equilibrium—the result, as far as the bag is concerned, being equal. Another feature of the country is a belt or occasional hedge of high gorse between the rushy bottom and the heather, a very favourite place for cock. Here the factotum exercises his lungs with his "Hi! cock, cock!" and generally succeeds in disturbing one or two. The height of the gorse is in



MINNAUN CLIFFS, ACHILL

favour of the bird, which often enough steals away before the guns see him. On one occasion a very quick shot resulted in a bird falling in a somewhat inaccessible place. When brought to light after a long search the gratification of the successful sportsman was not heightened by the discovery that he had made "game" of a small owl. In addition to mountains, bogs, and rushy fields, there are dotted about the country large and small fresh-water lakes, the haunt of wildfowl of every sort, from swans to teal and moorhens.

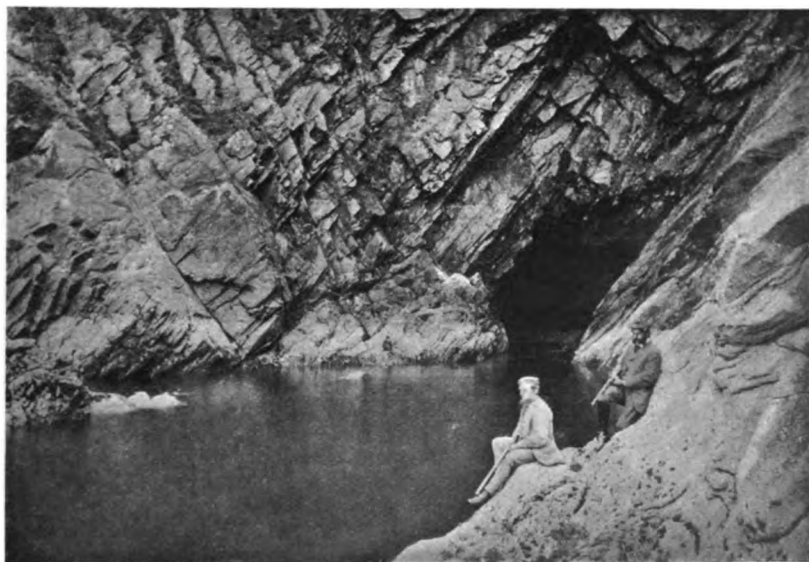
One of the pleasantest days of our expedition was spent in lake-shooting, and must be described *in extenso*. Before leaving England the landlord had urged us to bring eight-bore or at least ten-bore guns for wild-geese shooting. As we were neither of us keen about

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long shots on the water, and did not relish the idea of carrying "blunderbusses," we determined to be satisfied with our twelve-bores, for which we had some cartridges loaded with No. 1 shot. We heard great tales about the geese from the time of our arrival, mingled with lamentations on the subject of our twelve-bores. We did not give much heed to the matter, partly because we had learned to discount Irish figures, and partly because we thought that our twelve-bores might be useless. However, when we announced our intention of leaving in two days, we were told that we must give the only remaining day to the geese. Accordingly, on the following morning at 5 a.m. we were called with a shout, and soon put in an appearance in the breakfast-room. But to get breakfast, boots, and car four hours earlier than usual was more than could be expected. The result was that we reached the lake just after dawn, and the ducks which frequented it in large numbers during the night left before we could take up our positions. However, a breeze was springing up, and we were told that the geese could not stand the buffeting of the Atlantic, and would soon be seeking the sheltered waters of the lake. We therefore hid ourselves under banks and rocks, and awaited events. The first blood fell to the landlord's eight-bore, which brought down a goose at about eighty yards. The shot was so palpably out of our range that we had still further searchings of heart on the subject of "bores." But a few minutes later a ragged, barefooted urchin, who had tacked himself on to me, whispered in excited tones that they were coming. Three geese quickly appeared straight overhead, a good height up, one of which, in response to the twelve-bore, separated from his companions, and made for a corner of the lake evidently hard hit. A boat was commandeered, and the wounded goose brought to bag without difficulty. On our way we had noticed five geese on the water, which I suggested might be stalked. The boatman fortunately was anxious to show the landlord that this could be done, because the latter was as great an unbeliever in boats as in twelve-bores for goose-shooting. He took a wide circle and gradually approached them on a curve, which brought us between them and the sea. We got within about seventy yards of them, when they rose and tried to fly seaward between us and the sloping shore, which was not more than fifty yards off. In wheeling round they came into close formation, and when the two nearest succumbed to two cartridges of No. 1, the other three gave unmistakable signs that they had all come within the pattern. We followed them to a sandbank and secured another, the other two making their escape to sea, whence one of them returned later on to be shot by my friend. A bag of six brent geese, five of them obtained by twelve-bores and the result of

a stalk, was a pleasant addition to our Irish experiences. And, let it be added, when we reached home we found them excellent table birds. With our appetites whetted for wildfowl shooting, we determined to try a lake on the other side of the hotel for the evening fighting, but were again too late. The drive took longer than we were led to suppose, and the light was gone before we reached our hiding places. We could hear innumerable duck on the water, and a very babel of sounds coming from a huge flock of lag geese on a neighbouring marsh, but it was too dark to see anything.

My impression is that a determined man could obtain good



SEAL CAVES, ACHILL ISLAND, COUNTY MAYO

sport and a very fair bag on these grounds. He must listen to and put up with no nonsense, but must insist on his plans being carried out. I don't think that he has anything to contend with beyond the happy-go-lucky ways of the Irish character. The natives like to take life easily, and cannot understand that anyone should exert himself in the pursuit of pleasure. They are essentially polite and apparently anxious to please; in fact, they try to please at the expense of truth. The boy who has persuaded you to let him carry your bag will keep you on the tip-toe of expectation by his description of the snipe you will find in the field you are approaching. And when it is drawn blank he will say, "Well! I nivver saw it so impty; there was hondreds in it yisterday." The car driver will quell your

impatience by telling you that you are within a mile of your destination when he knows it is three or four miles away. Their idea of politeness is that they should say what will please you.

Our total bag was not satisfactory owing partly to the obliquity of the powder, but more to a similar fault in the conduct of those upon whose co-operation we were dependent. It consisted of six geese, seven woodcock, twenty-eight snipe, one golden plover, and one teal, but would, I am sure, have been much larger if we had gone with the knowledge we now possess. The holiday was a very pleasant one, and for my own part I should be glad to repeat it; nor do I think it can be called an expensive one. The hotel charges are £3 a week, including board, lodging, and sport, the only extras being the visitor's personal expenses for liquor, his share of the daily car, which in the case of two guns is about four shillings each, and tips for the factotum who drives the car, manages the dogs, and carries the game, and for one or two of the servants. The food is plain but sufficient, and the accommodation is everything that an ordinary sportsman can require. The man who has the opportunity of shooting where big bags can be obtained all the year round had better stay and enjoy it; and the man who would divide the total expenses of a trip of this kind by the game bagged, and deduct therefrom the cost of each snipe, had better remain within the serener atmosphere of his own domestic circle. But if the week spent in the West of Ireland is looked upon as a holiday with a certain amount of sport thrown in the cost can hardly be considered otherwise than moderate.





MAN *v.* WOMAN IN THE REALM OF SPORT

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE

WHEN in the course of the summer of 1904 two girls, aged seventeen and eighteen, succeeded in outlasting thirty-one men in a swimming race of thirteen miles, from Brooklyn to Coney Island, a discussion was started in the American press dealing with woman's power of endurance; and the conclusion arrived at, according to the general consensus of opinion, appeared to be that woman was more "viable" than man. The authorities contributing to the discussion decided, for instance, that women bear amputation better, that women are less liable to sudden disease, and it was further agreed that in savage races women can carry heavier burdens. A visit to some of the less-known corners of the high Alps of Switzerland would show the qualification to be unnecessary.

In the present article, however, the writer does not intend to enter upon any comparison between man and woman other than in the realm of sport; and as the capacity of woman to withstand asphyxiation is far from qualifying for inclusion under that definition, without further preamble or comment her supremacy so far as

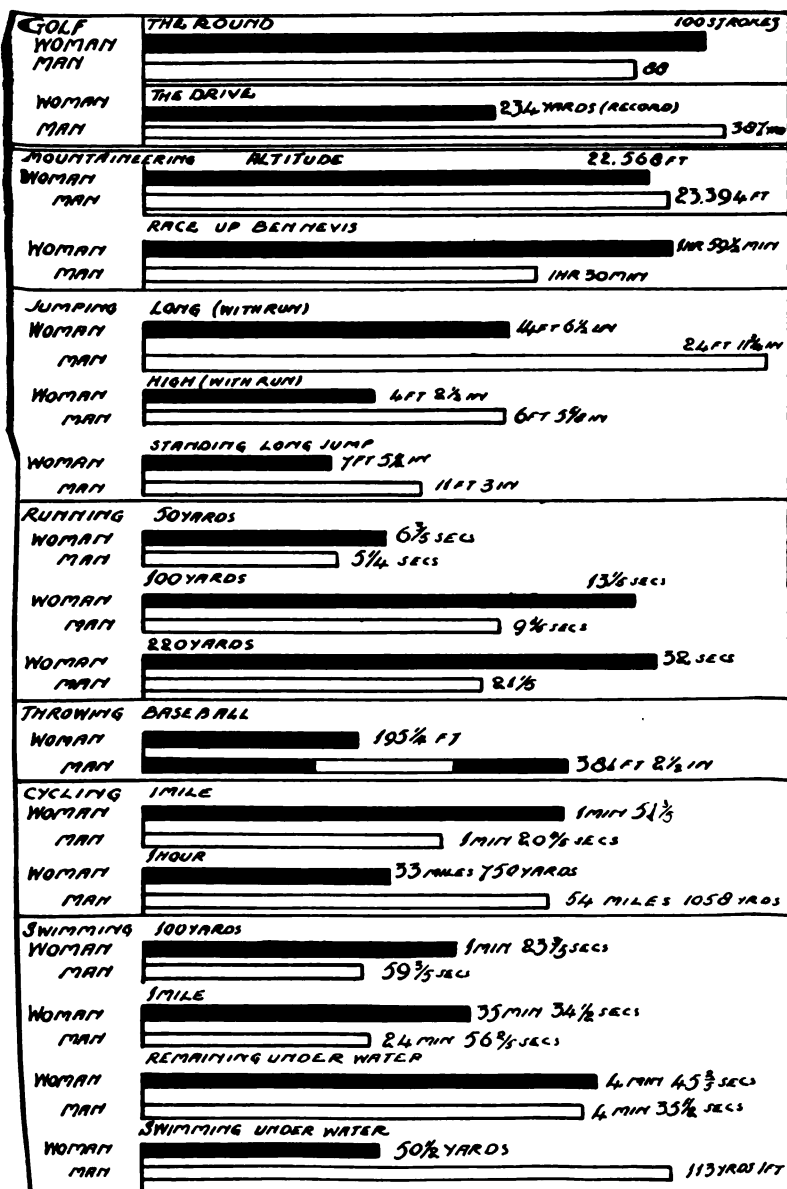
endurance in the manners specified is concerned shall be forthwith admitted.

There are certain sports and pastimes, of course, in which the most talented of female votaries cannot enter into comparison with the most expert male performers. One would not have it otherwise. There are doubtless a number of ladies and girls who play cricket and football exceedingly well, but it would be idle to suggest for a moment that the most able exponents of the art of batting and bowling in the feminine world, or the most dashing members of "The British Ladies' Football Club," that was inaugurated some twelve years ago under the presidency of Lady Florence Dixie, would make any impression, in a sporting sense, on a representative team of English cricketers or footballers. It is not in pastimes which demand strength that woman can compete with man on equal terms; as will be seen, man's supremacy in sports and pastimes is usually due to physical strength; but when it is a question of accuracy of eye and delicacy of touch, woman, when she gives the same devotion to sport as man, is capable of achieving at least equal success.

Take, for example, the game of croquet—the modern game, of course, which has now been raised to a plane that warrants the adjective "scientific" being applied to it. There are a number of male wielders of the mallet who can perform what appear to be veritable miracles with the balls. One recalls, for instance, the marvellous shot made by Mr. Willis two years ago at Wimbledon, when he made his ball leap up high in the air from a position close to the turning post, clear both the centre hoops in a straight line, and hit his opponent's ball that had been carefully wired in a line with the winning post; but without the slightest doubt whatsoever men would be the first to acknowledge the fact that in Miss L. Gower the best male performers have an opponent who is not only equal to them but on her day their superior.

In an article of this length it is obviously impossible to dwell upon the prowess of the sportswoman referred to, but it may at least be mentioned that in 1899, 1900, and 1901 Miss Lilius Gower won the Ladies' Open Championship, and that in 1901, having thrown down the glove to her male opponents, she won from them the Association Gold Medal in the open competition. That it was not due to a fluke that she attained her notable victory was proved, if proof were required, when she repeated her success in 1902 and 1904. In the latter year, by the way, she secured in addition the Champion Cup after a tie with Mr. C. W. Locock. At Brighton, a few years ago, Miss Gower in seventeen consecutive games defeated all her opponents, though she was conceding bisques to the majority, notwith-

standing the fact that they included many of the strongest players in England. Probably in no other sport is woman at greater strength than croquet, for in addition to Miss Gower notable



players are Miss Rowley, who won the Ladies' division of the All-England Championship in 1904; Miss Coote, the winner of the Irish Ladies' Championship last year; Miss Elphinstone-Stone,

Mrs. Preston, and Mrs. Talbot, all of whom are capable of giving a first-class male player a strenuous game.

Although a good croquet player need not necessarily be an accomplished putter, it is not at all an infrequent circumstance to find that the successful frequenter of the croquet lawn is also capable of steady work on the putting green. Judgment and a good eye are required for both occupations, and it is undoubtedly due to the fact that woman possesses an eye as capable of gauging distance as that of man that she is able to hold her own as well as she does when upon the links. It would be ridiculous to say that the best lady golfer and the best male golfer are on an equality; we have, indeed, only to turn to our first diagram, where the columns are drawn in length in proportion to the best performances of man and woman in various sports, to see at once that at her best woman is incapable of driving a ball beyond a distance that represents more than 60 per cent. of man's longest drive. The longest drive yet achieved by a lady is 234 yards, a feat accomplished at Westward Ho! in May 1900 by Miss Molly Whigham, Prestwick, when playing Miss Rhona Adair in the semi-final of the Ladies' Championship; the longest drive by a man is believed to be that credited to Mr. Blackwell from the eighteenth tee at St. Andrews, a mighty stroke that despatched the ball on a journey of 387 yards. As each link has a record of its own, and there is no standard for links in general, it is impossible to say with absolute accuracy what represents the difference between a man and a woman both of whom are first class on a round. It is interesting, however, to note that Mr. Harold Hilton, the ex-open champion, has put it on record that half a stroke a hole is the maximum odds a first-class player could afford to give the best lady golfer; that is to say, generally speaking, a man could accomplish in 88 strokes what a woman would take 100 over.

That Mr. Hilton's estimate is based on practical knowledge of woman's capacity goes without saying; it may, however, be mentioned that his pronouncement was followed by an extremely close match with Miss Rhona Adair at her best over the Portrush course, in which, conceding the odds mentioned, the ex-champion was defeated on the last green, Miss Adair going round in 82, which was at the time only nine strokes above the par of the links.

Miss Lottie Dod, the winner of the Ladies' All-England Championship at Wimbledon in 1887, 1888, 1891-93, who won the Ladies' Golf Championship at Troon last year, after a very close fight with Miss May Hezlet—her defeat being only brought about by the narrow margin of a putt on the last green—is another lady player capable of brilliant work on the links. Miss May Hezlet, who

won the Ladies' Championship in 1902, last year won the driving competition at Barnhurst with two strokes, despatching the ball 171 and 171 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards respectively—a distance, however, that has frequently been beaten by Miss Genevieve Hecker, the ex-lady champion of America, who frequently covers 200 yards from the tee.

In mountaineering woman's power of endurance comes into play, with the result that she is fully capable, when at her best, of doing practically everything that a man can do. When Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman made their attack upon the Himalayas, the lady, having twice broken her own record on the same day, called a halt when she attained the summit of a peak 22,568 feet in height. "It was a day in a thousand," wrote the intrepid mountaineer at a later date, "which, after 11 a.m., admitted of casting off of heavy coats, and sitting in light clothing at 22,500 feet. After 2 o'clock the others returned, having seen wonderful views, and reached a new altitude of 23,394 feet, thus having gone higher by 311 feet than the climbers of Aconcagua, the highest peak of South America, who have hitherto held the world-altitude record."

Here is evidence showing most clearly that as far as altitude is concerned woman is capable of achieving practically all that man can do, and although one is bound to admit that the pioneers of the great climbs are almost invariably men, there is scarcely any—we can at the moment recall none—that at a later date woman has not successfully accomplished.

Miss May Fuller, of Tacoma, the first lady who climbed to the summit of Mount Rainier (14,526 feet), the highest peak in the United States; Miss Bristow, who some years ago was the first woman to set foot on the summit of the Matterhorn and descend by the Zmutt Ridge; Miss Coote, whose name is closely allied with the Wetterhorn ascent; Mrs. Jackson, who found a new way up the Dent Blanche; Mlle. d'Angeville, whose first ascent, that of Mont Blanc, was accomplished at the age of forty-four, and her last, that of the Oldenhorn, at the age of sixty-nine, after which she concluded that "it is time to abandon the alpenstock before it abandons me," have all writ large their names upon the annals of feminine mountaineers. The exploit of Miss Wynn, who accomplished the ascent of the Wetterhorn in 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours early in February last year, a feat but rarely accomplished in the winter, and one that the lady said she would not repeat for £8,000, will be as fresh in the memory as that of Miss Annie S. Peck, of New York, who succeeded in 1903 in climbing Mount Sorata, in Bolivia, the highest peak of the Andes, and one never before scaled, a feat that earned her world-wide fame.

To mention Mrs. Aubrey le Blond as a mountaineer is a work of supererogation. She has ascended more mountains than any other

woman, and her books about mountains—and articles in this magazine—are among the most treasured possessions of everyone who loves mountains; and they are as a class far more numerous than those who ascend them. As woman has only recently essayed to set up speed records in respect to mountain ascents, it is somewhat difficult to arrive at a comparison between her speed when making an ascent and that of man. Miss Lucy Cameron, of Glen Mallie, Achnacavry, and Miss Elizabeth Tait, however, have fortunately put forth their best efforts to accomplish the journey up Ben Nevis in record time in order to win a gold medal offered by a resident of Fort William, and the best of their times is found to be about half an hour longer than that of Ewan Mackenzie, the observatory roadman, who has completed the double journey, fifteen miles in all, in time that is less than eleven minutes longer than the time taken by Miss Tait, the record-holder, to accomplish the ascent alone. Miss Cameron's best time for the ascent, the gradient of which averages one in three in a distance of over seven miles, is two hours and three minutes—a very smart performance.

In the art of jumping, woman at present is scarcely an adept, though there is no knowing what she may accomplish with practice. Hitherto she has scarcely given the attention to jumping that the sport demands, consequently her best efforts compare somewhat unfavourably with those of men.

As the records of women athletes are at present preserved in a manner that is to say the least of it casual, with a view to comparison the records of the Vassar College Annual Sports have been referred to for the purpose of this paper. It is, of course, quite possible that they may have been eclipsed in this country, but it is altogether improbable, and no records exist to show that such is the case. Of the three leaps, the standing broad jump of 7 ft. 5½ in., accomplished last year by Miss Stella Watson of Paterson, New Jersey, compares the most favourably with that of a man, while the long jump of 14 ft. 6½ in. is the least satisfactory.

In running, woman at short distances has accomplished times that are better than might be expected. Miss Fanny Jones of Kansas City, for example, has covered fifty yards in 6¾ seconds and 100 yards in 13¾ seconds, while on another occasion her time for the hundred was reduced by ¾ seconds. At 220 yards—this could never have been Atalanta's distance—woman shows a considerable falling off in comparison with man, who is just about fifty per cent. better than she is, but with practice she may be relied upon to improve her present figures.

That woman can throw a baseball only half the distance that represents man's best effort will surprise no one; for although she

can evidently throw a lasso (judging from the fact that Miss Mulhall, a young American lady, recently won a prize of £200 for lassoing and tying three steers in the shortest time, when competing with cowboy opponents), it has for centuries been notorious that in methods of propelling stones or balls woman has never excelled.

On the cycle, however, woman has performed feats that are remarkable, notwithstanding that her efforts have been considerably surpassed by man. Miss Maggie Foster, for instance, has ridden to Brighton and back, a distance of 104 miles, when paced, in 5 hours 33 min. 8 sec., as compared with 5 hours 6 min. 43 sec. by W. J. Neason in September 1897; the same lady in 1902 also actually rode 30 miles 1,690 yards on the Crystal Palace track in the space of one hour, and, with a flying start, one mile in 1 min. 51 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. Miss Foster's hour ride is said to have been beaten by Miss Lottie Brandon at New York, the latter lady being credited with 33 miles 750 yards in an hour: for the purpose of comparison with Louis Darragon's record of 34 miles 1,058 yards, set up last November at Paris, the American lady's figures are accepted, though with a certain amount of reservation. Miss Rosa Symons, the vegetarian lady cyclist, who in 1903 rode from London to John o' Groat's, thence to Land's End, and back to London, 1,860 miles, in 17 days 23 hours 10 min. 30 sec., thereby averaging nearly 104 miles a day for almost eighteen days, on the last of which her speed averaged ten miles an hour, has also a wonderful performance to her credit; while the feat accomplished by Miss Gast on the record course of the Century Road Club, at Valley Stream, Long Island, U.S.A., a few years ago, almost passes belief. Miss Gast, it should be pointed out, rode 100 miles in every consecutive twelve hours until she had completed 2,000 miles, the time occupied over the ride being 9 days 6 hours 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ min., during which period she took only 28 hours' sleep. Prodigious!

In swimming, woman has performed many notable feats, of which those of Miss Kellerman in the Channel and elsewhere will be fresh in the memory. Madame Isacescu, an Austrian lady, has shown wonderful endurance, and has accomplished a swim of twenty miles in the Channel in the course of ten hours; but, oddly enough, woman cannot swim a hundred yards, relatively speaking, as well as she can run a hundred yards. On the other hand, she can swim a mile, speaking relatively, better than she can run 220 yards; but when swimming under water her performance compares more unfavourably with that of man than in any other of the feats mentioned.

At hockey, although it is impossible to enter into any comparison of the actual values of woman and man, there appears to be

no doubt whatsoever that man at his best is on a different plane from woman, notwithstanding the fine form shown by the Hon. Armyne Gordon, Miss Constance Wilson, and others. This fact was clearly indicated in the course of an interview with the treasurer and secretary of the Hockey Association, who remarked some little time ago, "If men play their best in a mixed match, they leave the ladies so far behind as to demonstrate their superiority beyond all question."

What applies to hockey also applies to lawn tennis. The handicappers told us at the close of last season that Miss D. K. Douglass, the lady champion, who in the course of 1904 played 30 matches, 60 sets, and 377 games in nine tournaments, with the result that she lost only four sets, could give Mrs. Skerry fifteen in two games out of six, and that the same lady could give Mrs. Hillyard and other notable wielders of the racquet fifteen in every other game; but what we do not know is what points would be required in order to make an even game between the All-England Champion and the Lady Champion. We do know, however, that woman on the lawn-tennis field has attained a very high standard of skill in comparison with the best male exponents of the game.

Miss Phyllis Squire and Mrs. Syers on the ice; the Duchess of Bedford, who is credited with having brought down fifty-seven pheasants with fifty-eight cartridges, and twenty-three pheasants and a hare with twenty-five cartridges; Lady Breadalbane, and Mrs. Henry Tate—who has shot five stags in two days—on the moors and deer forest; Miss Florence Vivian Lewes of Wraysbury, Miss Leal of Guernsey, and Miss Oram of Lancashire, on the rifle range, have one and all demonstrated that in skill in the realm of sport woman does



not fall far short of man at his best, while other ladies have made the fact clear that in angling and at the helm woman has attained the highest standard of dexterity. It is impossible to compare the undoubted skill of the lady bell-ringers of Ightham, Bradfield, and Tiverton, with that of their male competitors, or enter upon a comparison between the ploughing of Miss Croft, who was reported to have won a match at Troway, Derbyshire, last year, with that, say, of Mr. William Hales, who has won many prizes in Kent; but we may be assured that both lady bell-ringers and ploughwomen performed the feats in a manner that redounded to the credit of their sex.

To sum up, we find that woman can play croquet as well as man; with respect to mountaineering her figure of merit for altitude is 96, and in regard to speed 66, when man's is taken at 100; at golf her figure of merit is 87 for the round and 60 for driving; when sprinting she compares with man as 75 does to 100 in respect to the 50 yards burst, 63 to 100 in the "hundred," and 49 to 100 in the 220 yards; at jumping her figure of merit is 66 for the stand jump, 64 for the high jump, and 58 in the long jump; for cycling it is 61 for the hour's run, and $60\frac{1}{2}$ for the mile; for swimming the hundred yards her figure of merit is 60, for the mile 58, and for swimming under water only $44\frac{1}{2}$; while for throwing she has achieved a figure of merit of 51.

The theory of "man to the plough, to the needle she," has only been put on one side of late years; but notwithstanding the short time she has had at her disposal, merely a generation or so, woman has obviously accomplished much, and will accomplish more. She has reason to be proud of herself.





ARE FOXES DEGENERATE ?

BY F. W. MILLARD

A CRY has recently been raised that foxes are becoming degenerate, and not capable of affording runs as good as those enjoyed years ago. If this really be the case (which I doubt), the fox of to-day is hardly to blame, as an effort will be made to prove. This opinion concerning the degeneracy of modern foxes must be arrived at by comparing recent runs with those of a couple or more decades ago, and how few are in a position to undertake this in an unbiassed manner! However retentive a hunting man's memory may be, he will find it difficult to call to mind every day's sport throughout a season of only ten years ago; the red-letter days and what occurred thereon may be fixed in his recollection, but it stands to reason that he will be able to remember little or nothing of those when sport was indifferent or altogether unsatisfactory. If a decision be arrived at by comparing the whole of a recent season with the cream of several long since past, the foxes of to-day must suffer by that comparison; and this I maintain is most frequently done, for sportsmen of fifty years ago made similar complaints regarding the degeneracy of foxes.

The fox of to-day is in a very different position from that of one which lived a few decades ago, especially as regards food, and it is doubtful if the former ever gets to know quite as much of the surrounding country—a knowledge which experts assert to be very necessary to good runs. In the old days Reynard lived the strenuous life, and was forced to hunt far and wide in search of a meal; this, besides extending his familiarity with the district, kept his muscles (and his brains) in first-rate condition and gave the animal both speed and endurance. Often enough he had to return supperless from his night's wanderings, and a fox aroused in this state is better able to run than another which has been engaged in sleeping off the effects of a too hearty meal.

Contrast the fox of to-day, with game preservation at its present high pitch on every hand! Each night he is sure of a meal, a glut, if he likes to go so far, and it is secured with the least possible trouble. Seldom is a long hunt necessary, and in this way the wanderings of foxes grow to be confined to a very limited area. They take up their abode where the food is, and from that time lead an easy life. If foxes be degenerate, this is the only way in which I am able to account for their deterioration from a sporting point of view; and if really the case, it is attributable more to altered conditions than anything else.

However, there is another side to the question, which will bear discussion. The large increase in the number of shooting men has led to the greater portion of every country being preserved for game, and among them are a small minority who will not allow a single fox to live in their coverts. These, fortunately, are too few at present to influence seriously the welfare of hunting, but for each one there are many who (while desirous of preserving foxes for the benefit of a kindred sport) wish to do so at the least possible cost to their game. The cry of hunting men is for two, three, and even four-year-old foxes: foxes which have lived long enough to learn thoroughly their way about country, for these undoubtedly furnish the best runs. But the shooting man, desirous of only doing his bare duty towards his sporting confrères, does not regard with approval these old and *experienced* foxes. Cubs he will provide if you like, and is even willing to see a litter reared on his place; but these old foxes develop greater cunning with every year they live, and become more dangerous to the game. Keepers tell us that precautions they take which are very effectual in protecting sitting game-birds against young foxes are perfectly useless as a scare to an older animal; also that an old dog-fox will do far more damage in the preserves than a whole litter of youngsters; so these old foxes are not regarded with favour, and are possibly scarce in certain localities for that reason. It would be useless to contend that a hunt which has to depend for sport upon season-old foxes alone can enjoy runs as good as more experienced animals would afford.

It will not be out of place to review the circumstances which lead up to and govern a good or bad run, for these have a direct bearing on the subject. Is it not a fact that, owing to their very scarcity in the old days, foxes when once on foot were studied and made the most of? A fox in front of hounds was a certainty, while a second was a decided uncertainty, and there existed no desire to sacrifice him till the last vestige of sport had been derived from him. Was this not the spirit which led to a fox being given every chance, and allowed to get well into his stride before being pressed? Hounds,

too, were slower then, a fox could afford to proceed more leisurely, and this, although many may refuse to acknowledge it, was really conducive to straight running. A hare only turns when sorely pressed by greyhounds, and the same remark applies to a fox. In the old days a fox did not gain much by exercising a flank movement, for the slower-hunting hounds of those times rarely overran the scent. To-day it is no uncommon thing to see the major portion of a fast pack overrun it to the extent of a field or two, and as a proof of my previous contention, the tail of the pack (which presumably consists of the slower hounds) takes up the line unerringly. Foxes are quick to recognise the manœuvres which serve them best, and this may account to some extent for their stated latter-day preference for ringing.

The demand is for old foxes, not all youngsters, as is the case when dog and vixen are both destroyed and their litter hand-fed. The reason of an old fox affording better sport may not be known to all, but it is attributable to the fact that he has passed through a breeding season. He may not have had cause to stir half-a-mile from his favourite haunts to obtain food, but once the mating season arrives his search after vixens necessitates his covering a wider area. Wonder is often expressed at a fox's knowledge of the earths spread over a large district, as displayed when running, but this is gained during the wanderings of the mating season. The experience of the country then acquired leads to runs being better after Christmas, for it is at this period the run of the season usually occurs.

Another cause of a good run at this season is that a fox is often found away from home, and for this he makes a bee-line at once on discovering the presence of hounds; such a run is sure to be exceedingly fast, and rarely terminates in the breaking up of the quarry. Every effort is made to save vixens late in the hunting season, for it is recognised that a pregnant vixen stands little chance before the pack, but she is in greater danger earlier when her scent is stronger.

It has often struck me that no bigger mistake can be made than to leave a certain portion of a country unvisited by hounds for a long time, for foxes become fat and lazy, and when their turn arrives are little fitted to perform well. Besides, the quietude of the district attracts others, and foxes are apt to accumulate in one place, which is never a good thing. I must not forget to mention that dog foxes often fight severe and prolonged battles during the mating season, one or both being occasionally much injured; a fox hurt in this way can never live before hounds. These injuries are seldom noticed, because of the mauling the fox gets when

run into by hounds. Even if two dog foxes which have indulged in an all-night battle have failed to hurt each other, both are sure to be in a state of exhaustion subsequent to the fight, and in that case are pulled down soon after the find. Should this occur it may possibly be quoted as one more piece of evidence as to the degeneracy of the vulpine race.

A fox which habitually skulks in covert or runs in rings round about it should invariably be killed, even if meanwhile a straight-necked one is permitted to go away unfollowed ; for a fox which once escapes by skulking, etc., is sure to resort to similar tactics in the future. When a fox has been pushed into a district with which he is not acquainted he will sometimes commence to ring in an endeavour to make back, but once defeated in this purpose his course again becomes straight, and a good run may ensue. Earths have a larger influence over a run than many suppose, and for this reason it would be unwise to follow advice which is often tendered—that is, to do away with them altogether in the hunting season and keep foxes above ground. Such procedure, for one thing, would lead to the centralisation of foxes in the cosier coverts at the expense of those more exposed, and not to their desired distribution all over a hunting country. It is the idea that an earth a mile or so away may afford a refuge which causes the majority of foxes to break covert and take to the open, and which forces them to renewed effort on finding their first goal closed against their ingress. Game-keepers tell me that all big runs are really a series of journeys from earth to earth, and foxes which know nothing of earths seldom run well. Why, then, destroy the earths?

Masters of hounds years ago had smaller fields to contend with, and it is to be believed the majority came out really to see sport and not merely because it was considered the fashion. A field animated by this spirit was easy to manage and keep in order. The big fields of the present day have much to answer for as regards spoiling sport, for foxes are kept in covert by loud conversation, and haste to get a good place leads to many a fox being interfered with before he has made up his mind what to do.

A good many of the influences which govern the running of foxes have now been dealt with, and, having perused what has been written, the reader should be in a better position to decide if latter-day foxes are really degenerate.



CH FILLY BY GALLINULE—ADMIRATION. CH FILLY BY WILDFOWLER—
MAY RACE. BR FILLY BY LAVENO—CHINOOK

THE EYREFIELD LODGE STUD, 1905

BY LILIAN E. BLAND

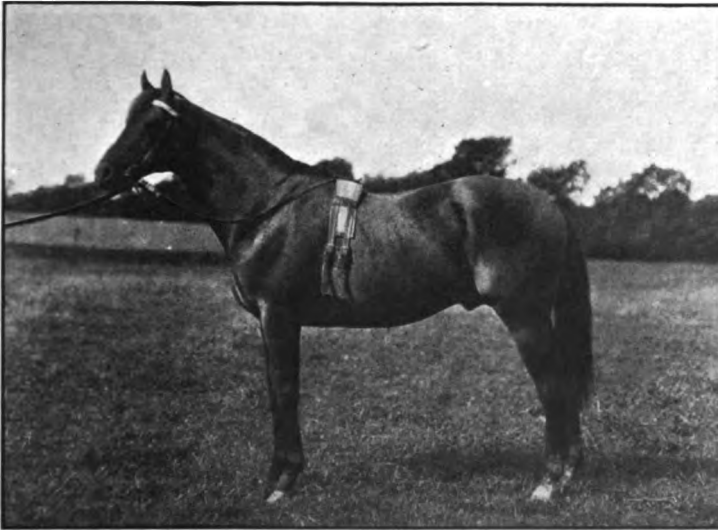
"YES," said Dan, in reply to a remark of mine on luck in general and horse-breeding in particular, "there's some dacent people has hould of the divil by the tail, and faith, if they was to leave go, he would turn round and ate them; and others has the best of luck all the time."

Certainly Major Eustace Loder has been very fortunate since he came over to Ireland and bought the Eyrefield farm from the late Mr. Linde, eight years ago. Since then, of course, great improvements have been made, more land purchased, and the farm now consists of 300 acres of old pasture, divided up into different-sized paddocks, which surround the house on all sides.

The "Lodge" is a most charming bungalow. On one side a lawn has been made, and beyond this the garden, bright with flowers and arches of roses, slopes down to the lower fields. Major Loder takes a great interest in all gardening matters, and even the walls of Laveno's house and yard are gay with the scarlet leaves of the small Virginian creeper; from the veranda one looks across a fine stretch of country and on to the lower farm which, being in a more sheltered position, is used for the foals in winter. Here there

are six paddocks, each with a good shed, but in all the fields the splendid hedges afford excellent shelter from every wind that blows. A guard rail runs round each paddock so that the horses and cattle cannot destroy the fences.

Major Loder had only just arrived from England, and while he was having a late breakfast Dan, the stud groom and general factotum, took charge of me and the camera, and we began a most interesting round of inspection. The hunting establishment forms a square joining the back of the house, and the boxes were well filled with a good type of Irish weight-carrier ; but on this occasion no "hunting talk" was allowed, and we passed on to the range of



LAVENO, BY BEND OR—NAPOLI

stables used for the horses in training. Here along the length of the boxes runs a covered-in passage-way, so that the horses can be inspected with no fear of draughts from the open doors of their boxes, and all the stables are lit by electricity.

To the right of these again is another yard, round which are the brood-mare boxes, at present inhabited by the yearlings just taken off grass ; through this yard one comes to various out-houses, the forge, the electric plant, hay sheds, etc., and to Laveno's palatial residence ; the buildings really form a compact square close to the bungalow.

Laveno was being lounged near the house. He is a dark bay standing sixteen hands, sire of many well-known winners ; amongst

others Uninsured, Lively Lad, Nutwith, etc. He is a lazy horse, and looked fearfully bored when I wanted to photograph him; but Dan, after violent exertions of hat rattling and yelling, finally succeeded in attracting his attention.

Then we walked on to the other paddocks, stretching over a fine undulating country, with the Wicklow hills away in the distance, and a fresh breeze blowing across from the Curragh; the grass, as Dan remarked, "had a pelt on it as spongy as a drawing-room carpet." The fields get a good top-dressing of farmyard manure, and the cattle feed them down, but the Emerald Isle may well earn its name from these pastures of Kildare. Dan is absolutely devoted



ADMIRATION, BY SARABAND—GAZE

to his "children," and is a wonderful nurse. The weakest foals thrive under his good management. One of the colts got badly kicked on the head, and in Dan's language was in danger of "jaw-lock," but it was wrapped up in blankets and nursed before the harness-room fire, recovering speedily.

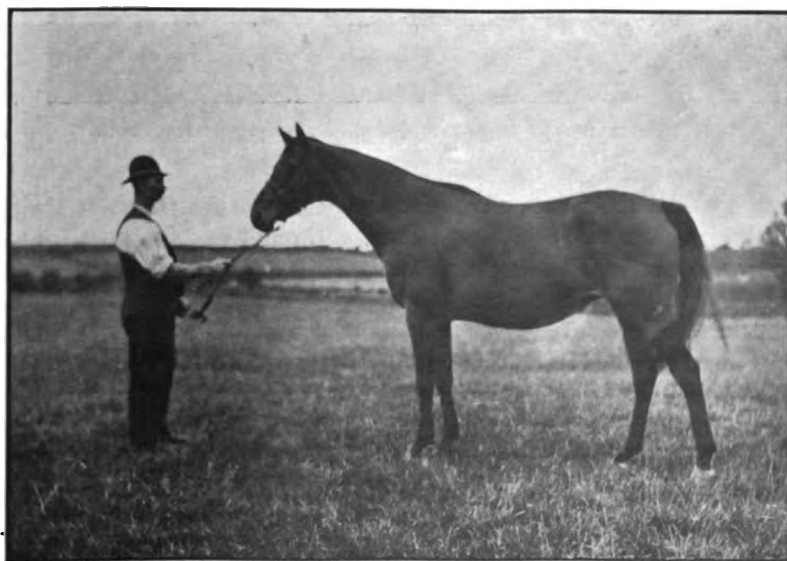
All the mares and foals have charming manners; some of them tried to take the photographs, while the foals were most interested in my hat, and wanted to know if it was good to eat.

Mr. Johnson then joined us as we were going to the brood-mare paddock, having returned from superintending a gallop on the Curragh, and I was introduced to a distinguished assembly of matrons. Of course my first question was, "Which is Admiration?"



CH COLT BY LAVENO—GALLINARIA

Naturally her reputation rests on Pretty Polly, though as a matter of fact she bred two winners before this in Aderno and Veneration II., who won a few races between them. Aderno, as a three-year-old, only ran four times; in his first race he was second to



SIBOLA, BY THE SAILOR PRINCE—SALUDA

St. Brendan, won the two subsequent races, and broke his back in an unaccountable manner in the fourth.

After Pretty Polly, the mare, as everyone knows, bred Adula and Admirable Crichton. Admiration is a rather dark chestnut, and to those who have seen Pretty Polly I can best describe her as bearing a strong resemblance to her brilliant daughter, only the latter is, as Major Loder says, built on more massive lines. Astrology is one of the few Hermit mares still at the stud, and a wonderful success she has been, breeding the winners Telescope, Star Chamber, etc. The old lady has seen nineteen summers, and



CH FILLY BY GALLINULE—ADMIRATION, OWN SISTER TO PRETTY POLLY

her foal by Gallinule bids fair to be the best she ever bred. Major Loder limits his stud to twelve mares, although, as he says, it is very hard to part with some of them; yet by degrees he is getting the right sort of young home-bred mares, which will form the foundation of many future triumphs on the turf, and perhaps a list of these matrons will be of interest.

Cat Bird, by Gallinule, is one of the home-bred young mares, and her foal by Laveno promises well, being a fine, strong filly with enough bone and substance to make a Grand National winner.

Gallinaria, home-bred, also by Gallinule out of Pierina, is a great favourite with her owner. She won him his first Irish Derby. Her foal by Isinglass, an all-bay with an exceptionally strong back, has more size than most of his stock, although the breeding of this

youngster is a somewhat bold experiment, seeing that Gallinule and Isinglass are both by Isonomy.

Chinook, a beautiful-shaped rich brown mare, winner of the Nassau Stakes, is by Sensation out of Breeze. As her breeding suggests, she is an American importation, acquired from the late Lord W. Beresford, and, judging from her stock, promises to make one of the most valuable matrons at the stud.

Lutetia, by Pontiac—Luella B., is another Yankee. She won five engagements as a two-year-old; her filly foal by Gallinule is a



BAY COLT BY ISINGLASS—SIBOLA

fine strapping youngster, and although a May foal, now nearly as forward as any in the paddocks.

May Race (home-bred), by Melanion out of Maibaum, helped to accomplish a lucky triple event for the Eyrefield establishment, winning the Irish Oaks the year when Gallinaria won the Irish Derby and Ambush won the Grand National for His Majesty.

May Race started her stud career successfully: her first foal was the good two-year-old winner Maggio, by Laveno; and judging by her Bushey Park yearling, and capital Wildfowler colt foal, she is likely to achieve success in the paddocks.

Major Loder purchased Sibola, by The Sailor Prince—Saluda, for 2,000 guineas, at Lord William Beresford's sale at Newmarket.

As everyone will remember, she was most unlucky not to add the Oaks to her One Thousand Guineas victory. Her foal by Gallinule broke its leg and had to be destroyed.

Soaraway, by Ayrshire—Lady Muncaster, has a nice colt foal by Wolf's Crag, and will probably visit Flying Fox next year.

Springthorn, Startling, and Veneration II. complete the list of matrons, and it would be hard to find a nicer lot of mares. On our return from the paddocks we had the yearlings out; these youngsters will soon be going over to join the Clarehaven string under Mr. Gilpin, whose skilful treatment of Pretty Polly has led to such happy results for Major Loder.

If one can judge by looks, these yearlings promise well for the future success of both trainer and owner, and I sincerely hope that I have had the honour to photograph the future winner of the Derby and Oaks for 1907.

After a very welcome lunch Major Loder showed me some beautiful paintings of various equine celebrities, past and present, and then Mr. Johnson kindly gave me valuable assistance in writing these notes, which I fear give only an inadequate description of this model stud farm.





LIVING FOR SPORT ON £156 PER ANNUM

II.—HOW AND WHERE TO DO IT

BY ALEX W. PERRY

WHEN I wrote my experiences on the above subject for the July *Badminton*, I had no idea there existed so many men of very moderate means who were tired of work and were pining for an idle life plentifully leavened with sport. My article has evidently made heaps of converts to the "small income and happiness circle," and it has indeed been a real pleasure to me to receive from all parts of the Empire private letters asking for further information and the name of the particular boarding house to which I referred in the article. For reasons which will be obvious to readers I am unable to recommend any *particular* establishment, but I now propose to supply the names of many places on the coast line of the kingdom where one can lead a comfortable life on the income mentioned. The choice of a residence I must leave to my readers' own fancy and discretion.

Before harking back to some of my past residences let me take a "live" case—my present abode in August. I am staying in a good boarding-house at Gorleston, where I have been a resident since June last, and I propose staying until the end of September. I am paying the lady who conducts the house twenty-eight shillings per week inclusive, and the living, if plain, is very good. For instance, our breakfast consists of two kinds of fish, bacon, eggs, and the usual accompaniments; for lunch we always have something hot, cold meats, vegetables, sweets, and cheese; tea consists of bread and butter and cake; dinner is made up from soup or fish, two joints (twice a week poultry), two or three vegetables, sweets, cheese, etc. The food is good and well cooked, and we are never stinted. My

bedroom is in the front of the house, and looks right over the sea towards Lowestoft Point. I have purposely taken the lodging department first instead of sport, as the former is, in my opinion, the chief point for consideration when you are making a lengthy stay in any one locality.

Now as to the sporting side of my present residence. For golf I go to Caister (the home links I do not like), and I have never yet been in want of a game; I find plenty of men here only too ready to play. It costs me 8*d.* per day to go to Caister and back, but the links are worth the extra money. For fishing I have the Broads practically at my back door—I can reach Oulton, or any of the nearer ones, for an expenditure of about 6*d.*, whilst Fritton Lake is within walking distance. My sea-fishing is right in front of me. Lawn tennis I get in plenty on the excellent courts provided by the local authorities on the recreation ground. Cricket I can play every day in the week if I like, as the local club or a visitors' team is always glad of help. The pitch is on the recreation ground, which also provides a good cycle track. For these sports there is no charge—they are on the rates. Croquet is also a free sport on the same ground. There is plenty of society in Gorleston, and if you want "noise" you can take a twopenny tram into Yarmouth.

Let us for a moment look at the cost of this summer excursion of mine into Norfolk. The figures are taken from my account-book, and I have averaged the weeks I have yet to stay here at the same cost as those of the past. I have, as already stated, exactly three pounds per week to spend, and upon that basis I regulate my life. Here is my balance-sheet from June 1 to October 4, making eighteen weeks in all, which, on division, gives me an income for that period of £54 for all and every expense:—

	£	s.	d.
By 18 weeks' Board and Residence at 28 <i>s.</i>	-	25	4 0
„ 2 doz. Beer per week at 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> per doz.	-	4	10 0
„ 18 bottles of Whisky at 3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	-	3	3 0
„ Golf Club Sub. (country member)	-	1	1 0
„ Fishing expenses on broads and sea	-	3	0 0
„ Railway expenses to Caister and other places	-	2	0 0
„ Laundry	-	1	10 0
„ Golf expenses (new balls, caddies, etc.), 3 days a week at 10 <i>s.</i> per week for 18 weeks *	-	9	0 0
		<u>£49</u>	<u>8 0</u>

* This includes—Caddies (1*s.* 6*d.* per day), 4*s.* 6*d.*; two new balls, 2*s.*; sundries, 3*s.* 6*d.*; total, 10*s.*

After this expenditure I have left exactly £4 12s. for any sundry items I may incur. The amount is truly not large, but if you care to reduce your golf expenses to, say, two days a week, or even carry your own clubs round the links, you will have much more money to expend in items that are not calculable. But should you happen to be a teetotaler you will have another £22 2s. per annum to spend, or, in other words, an additional income of 8s. 6d. per week—an amount not to be lightly passed over by the man of very moderate means. You will notice that I have allowed nothing in my balance-sheet for “dress,” as the ladies call it, but as one during the summer practically lives in flannels there is no need to estimate such an expenditure. Personally I have had a real jolly summer, and a man who was sufficiently rude to doubt my original estimate of expenditure has lived with me the whole time, and has now apologised. He has £200 a year certain, and as I write this he has just remarked: “Work be hanged! I am for your life until I die—or marry.” This latter you must not do, unless of course the lady has a diligent and hard-working parent who will hand over a certain portion of his “industry” with the maiden.

Now I think I have said sufficient about Gorleston, so I will try to give some idea of the life I have lived in other places, and thus help the reader to form some kind of judgment on the subject.

Let me start my list with a town near to London. Some readers may have heard of Westcliff-on-Sea, just beside Southend, and if they have I know they will agree that it is a most charming place. At Westcliff you can live my ideal life comparatively easily. There are plenty of the larger boarding-houses where visitors are gladly taken in upon the terms I mentioned in my previous article. For sport you have golf on the Rochford Links—inland links hard to beat throughout Essex; cricket you can have galore; tennis is also well provided. The hounds meet two days a week somewhere in the district; the headquarters of the Rochford Hundred Coursing Club are at Southend; and there is a trotting track down in the old town. The fishing is also good during the season. For evening amusements you have a band on the cliffs and the choice of two excellent theatres. If you care to yacht there are three clubs you may join for a nominal subscription, and you may possess any size boat from an “egg box” to a 200-tonner. The air of the place is good, there is an all-the-year-round season, and there are many men with the bare £3 per week living a pleasant existence.

To follow the coast line down, Clacton is another abode of idleness where you can have a good time. If you want golf you must go over to Frinton, four miles away, where the links are excellent: those owned by the local club are past redemption. Otherwise

for your sport Clacton will give you plenty of amusement. You can have good fresh and sea water fishing; beagle, fox, and otter hounds frequently hunt the district; and some highly agreeable people, with nothing to do, reside in the place all the year round. Personally, I spent a very happy ten months there.

Travelling further east we come to Felixstowe, a little seaside town near to Ipswich and Harwich. In this place you may pass a very merry and happy ten months, and live quite well within your income. You have meals with visitors for the week-ends, with men from Ipswich and Colchester, and in addition there is a shifting population during the whole year. There is sport of all sorts and sufficient to satisfy even a glutton.

Aldeburgh is an ideal place, and the local sport is good, but during the winter there is a lack of comradeship that makes it somewhat dull for any man who wants to live his life.

Cromer—Cromer the expensive, Cromer the beautiful—is another East Coast resort where you can, for ten months out of the year, live at a good boarding-house, and still be well within your income. It is almost needless for me to say that the sport at and surrounding Cromer is good, and provided you are a sociable man you need not have a dull moment in the place.

On the South side of the water most of the resorts cater for a winter population, and with the exception of those near to London and their attendant small fry, you may have a good time in any one of them. Deal has excellent golf, fishing, and hunting. Dover, Folkestone, Hythe, Hastings, Eastbourne, and Brighton will all find you employment in sport; but experience has taught me that the better sport, and the more sociable men of the class whom you wish to meet, are to be found on the East rather than on the Southern Coast. There is too much of the business in sport on the South Coast to be palatable to a man who lives for sport alone.

Should you like an inland resort for your "home" you may try Harrogate, Ilkley, Malvern, or the Bridge-of-Allan in Scotland. I have had personal experience of each of these places, and in each and all of them I have been given a right merry time. Harrogate during its two months' season is unbearable; for the other ten months it is delightful. Yorkshire hospitality is notorious, and every man in the place seems to consider it a matter of personal honour to see that you thoroughly enjoy yourself. For sport you have your choice of every variety, and each one is equally good. I have followed in that district (Harrogate), on foot, three packs of hounds for a good many seasons, and I hope to be somewhere in the vicinity again this year. Ilkley is quieter, but nevertheless the sport and accommodation are equally good. Malvern is fed from

the Midlands, and you never need fear the want of companionship when following your particular fancy of enjoyment. The Bridge-of-Allan is during six months of the year frequented by Glasgow and Edinburgh people in search of warmth, and there is no end of gaiety and sport in the place. The golf is excellent and the course well kept.

The only place I have tried on the Cornish coast is Newquay. It is a lovely spot, but with the exception of the golf the sport is not great. But should your fancy be for the Royal and Ancient you may try many hundreds of places before you will find one to beat this charming seaside resort on the border of the Atlantic ocean.

Of course, there are many other districts where you could lead the life I have described, but I have only dealt with places of which I have personal experience, and where I have actually lived. If any readers contemplate following me into "exile," they may take their choice from my list, or find some new place for themselves. But let me give one word of warning: There are boarding-houses and boarding-houses, and it will pay you far better to spend a sovereign to go to the place you contemplate staying at, and see it for yourself, rather than chance to the making of satisfactory arrangements by means of the post. See your bedroom, and personally interview your future landlord before deciding anything definite. Explain to him that you require board and residence for ten months (the exceptions being July and August, or August and September), and make him give you a price for the whole period, and then divide the total sum into weeks, and you will find the price is just about the figure I have named. At any rate, refuse to pay a penny more, for there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

Take this final warning: Keep a small account-book of your expenditure and see you live within your income; balance your accounts every week, and then you will never need to have a moment's worry.





BRIDGE

BY "PORTLAND"

WHEN we sit down to play Bridge the first thing we have to decide is what points we are to play for. And this may be a question of no small importance to some members of the party. In clubs the stakes are generally governed by the rules, but in private houses they are often left to the discretion of the players, with perhaps a hint from the host that he does not like high play. It would, of course, be useless to tell people not to play Bridge for money, for that would be equivalent to telling them not to play the game at all. Something is absolutely needed besides the figures on the scoring-blocks to mark the difference between winning and losing; but that "something" ought to be quite inconsiderable, relatively to the means of the players. Under no circumstances should pressure be put upon anyone to play for more than he pleases. The stakes ought to be so arranged that the poorest person who joins in the game will not be embarrassed if he loses every rubber during the evening.

Although a diminution of interest may result from playing for lower points than we are accustomed to, it is infinitely better to play too low than too high. We owe it to our friends not to force them to play for more than they can afford, and to ourselves never to be forced to do so. As soon as it becomes a matter of serious concern whether we win or lose, the game is too high for us, and is robbed of all its pleasure. And people do not play their best under these conditions. Over-anxiety is sure to affect their judgment, making them timid in declaring trumps, and—as the result of nervousness—generally a little reckless in their play of the cards.

Everyone should make it a rule to play for moderate stakes—the adjective "moderate" being construed according to the means and skill of the player. And this rule should always be most strictly adhered to when one is playing with ladies. The chivalrous-minded can derive no possible pleasure from winning a substantial sum from a lady, and should she forget to pay it would be a delicate matter to remind her of the debt. One cannot post a defaulting Phyllis at the club, nor threaten Chloe with a letter to her colonel. It is wise, therefore, to let them stand in our accounts for only trifling sums, which we can afford to treat with princely indifference.

There is really no necessity to play for high stakes at Bridge. It is all a matter of habit. People who play for shilling points naturally look down upon the humble, popular "pennies," whilst there are other players whose ideas are so moderate that they

consider a rubber at those points a reckless gamble. What we all like is to stick to the same stakes, so that equal runs of good and bad luck may leave us as nearly as possible in the *status quo ante*. If we are so skilful as to win steadily at a modest game we do not wish to see the accumulations of a twelvemonth vanish in a single night; and if, on the other hand, we have had a bad week or so at "six-pennies" or "shillings" it is cold comfort to carry all before us at half-a-crown a hundred.

If two players at the same table are anxious to play for more than the rest this can be managed by arranging that they shall not cut together, while if one of the party is a bit of a plunger he can "carry" a less adventurous partner—that is to say, take over a portion of his winnings or losings—and so accommodate the other two. This is much better than having a side bet of a fixed amount, which is greatly to be deprecated at Bridge, since it throws the relative value of tricks and honours out of gear. With a bet of no more than a hundred additional points upon the rubber, for instance, one would—if one consulted one's own interest only—ignore the above line score altogether, and declare trumps solely with a view to trick-making; but this would be unfair to a partner who had no bet. Strictly speaking all bets should be made in multiples of the points won or lost on the rubber, as then the interests of the two partners remain identical—viz., to win as many points, or lose as few, as possible.

The only excuse for playing high is that it admits one to a better rubber than one can get at small points. In the London card clubs there are men who have made the science of card-playing one of the principal studies of their lives, and these invariably congregate at the tables at which the highest game is played. If they chose to play for more moderate stakes they would no doubt find Bridge a more profitable amusement, because the standard of play is lower at the cheaper tables; but they prefer to meet foemen worthy of their steel, and take the game as too serious an occupation to be played for trifling sums. If one can hold one's own with players of this class it is worth while to cut in with them, because Bridge as they play it is a different game from the Bumble-puppy of the boudoir, or the careless, scrambling rubber of the ordinary club cardroom.

At the same time it is a mistake to suppose that high play is necessarily good play, or that there are no fine players who are as pleased to play for low points as for high ones. There are one or two clubs where a good rubber is to be had at quite moderate points, and there are many sound players—as good partners as you could wish to cut with—to be found at them. But the big game certainly has the advantage of keeping out the duffers, who are generally conscious of their own deficiencies.

Everyone should have a limit to the points which he is prepared to play, however, and should steadfastly refuse to go beyond it. If you are a really fine player you cannot play too high for your financial welfare, provided you have a sufficient capital to stand a run of bad luck; but this is a very important proviso. It is the greatest mistake in the world to play a game at which you can be compelled by a series of misfortunes to stop, and resort to lower stakes, because the blackest cloud has its silver lining if one can afford to wait for it.

If, however, your degree of skill does not raise you above the average you should beware of high stakes, particularly if it is your custom to seek out better players than yourself, as everyone who wishes to improve his game should. And, obviously, the downright duffer ought not to play at all unless he is prepared to pay for his amusement. His best chance, if he *must* play, is to cut into the smallest rubber he can find, for the lower the points are the less skilful will be the opponents with whom he will have to cope.

The man who plays for "pennies" must be able to face a loss of £100 or £200 without being put *hors de combat*, and a proportionately larger capital would be required for higher stakes. If he plays badly he will find that even at "pennies" the game is a steady drain upon his petty cash—that an unusual number of cheques to "self" find their way to his bankers, while the golden sovereigns he receives for them melt more quickly than usual in his pocket. If he plays well, on the other hand, he may, when he looks through his pass-book, wonder why he has drawn so few cheques for personal expenses, and applaud himself for his economy. In all probability he will be unconscious of the extent to which he has been taking toll from card-playing friends, for it is a laborious matter to keep a record of winnings and losings year in and year out.

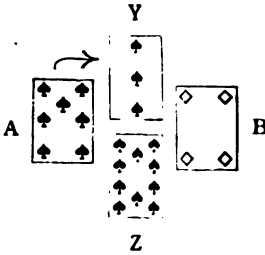
Should a good player, however, who keeps his Bridge accounts, find at the end of six months or so that he is a couple of hundred to the bad, he may confidently expect the tide to turn at no very distant date, and he should by no means give up the game in disgust. "Let the ship have a chance of righting itself" is the advice of one who has gone through all sorts of vicissitudes of fortune at the card table, but who has—*unberufen*—never yet seen his overdue argosy founder.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

A and B are partners against Y and Z. Score: A and B, 24; Y and Z, love. Z deals and declares no trumps.

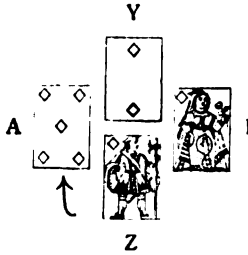
Y's hand (dummy).				Z's hand (dealer).			
Hearts	Kve 10 7 6 2	Hearts	8 5
Diamonds	K 3 2	Diamonds	A Kve 10
Clubs	7	Clubs	K Q 6
Spades	Q 5 4 3	Spades	A K 10 6 2

TRICK 1.



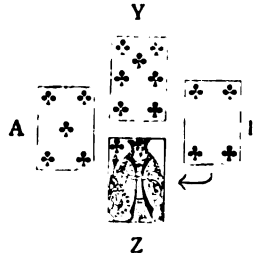
Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.



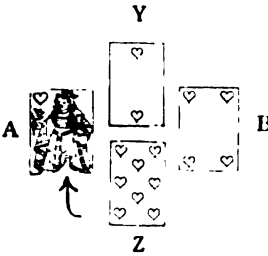
Tricks : A B, 1 ; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 3.



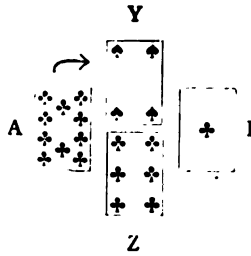
Tricks : A B, 1 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 4.



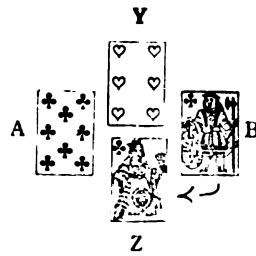
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 5.



Tricks : A B, 3 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 6.



Tricks : A B, 3 ; Y Z, 3.

The rest is all plain sailing. Y Z win three by cards and game.

A's and B's hands were as follows :—

A's hand.

Hearts K Q 3
 Diamonds 9 6 5
 Clubs 10 8 5
 Spades Kve 9 8 7

B's hand.

Hearts A 9 4
 Diamonds Q 8 7 4
 Clubs A Kve 9 4 3 2
 Spades None

Remarks :—

Trick 2.—Z has eight certain tricks : five in spades, two in diamonds, and one in clubs. If the ace of clubs is to his left he will have to bring off a finesse in diamonds to win the game, and he must play for this at once, before his opponents clear clubs. B having discarded a diamond, he elects to finesse against A. Unfortunately he finds the queen with B, whose discard was no doubt prompted by a desire to keep two guards to the ace of hearts—dummy's longest suit.

Trick 3.—Z has the good luck to find the ace of clubs to his right.

Trick 4.—Z's sole chance of going game now is to throw the lead to his opponents in hearts, in the hope that they will go on with clubs.

Tricks 5 and 6.—A does not like to lead from his guarded king of hearts, and B naturally does not lead out ace and another, since he knows nothing of Z's strength in spades. The hand illustrates the advantage of going for the doubtful tricks before showing one's strength, for had Z led out all his spades first B would have played to save the game in hearts.

BOOKS ON SPORT

RETRIEVERS AND RETRIEVING. By Major W. E. Eley. Illustrated.
Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

Of all sporting dogs the retriever is so much the most essential that we can only wonder how gunners of a bygone epoch got on without one. They had, of course, their spaniels, and perhaps a spaniel is the most valuable all-round canine companion for the shooter; but it may be because we are so accustomed to the retriever that he seems simply indispensable, and it is rather surprising to be told that it was not till the late sixties or the early seventies that shooting men in general began to use a recognised stamp of animal for retrieving, although doubtless, it is added, a few kennels of retrievers pure and simple existed in the country at an earlier date. Major Eley has devoted a great deal of time to the breaking of these dogs; it has evidently been his hobby, and he has done well to put the results of his experience on paper. Of course there are different ways of arriving at the same end; the author's methods differ in some respects from those which are adopted by other men who turn out perfectly trained dogs, and it is also true that what is most effectual with one dog may not be equally successful with another; but this book contains a summary of the knowledge which Major Eley has acquired after years of thought and practice; and whether or not all readers agree with him, what such a man has to say is well worth hearing.

Major Eley, for instance, does not object to the employment of artificial scents for training dogs. He uses a bundle of house-flannel, stuffed with tow, with a little aniseed put on it, and there are many sportsmen who entirely condemn this method. All that can be said is, Major Eley has found it answer. He is certainly right, however, in what he has to say about developing the dog's intelligence. "Make it a rule when out exercising," he writes, "never to go back for a young dog that thinks he cannot get over or through a fence or gate, if in your opinion he could do so by using a little common sense and energy. Nothing teaches him quicker than having to overcome these difficulties for himself. It is a common occurrence to see a young dog howling piteously and making frantic efforts to get under the gate over which you have climbed, when probably there is a large gap in the fence a couple of yards away. If left behind he will usually find the gap for himself. The next time he is in difficulties he will look about for one; if you go back and haul him over you will have to perform the same office at the next obstacle that bars his path." It is well that the dog

should be taught to follow a cart or bicycle and avoid traffic in a sensible manner ; but, as the author says—and this applies not only to sporting dogs, but to others of all kinds—the strength of the animal must always be considered. A vast deal of unconscious cruelty is inflicted on dogs by making them run at high speed for many miles behind their masters who are comfortably travelling on wheels.

One more of the Major's rules is never to let a young retriever hunt in company with another dog or dogs at the same time and in the same spot. A puppy, he says, always hunts jealously when in company, watching the other dog, and going to him continually instead of trying to puzzle out things for himself. We can only say that we have not always found this to be the case. Within the last few days, on a Yorkshire moor, we took a young dog out for the first time ; he had never seen a bird shot, but in company with another dog he worked well and independently and did excellent service. The book is full of useful hints, not the least important of which is a reminder that in hot, dry autumn weather, when water is often scarce, dogs suffer greatly from thirst. A stone jar and a tin pan carried in the game cart should in such circumstances never be omitted.

FUR, FEATHER, AND FIN SERIES. Edited by Alfred E. T. Watson. "Wild Fowl," by L. H. de Visme Shaw ; with chapters on shooting duck and the goose, by W. H. Pope. "Cookery," by Alexander I. Shand. With eight illustrations by Archibald Thorburn and Charles Whymper. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

This is the eleventh volume of a series which must certainly be described as equally popular and authoritative. Mr. de Visme Shaw, who was previously responsible for the "Snipe and Woodcock," is equally at home with "Wild Fowl." He has read a great deal about them, but so far as we can ascertain has in no single instance been contented to take any other man's opinion on trust. He describes what he has seen with his own eyes, and done with his own hands, afloat and ashore. Starting off with what he calls the two clearly-divided orders of the duck family, those which dive for their food, and those which find it on or just beneath the surface, he gives a brief description of the various ducks most commonly met with, and then proceeds to detail the manufacture of the punt and the most effective way to employ it. "Shooting the Duck Inland and On the Shore" is the subject of the second chapter. The author recommends the construction of a certain number of pits in a line at right angles to the sea, so that whatever the state

of the tide the wildfowler can always take up a desirable position. How thoroughly he understands the habits and proceedings of the birds, the reader cannot fail at once to perceive; and as a matter of course, in these days when so many landowners are taking to the breeding of ducks, he has much to say on this head. Sport with birds such as these is not, of course "wildfowling" in the strict sense of the term; it is sufficiently good fun in its way, but a business greatly different from, and inferior to, the real thing. Another chapter is on "Decoys and Their Working." The idea of thus deluding the duck appears to have been introduced from Holland, and was first tried in Norfolk in the reign of James II. Mr. Shaw goes into this question with his usual thoroughness. Only in nine English counties, he says, has a decoy never been constructed; in Wales there have been three, in Ireland twenty-four, but apparently there has never been any in Scotland. Of the 216 which have been put up in the British Islands, only between fifty and sixty are now being utilised. In a majority of cases the decrease in the number of ducks visiting localities has rendered the working of decoys no longer profitable, and it may be that in a few years decoys will have chiefly an antiquarian interest.

Coming to geese, the author notes that eleven different kinds have been killed in our islands. Five have occurred so seldom that he has left them out of consideration, devoting his chapters to the other half-dozen—the bean goose, the pink-footed, the greylag, the white-fronted, the bernacle, and the brent. The larger fowls are treated as inexhaustibly as the duck; Mr. Pope, a practised and practical sportsman, devoting himself to "The Shooting of the Goose on Shore by Day" and "Afloat by Night," and taking the reader for an interesting excursion to continental waters. Mr. A. I. Shand, who has written about the cookery in seven of the previous volumes of the series, has long been recognised as a most unimpeachable authority, and there is a literary flavour about his work which is as agreeable as the flavours he advocates in preparing wildfowl for the table. Mr. Thorburn admirably maintains his high level of art in the illustrations; nothing could be better than his picture of "Duck Coming in from the Sea," "Teal Dropping into Cover," and brent geese "Under the Brightening Dawn."

Another volume of the series, "The Fox," is in preparation. Cookery will not form part of this book!

FLOOD, FELL, AND FOREST. By Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart. In Two Volumes. Illustrated. London: Edward Arnold. 1905.

Sir Henry Pottinger was one of the pioneers amongst Englishmen who have found in Norway a fascinating field of sport, and to

these in particular his volumes will appeal, for the reason that conditions have altered in many respects during the last half century; it is nearly fifty years since Sir Henry was one of two young men who first went shooting and fishing, and latter-day sportsmen will be interested to make comparisons. Sir Henry is rather perplexing in one respect. He says that he writes "as a mere sportsman," and goes on to confess that "sportsmen" and "sport" are words which he dislikes, and regards as more or less blots on the English language. If he suggested equivalents, we might possibly be able to agree with him, but in the absence of such instruction the situation remains complicated. Avoiding blots, we can only say that as an apprentice to elk-hunting, as a master of his art as a fisherman, and generally as a good man with the implements of the chase—we are endeavouring to gratify him by the evasion of terms he dislikes—he strikes us as in every respect one of the most desirable companions that could be found. Readers of this magazine will, we are sure, agree with us, for they are aware that Sir Henry writes admirably on subjects with which he is thoroughly acquainted; two of his chapters, "The Rifle in Norway" and "The Shot-gun in Norway," being to a great extent made up of articles originally published in these pages. He is at once picturesque and graphic, and to the sportsman (with apologies for the word) in general, and to the frequenter of Scandinavian homes of sport in particular, we heartily commend the book. The illustrations are of varying merit; that all of them are the work of a cultivated artist cannot be said, but those which fall short convey the faithful impressions of an observer.

BIG GAME SHOOTING. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson.

London: George Newnes, Ltd. 1905.

The two volumes which make up this contribution to the Country Life Library of Sport seem to us to possess this weak point—that they go over ground which is something more than well trodden, and repeat things which have been said again and again. The contributors are all good men; but they have not waited until the publication of this book to demonstrate the fact. Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley was largely responsible for the Badminton Library "Big Game Shooting," Mr. Abel Chapman contributed to this, and so did Mr. Warburton Pike. Sir Henry Seton-Karr has written, in this magazine and in many other serials, about subjects which he treats again in this work; and Mr. H. A. Bryden, who fills more than half the second volume, has been for years past one of the most prolific writers for the periodical press on African big game in all its branches. If the Badminton Library volumes and some

scores of other books on big game had not been issued, this bulky addition to the Country Life Library of Sport would have been more welcome than it is likely to prove. It is all excellent in its way—that we cordially admit ; but the complete absence of freshness cannot possibly be disguised.

THE WINNING RULES: OR, ROULETTE PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

By Sperienza. London: Harrison & Sons. 1905.

To many people, even we suspect to not a few who never play, the game of Roulette is a fascinating subject. It has been studied by many keen and critical intellects with a care and attention which might possibly have been better devoted to other things ; but with practically no exception they are all agreed on one point : that the bank must win in the long run, for the very simple reason that there is always a steady and undeviating percentage in its favour. This is the case when a man makes one stake on each turn of the wheel ; it increases in progressive ratio as he makes more than one stake, such as most systems require him to do ; and so, though luck may serve him for a time, it is to luck that he owes his success and not in the very least to calculation. "Sperienza" is one of the small minority who, so far as he has got, believes that there are systems that will infallibly beat the bank, and he essays the hopeless task of putting them down on paper. His work is only likely to convince the more thoughtless and ignorant of his readers who start with a complete lack of knowledge of the subject. Anything can be proved by figures ingeniously manipulated for the purpose. When, for instance, "Sperienza" wishes to show the value of intermittences, he goes to the table and assumes that Rouge and Noir come up alternately with regular swing. In another place intermittences would be fatal ; and here the player is supposed to go to the board and strike a sequence of no fewer than eight blacks ! "If you are lucky enough to hit a series of eight on black, you win, with only five francs, 635 francs in about ten minutes ; if you win for three more spins, so much the better for you ; if you elect to go the whole hog or none for three more spins, you would win close on ten thousand francs." If any reader has patience to follow out arguments of this description, he may be advised to purchase "Sperienza's" book ; but if he knows anything of Monte Carlo, and understands that runs of thirteen on red or on black do not come up just when they are wanted, we are afraid that he will not derive much practical advantage from a study of "Sperienza's" pages.

The author devotes much space to criticisms of two books, "Monte Carlo Anecdotes and Systems of Play," by "V.B.," and

"Monte Carlo Facts and Fallacies," by Sir Hiram Maxim. The former (published by Mr. Heinemann) we have always considered one of the best and most sensible books ever composed on the subject. "V. B." has a head for figures and he has watched the play. Sir Hiram's book we have not read, but he sums up the truth when he states that the player "always stands slightly less than an even chance of winning, and the bank always stands slightly more than an even chance of capturing the player's stake." "Sperienza," being under the impression that thirty-five and one make thirty-seven, differs entirely from Sir Hiram. The simple fact, though "Sperienza" appears to deny it, is that, whereas there are thirty-seven numbers on the board including zero, and the mathematical odds are therefore thirty-six to one, the bank only pays thirty-five to one, and on various other chances in proportion. If this were not a fact we might be prepared to accept "Sperienza's" deductions.

USEFUL HINTS AND TIPS FOR AUTOMOBILISTS. From the *Autocar*. London: Iliffe & Sons. 1905.

Books on motors and motoring pour incessantly from the press; the consequence being that whenever a new one appears the critic is induced to ask whether there was really any necessity for it? With regard to these "Useful Hints and Tips," however, we must say that they are welcome. They have formed a regular weekly feature of the *Autocar* for the last two or three years. Apparently some motorists have written for information, others have been struck by a little incident which has occurred to them and have forthwith sent off a comment about it, and the various paragraphs and pages have been carefully collected and indexed. The consequence is that if the motorist seeks instruction on almost any point, he has only to turn to the index, and the chances are that he will receive enlightenment.

THE ILLUSTRATED GAME REGISTER. London: Alston Rivers. 1905.

This is a new game book intended for the record of the season's sport. Each page is headed with sketches of partridge, pheasant, hare, rabbit, woodcock, and duck, and in squares ruled below, spaces are afforded for giving the number of each variety killed, together with the date, name of the beat and of the guests, and total. The work is not apparently intended for the moors, at least there is no column for grouse, and snipe would have to be lumped in with woodcock; but these are details. It is a convenient book for the purpose.



BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

IT has been said that there is only one safe and certain cure for sea-sickness, and that is to stay on shore. Apparently, however, "Yanatas" (3, Arundel Street, Strand) is another. One is slow to believe in the possibility of governing all the complex contributory to this distressing malady by merely taking a preparation, but there is strikingly convincing evidence that "Yanatas" is effectual. Miss Ellaline Terriss lately went with her *Catch of the Season* company to the Isle of Man. There were eighty-seven people voyagers, and all were extremely ill except Miss Ellaline Terriss, her husband Mr. Seymour Hicks, and eight ladies who took "Yanatas." So the charming actress writes; and as testimony had already been borne by the Tzarina of Russia, H.I.M. the Grand Duchess Serge, the Duchess of Beaufort, and others, incredulity must disappear.

* * * *

The question one naturally asks in connection with any medicine for which successful results are claimed is, Who says so? It is declared that Rogers' "Certicure" (128, Fort Road, Bermondsey) is an unsurpassable remedy for wounds, sprains, greasy heels, and other ailments in horses, cattle, dogs, etc., and in reply to the above question the answer is Messrs. Pickford, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, Messrs. H. D. Rawlings, and other well-known firms, who it may safely be concluded have made careful search and selected what was best.

* * * *

With regard to "Crystalate" billiard balls, which have previously been commended in these pages, it is to be specially noted that in the late championship match between W. H. Stevenson and the Scotch champion, T. Aiken, these balls were used, and that the big breaks and the number of breaks of over 100 were exceptional. This is the sort of fact which speaks eloquently for itself; and the "Crystalate" balls have this claim to consideration, that they are of English manufacture.

* * * *

The excellence of the rifles made by Mr. G. E. Lewis, the well-known Birmingham gunmaker, was lately demonstrated in a remarkable way, for his son, Mr. E. C. Lewis, has been victorious for the second year in the keenly-contested championship of the Birmingham Rifle Club, with the wonderful score of 104 out of a possible 105.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the November competition will be announced in the January issue.

THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the September competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. John C. Smith, Lincoln; Mr. R. F. Smith, Montreal; Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Mr. Thomas E. Grant, Leytonstone; Mr. P. T. Oyler, Highlands, Swanley, Kent; Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Colonel C. N. Simpson, R.F.A., Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W.; Miss Mary Best, Abbott's Ann, Andover; and Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea.



HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE—EAST ANTRIM POINT-TO-POINT

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down



BLANKNEY PUPPY SHOW—THE FOUR WINNING DOG HOUNDS: 1ST, VAGABOND;
2ND, RAMBLER; 3RD, RALLYWOOD; 4TH, RATAPLAN

Photograph by Mr. John C. Smith, Lincoln



J. W. MORTON WINNING THE 100 YARDS IN THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Photograph by Mr. R. F. Smith, Montreal



GROUSE-SHOOTING GROUP ON A WELSH MOOR, MERIONETHSHIRE, NORTH WALES

Photograph by Lord Charles Conyngham, Coedmor, Dolgelley, North Wales



NOTTINGHAMSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB RACE MEETING AT SKEGNESS

The car which stuck in the sand. Immediately after it was got out this car won its heat and also the race in which it was entered

Photograph by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln



"SCHOOLING" IN BRUSSELS

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



A HUGE WHALE CAUGHT OFF MUIZENBERG BEACH IN THE CAPE PENINSULA

Cutting the flesh at high tide

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyser, Cape Town



BACKWARDS SOMERSAULT DIVE IN THE RIVER CAM, CAMBRIDGE

Photograph by Mr. Thomas E. Grant, Leytonstone



GREYHOUND JUMPING

Photograph by Mr. P. T. Oyler, Highlands, Swanley, Kent



A SHARK, 11 FT. 9 IN. LONG, CAUGHT IN SINGAPORE WATERS FROM
H.M.S. "SIRIUS"

Photograph by Staff-Surgeon H. H. Gill, R.N., H.M.S. "Sirius"



WAITING FOR THE HOMEWARD TRAIN—"TIRED OUT"

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



AT THE YEARLING SALES, DONCASTER

Photograph by Mr. Robert Whitbread, Wellington Barracks, S.W.



A QUIET MORNING

Photograph by Miss Maud Wynter, Barnlongavt, Ardrishaig, Argyllshire, N.B.



OTTER CUBS FOUND WHILST OUT WITH THE CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS

They were brought up with a bottle until they could feed on frogs and rabbits

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



DIVING AT DIEPPE

Photograph by Colonel C. N. Simpson, R.F.A., Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W.



SISTERS -SEELYHAM TERRIERS

Photograph by Miss Mary Best, Abbott's Ann, Andover



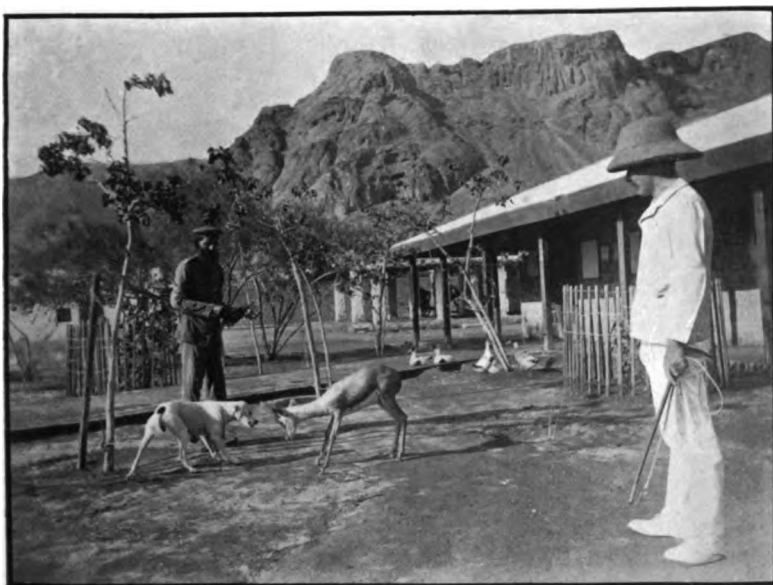
OTTER-HUNTING ON THE USK, MONMOUTHSHIRE

Photograph by Miss Clara Martin, Abergavenny



DEVOTEES OF TOBACCO

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea



"OUT YOU GO!"—GAZELLE BROUGHT UP IN THE CIVIL JAIL ENCLOSURE, ADEN

Photograph by Major H. S. Hazelgrove, 102nd Grenadiers, Aden, South Arabia



LOOKING AT THE ENTRY AT THE ATHERSTON KENNELS

Photograph by Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam, Milton, Peterborough



A FORWARD RUSH

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



A PYTHON SHOT WHILE DEVOURING A BROOD OF YOUNG PARTRIDGES NEAR
KOMATI RIVER, SWAZILAND

*Photograph by Mr. Eric S. Girdwood, Lieutenant 2nd Scottish Rifles,
Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow*



JOHN O' GAUNT WITH MR. GEORGE THURSBY UP

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

II.—MR. GEORGE THURSBY

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

“To ride on even terms with jockeys” implies a degree of proficiency seldom approached by any amateur, if the phrase be accepted in its literal meaning; and when a gentleman holding this permission from the Stewards of the Jockey Club shows how fully justified he was in seeking it by making the best winning average of the year, he assuredly must be regarded as holding a notable position among Sportsmen of Mark. The distinction of riding on even terms is a rare one, only four gentlemen having enjoyed it this year, the others besides Mr. Thursby being Messrs. G. W. Lushington, V. Maske, and P. P. Peebles; for leave is not freely granted. Considerations of

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weight, indeed, keep some enthusiastic horsemen from the saddle in flat races; but there is, of course, a serious danger if an unskilful rider gets muddled up round a turn in a field of horses, or has not the skill to keep his mount straight when finishing, so that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have to weigh the credentials of applicants with the greatest care. When we see how often even the best professional jockeys make mistakes, it is a remarkable thing to find a gentleman with such an average of success as that which Mr. George Thursby has obtained this year, especially having regard to the fact that he does not pick his mounts, but rides for his own stable whenever it is possible for him to "do" the weight.

The term "gentleman rider" has often an equivocal signifi-



ORMEROD HALL, BURNLEY, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR JOHN THURSBY, BART.

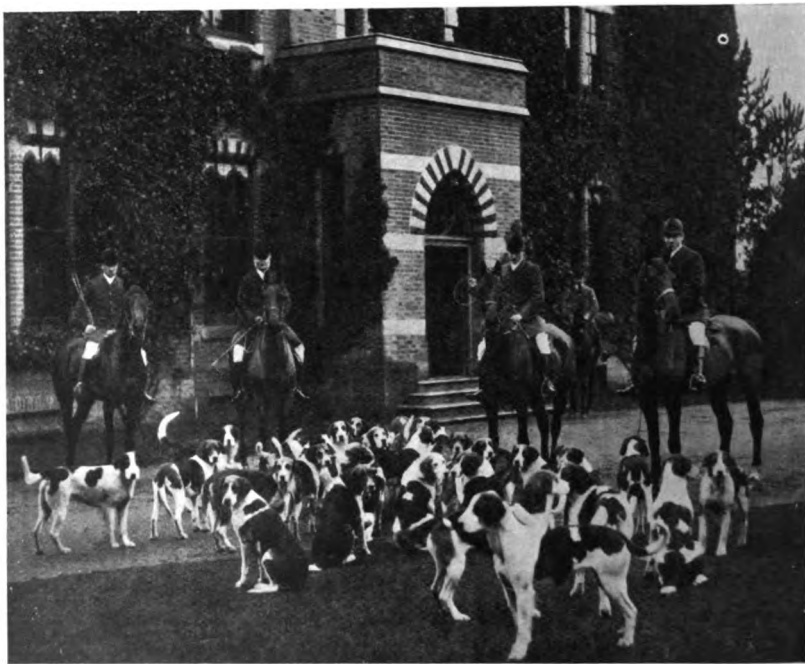
cance. "The only difference between jockey and gentleman that I know," a close adherent of the sport once observed, "is that the jockeys take it *this* way"—holding his hand out straight-forwardly—"and the gentlemen take it *that*," curling his fingers cunningly into the small of his back; but Mr. George Thursby, it need hardly be said, is not a rider of this description. Born in 1869, he is the second son of the late Sir John Thursby, who was one of the best of all-round sportsmen. Sir John was a Master of Hounds, an active member of the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs, and a shooting man as well as a hunting man, who succeeded in demonstrating that there was nothing antagonistic in the preservation of foxes and pheasants. That the son of such a personage should have early taken to sport was almost a matter of



MR. GEORGE THURSBY

course, and like the subject of the previous memoir in these pages, Mr. George Lambton, the youthful George Thursby was put on a pony a very few years after he had learned to walk.

He hunted assiduously, and soon after emerging from his teens began irresistibly to feel an attraction for sport between the flags. His earliest essay on a racecourse was made at the first meeting ever held at Hurst Park. The now popular gathering was inaugurated in 1891 by the National Hunt, the Steeplechase that year, it may incidentally be remarked, being won by Mr. Eustace Crawley on the late Mr. Willie Low's Impeyan, trained by Mr. Arthur Yates,



NEW FOREST HOUNDS

who had two fancied animals in the race, and gave Mr. Crawley the mount on the hopeless outsider, merely because he was, as usual, eager for a ride on anything. Mr. George Thursby came out in a Maiden Hunters' Hurdle Race, on a mare of his father's called Sylph, and starting at 50 to 1 in a field of five showed that the odds had been very properly appraised. A few weeks afterwards, at the Eridge Hunt, he did much better, finishing second to a good steeplechase horse, The Saint, with seven opponents behind him, but in this year he never quite succeeded in getting home. At the Bibury Meeting next season, however, he rode his father's Fog Horn in the Bibury Stakes. There were eleven starters, and several race-

MR. GEORGE THURSBY

horses amongst them, including Shortbread, a son of the Goodwood Stewards' Cup winner Sweetbread, who seemed well to deserve his favouritism, for he had readily won the two previous races in which he had taken part, ridden by "Mr. Yorke." Five to four was freely taken about poor Reggie Ward's horse, but after a well-fought-out finish George Thursby got home by a short head; and this was, of course, a feather in his cap, for "Mr. Yorke," a *nom de course* which veiled the identity of the late Lord Hardwicke, then Lord Royston, was no mean antagonist. The name of "Yorke," it may be observed in passing, was taken by the popular



BOVERIDGE PARK

"Tommy Dodd," as he was called by his friends, merely because two timid old ladies of his family were in mortal terror lest he should be killed, and anxiously searched the sporting intelligence to see whether he had survived whatever race-meeting had taken place on the previous day. Everyone interested in the Turf knew quite well who "Mr. Yorke" was, and amusement rather than contempt and disgust was generally felt when a weekly paper came out with what the editor obviously regarded as the revelation of a dim dark secret: that "Mr. Yorke" was heir to an earldom, and, of course, it was implied, only disguised the fact for the perpetration of nefarious ends.

At this time George Thursby was riding chiefly in steeplechases and hurdle races, and on another four-year-old of his father's, Mike by name, he distinguished himself at Winchester by winning a head from the odds-on favourite Brackley, ridden by no less an artist in the saddle than the late William Sensier, one of the best of steeplechase jockeys, whose lamentable death in a wretched little hurdle race at Plumpton will still be fresh in the memory of many readers; so that the fears of Mr. Yorke's aunts were not, it will be seen, wholly unfounded. Another short-head victory gained from George Barrett soon followed; and as Sir John was not quite comfortable about his son's keen participation in cross-country sport, he gradually abandoned racing under National Hunt Rules and devoted himself to the flat, except for an occasional Point-to-Point. About this time Sir John took over the Western portion of the New Forest, and for seven years George hunted the hounds with most satisfactory results to followers of the pack. Subsequently he became Master of the Ledbury, four days a week, and did a desperate lot of hard work; for he rode races continually, which of course meant any amount of travelling backwards and forwards, it often being necessary to start off to a race-meeting as soon as he got home from hunting, and to return just in time to take up his duties in the field. Fog Horn and Capsicum, on whom he won races, were trained by Mr. Higgins at Alresford; but when Sir John increased his stable the horses went to Humphreys at Lambourn, where George rode regular exercise and served a diligent apprenticeship to the mysteries of training. Peace succeeded Humphreys, and George was in residence with him when not hunting—this season with the Pytchley; but the racecourse held the principal place in his affections, and, determining to devote himself to the "great game," he settled down at Boveridge in 1898, beginning with some eight or nine horses, Cliviger, Foxstones, Holmhurst (dam of the two-year-old that is now running), and amongst others Worsthorne, who inflicted a melancholy blow on the trainer-rider and his friends at Hurst Park one afternoon in a Welter Handicap. There were only three starters, long odds were laid on the son of Minting and Queen of the Dale, and 50 to 1 was contemptuously offered against an animal called Sutton, who, however, created extreme consternation by winning comfortably.

At this time George Thursby was constantly found on The Tartar, a son of Chittabob and Tantrum, who could go a great pace for six furlongs and could get a mile under favourable circumstances. George Thursby in these days was set down as "only an amateur," and the writer well remembers one race at the Epsom Spring Meeting of 1898 when it seemed more than doubtful whether

what was implied by the word "only" came into the argument. In the Nork Park Plate, The Tartar, ridden by George Thursby, went to the post, Sheet Anchor being an odds-on favourite, ridden by Allsopp, who was seen to special advantage at Epsom in consequence of his knack of getting off; for a good start on the Surrey Downs means much. J. Watts, C. Wood, and Madden were also in opposition, and a good many people declined to back the amateur against such antagonists; but getting well away he won in a canter



JOHN O' GAUNT, BY ISINGLASS—LA FLÈCHE

by four lengths, and it became evident that he had to be seriously considered. The Tartar altogether won twenty-nine races. Paddy was another contemporary, an unpleasant horse to ride, as he used to hang so disagreeably. Dornroschen also did good service, and much was expected from Calverley, bought from the Duke of Westminster, and a good horse, or at any rate a more than useful one; but he unfortunately hit himself at exercise one morning and never got right. Trevor, bought from Mr. Arthur Yates, gave his owner some winning rides, as did Victor Don. In the Wavertree

Welter Plate at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting of 1899 George Thursby went to the post on this son of Donovan and Capsicum against a useful field, the jockeys including Morny Cannon, J. Watts, Sloan, S. Loates, and Lester Reiff, the last named on Hearwood. Kendal Boy was favourite, but was beaten a neck by Victor Don and Hearwood, who ran a dead heat. That by this time George Thursby's capacity had come to be recognised is shown by the fact that though Lester Reiff was on Hearwood odds of only 21 to 20 were laid on Mr. Washington Singer's horse in the run-off; and George Thursby upset them by a short head.

Prior to 1902 there had not been a horse of undoubtedly first class at Boveridge; but at Doncaster, in the autumn of that year, George Thursby and his brother Sir John were irresistibly attracted by an exceptionally good-looking son of Isinglass and La Flèche. Not to be defeated, Sir John bid up to three thousand guineas, at which sum the colt, soon to be known as John o' Gaunt, was knocked down to him.

When taken home he fulfilled the most sanguine expectations. He was asked to do big things, and he did them with ease; in fact, on his own downs he was never beaten, and had he not been the unluckiest of horses he would assuredly have held a high position in the list of Winners of Great Stakes. But the worst of ill fortune almost consistently attended him. Sent to Newmarket for a Maiden Plate in the spring of 1903 he started favourite, got off badly, was interfered with in the race, and succumbed by a short head to Lord Rosebery's Chelys, ridden by Watts. At Ascot in the Coventry Stakes he again got off badly and ran green; and next time out, for the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Race at Sandown, he happened to assist at the début of Pretty Polly. John o' Gaunt was favourite at 2 to 1, and for the first and only time in her marvellous career 6 to 1 was laid against Major Eustace Loder's filly, who was so far ahead when some three hundred yards had been travelled that everyone looking on thought she must have got off by herself. Asked about it on his return to the paddock, George Thursby was fairly puzzled. The start was right enough, it had seemed to him, he explained, but somehow or other Pretty Polly went away on her own and was never approached. The photographers who were trying to get a picture of the finish found only one horse on their plates, the second was so many lengths behind. John o' Gaunt's fourth essay was in the Hurstbourne Stakes, at the Bibury Club Meeting, which he won; and this £585 represented the total winnings of what many people believe, in spite of the book, to have been one of the very best horses of late years—though it may be incidentally remarked that winning races at the

Bibury Meeting is a confirmed habit of Mr. George Thursby's. In 1902, for instance, he won four of the five races confined to members of the club, and was beaten a neck by Captain Bewicke for the fifth, incidentally training John Peel, the winner of the Champagne. Last year he also won four races, including the Hurstbourne again on Standen, and his record for the past season was three.

As a three-year-old John o' Gaunt came out for the Two Thousand Guineas, and a note in Ruff's Guide says "badly off." It may almost be said that he did not get off at all; but nevertheless he made his way to second place, finishing two lengths in front of Henry the First, with a dozen others behind him. He was taken



FIGHTING FURLEY

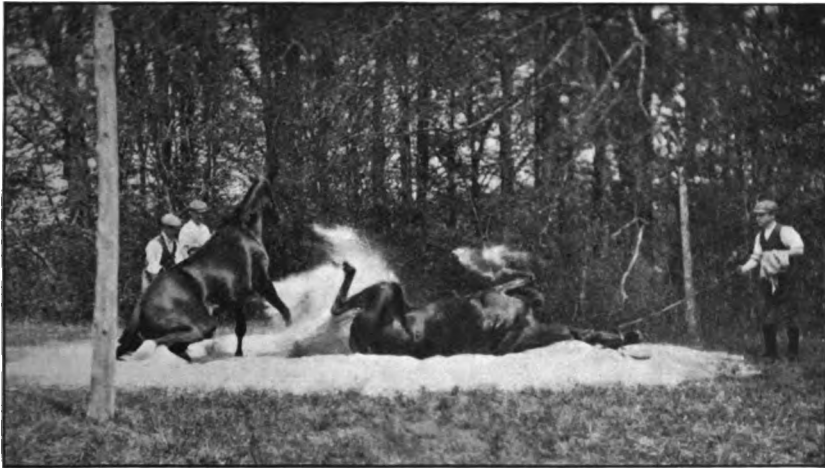
home and tried, with the usual results. Asked to give Fighting Furley 10 lb., he did so and won in a canter; this son of Colorado and Bay Celia being well able to tell what a horse could do, for he had won the Queen's Prize at Kempton with great ease by three lengths, and the Liverpool Cup with 8 st. 4 lb. also by three lengths from Bachelor's Button, 8 st. 10 lb., good horses being behind them. John had, indeed, so much in hand on this and on other occasions when asked a question at home that it was impossible to say how much. He was always a slow beginner, and laboured somewhat for the first five or six furlongs, after which he began to go away with his ears pricked, and the farther he went the better he seemed to like it. Before the Two Thousand, it may be remarked, he had

only been in work for three weeks; and seeing that he whipped right round when the gate went up, had to be straightened, and then set off in his usual deliberate fashion of beginning, that he should ever have got where he did is really wonderful. After the Derby came the Newmarket Stakes, the betting being 9 to 4 on St. Amant, 100 to 30 against John o' Gaunt, 100 to 7 Henry the First, 25 to 1 Airlie, 100 to 1 against His Majesty's colt Chatsworth.

All except the last-named had run in the Two Thousand Guineas, and the betting, of course, represented with a near approach to mathematical accuracy precisely what ought to have happened. St. Amant had won the Guineas, and those who disregarded excuses wanted to be told why he should not win again? John o' Gaunt, in spite of his having been so badly left, had been second—a couple of lengths in front of Henry the First. Assuming, therefore, that they had started on anything like equal terms, John o' Gaunt was bound to beat Henry the First much more easily. Airlie had been a long way behind the pair, and there was no sort of reason why the running as concerned him should be altered. As for the King's horse, the fact that he was on offer at the odds quoted shows plainly enough what was thought of his prospects. This time John o' Gaunt got off fairly well, and when half the distance Across the Flat—nine furlongs—had been covered, the result seemed practically beyond doubt. At the distance John o' Gaunt had won his race comfortably; Madden was hard at work on Henry the First and apparently had little compensation for his efforts; but as they neared the winning post Mr. Thursby made a mistake which has often been made by jockeys: he thought there could be no possible doubt about the result, and practically pulled up, at least he made no attempt to keep his horse going. One reason why Madden has held such a prominent place in the list of winning jockeys is because he is always on the alert. He saw here precisely what was happening, balanced his horse for one desperate run, and just got up on the post with a few inches to the good.

The first quite candidly to admit what had happened was George Thursby. Returning to the Birdcage he regretfully confessed that he had thrown the race away by unpardonable carelessness; and, indeed, that he might have won by a comfortable margin was abundantly evident to everyone who understood the elements of race-riding. But John o' Gaunt, who had been second in the Two Thousand as just described, was second again, and destined to be second once more in the Derby. This was, of course, the year of the great thunderstorm. The date was the 1st of June, when fair weather might reasonably have been expected, but the state of things was simply phenomenal. The forked lightning was blinding, the

thunder terrific, rain fell in sheets. Since the day when Hackness's Cambridgeshire was postponed, such weather had not been experienced on a racecourse. The French horse *Gouvernant*, favourite at 7 to 4, was helpless; John o' Gaunt was as bad; only St. Amant, hooded and blinkered so that he did not feel the weather as the others did, would do anything, and it is not surprising, therefore, that jumping off he should have been in front all the way and come in alone. If John o' Gaunt could only have been persuaded to take hold of his bit at all, it is as certain as anything can be in racing that he would not have finished three lengths behind St. Amant. Lord Durham, who chanced to know how the two previous Derby winners had been galloped, had no hesitation in saying that John o' Gaunt had been a



HORSES TAKING THEIR SAND BATH

good deal more highly tried than either of them. It is not impossible that *Gouvernant*, who was seventh, might have beaten them all; no one can possibly say, indeed, what might have happened, for the Derby of 1904 was not really a race. In a race, horses gallop, and here all but one of the eight animals that went to the post simply curled up to avoid the fury of the elements.

That was John o' Gaunt's last appearance on a racecourse. The cruellest part of it all arose from the fact that he was just maturing. As a matter of fact he ought not to have run at all as a two-year-old; but Duke, who then trained at Boveridge and whose professional opinion naturally swayed Mr. George Thursby against his better judgment, got the colt ready, or at any rate to such a condition of readiness that he showed in his gallops what he could

do; so that it seemed a pity not to pick up the races which were apparently at his mercy. Off the racecourse his bad luck continued. While cantering on the Downs one day he trod on a broken shoe, flung the fragment back, and hit himself on his hind leg, the consequence being a nasty wound. Soon after he was well enough to be put in work again he whipped round one day, struck a fence, and ran a thorn so far into his eye that for a long time it was feared he had blinded himself. This apprehension happily proved unfounded, but in a short time symptoms of mischief appeared in his near fore leg, and then followed that period of alternate hopes and fears with which owners of horses, and particularly it appears of good horses, are so painfully familiar. It was thought that he was going strong and well, and that the trouble had disappeared; then again the ailment asserted itself, he was rested, seemed to be recovering, got gradually into strong work, and showed the threatening symptoms once more. He had been well entered, of course, many valuable races seemed walks-over for him, but it was impossible to get him to the post. The widest differences of opinion exist as to his merit. Those who know what he could do at home are convinced that he was a great horse; those who merely follow the book ask what he had ever done, disdain excuses, deride the idea of ill luck, and dwell on the fact that after all he won only a single race, and that by a neck from a moderate horse. Sir John Thursby, however, believes in him, and so, it appears, do a great many breeders of horses. At the stud he will have every possible chance afforded him, and I must confess my own strong opinion is that he will do credit to his parentage, and bring new distinction upon the great names of Isinglass and La Flèche.

For the last two or three years the Boveridge horses have been nominally trained by George Edwards, an excellent stableman and most trustworthy servant, but it is understood that Mr. George Thursby is really responsible for all that happens in the stable. It was hoped and believed the year before John o' Gaunt excited such hopes that John Peel, a son of Enthusiast and Hunting Queen, would do great things for the stable, and he won his first three races, after which he took, however, to breaking blood vessels. This may mean little or much; in John Peel's case it was serious; he bled from the lungs so badly that he had to be shot. During the present season George Thursby jumped off well by winning the Brocklesby with a son of Donovan and Lady Lena called Crathorne. Bill of the Play is another useful three-year-old on whom he won a couple of races, and would have won a third had he been able to do the weight; and Picton, after winning at Chester in his trainer's hands and running three seconds,

carried off the Dewhurst Plate ; so that the stable has something to go on with.

George Thursby, who walks nearly ten stone in winter, has naturally hard work to ride something under nine ; but his devotion to the game makes him willing to endure the inevitable hardships, to starve himself, walk hard, and spend much time in Turkish baths. The art of race-riding is one of the most difficult



BOVERIDGE STABLES

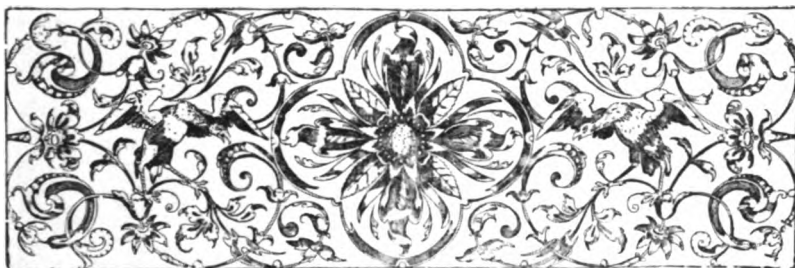
to acquire, and when an enthusiast has learnt it, it is only natural that he should be extremely reluctant to give it up. Mr. Thursby admits that early in his career he threw away race after race in consequence of his inability to recognise and seize his opportunities ; for if they are not seized they are lost. The business of finishing is particularly hard for the inexperienced rider ; horses hang so much when they are tired, and the jockey has to hold them straight as well as to drive them home. For one thing George

Thursby is blessed with exceptionally good hands, as is proved by the fact that rogues almost invariably run kindly for him. Of course he has had some rough experiences, horses in his stable never having been picked because they were easy to ride. Paddy was an awkward animal, so was The Tartar, who had a habit of stopping short when cantering to the post, and on one occasion nearly put his rider down; though, so far, he has never had a fall on the flat. Men who ride over fences expect to fall, or if they do not they are unduly sanguine. Worst of all, perhaps, was the American-bred Joe Ullman, whose great idea of enjoying himself—and he had a great fancy for enjoyment—was running away; but George Thursby induced him to win. On Vendale, winner of the Chester Cup in 1903, he also scored. This son of The Bard and Water Lily, many readers will no doubt remember, was only beaten a short head for the big Auteuil hurdle race, with Mark Time and Karakoul unplaced.

When George Thursby started riding some of the then jockeys, a little resentful at having an amateur among them, were not always agreeable, but now he is most popular with the professionals and cordially welcomed. With his quiet good-nature and unassuming manner it is impossible to imagine him otherwise. Paragraphs in various papers have stated that he proposes to give up riding in consequence of the difficulty of keeping down his weight, but he will be found in the saddle next season, and it is to be hoped, unless the strain really tries him, for many seasons to come.



VENDALE, WINNER OF THE CHESTER CUP AND OTHER RACES



THE IMPORTANCE OF LEAVING A GOOD BREEDING-STOCK.

BY "CORNISH CHOUGH."

DURING the last few years a very great many articles have been written on the subject of grouse and partridge management, almost every sort of plan for increasing their numbers has been ventilated either in the weekly sporting press or in the magazines; but the writer ventures to think that one point, and perhaps the most important of all, has been overlooked—*i.e.*, the necessity of leaving a really good and sufficient breeding-stock.

To deal with the grouse first; it has been the custom on the majority of Scotch moors to burn the candle at both ends, first "dogging," then "walking in line," and finally driving until there is not a quarter of the stock left which the ground is capable of carrying.

The Scotch keepers especially seem to dread leaving anything like an adequate breeding stock, as they fear that disease will come; accordingly (I am not speaking of *all* moors) they encourage the owners or lessees to shoot and shoot until nearly every bird on their ground must have passed frequently through the fiery ordeal, either over dogs (when the young birds suffer terribly) or between the butts at some time or other during the season.

On the majority of moors the "butts" are so far apart—*i.e.*, from seventy to ninety yards—that many of the birds crossing between, as they very soon learn to do, are so far out that they only get "pricked," with the result that they either die in the spring, or at best are but feeble breeders.

After the shooting season is over the snow comes, and perhaps all the grouse on a very big stretch of country collect together in one enormous pack in search of food. Owing to the particular direction of the wind they may peradventure seek a certain sheltered spot on Monday; the keeper of that moor happens to see this great pack of

some two or three thousand grouse, and at once writes off to his master to say that there is a *grand* stock of birds on his ground. The next day the wind may change and the snow drift over their feeding-ground, the pack will very likely fly some miles to another moor which is more sheltered, much to the astonishment and delight of the keeper there, who promptly writes off to his master to say that there are far more birds left than he thought. This process is repeated, the same big pack serving to keep up the hearts of keepers and proprietors on several adjoining moors. But when the frost breaks up and the snow more or less disappears the big pack will break up also and spread itself over the country, providing perhaps a quarter of the proper stock; the following breeding season is a moderate one, and keepers, landlords, and lessees are all alike disappointed.

It is quite certain that far more grouse per 1,000 acres are left to stock the Yorkshire and Welsh moors at the end of each season than is the case on most Scotch moors, and it is equally certain that disease is, to say the least, not more frequent on these moors than in Scotland.

A very great authority on grouse has told the writer that he believes the best way to prevent disease is to kill down the old birds as much as possible, and to do this effectually backward and forward drives over the same line of butts are very necessary, as the young grouse won't stand more than one or two drives, after which they sit tight, and allow their parents, uncles, and aunts to face the music, with disastrous results to those relations, but with peace and quiet to themselves during the next breeding season. N.B.—Grouse butts should never be more than fifty-five yards apart, and if possible forty-five, if you are to consider the welfare of the breeding-stock. Supposing the butts are fifty yards apart, and a pack comes, as they often do, especially late in the season, just on the dividing line between the butts; the nearest distance you can shoot at them coming at you, allowing for a safe angle, is about thirty-five yards; again, if you shoot when they have passed the line, they will be rather more than forty yards by the time your shot reach them, and this on a full-feathered bird like a grouse is quite high enough trial for any gun. As things are, what a lot of birds are pricked as they pass between butts eighty to ninety yards apart! A good shot seldom misses his bird altogether; if he is humane he will not shoot, and thereby perhaps be mentally abused by his host or next-door neighbour for not at least having a shot at them and turning them into the next butt.

On those moors where a *good* stock is habitually left, such as Broomhead, Moy, Mealmore, Wemmergill, Ruabon, Hunthill, and a

few others, it will be noticed that the bags in the following year are almost always heavier than on the general run of moors. True, disease does now and then make its appearance on *most* of the above, but they recover much quicker. For instance, last year Wemmergill was badly hit either by disease or a bad nesting season, it was wisely shot very lightly, with the result that this year capital sport has been enjoyed.

Hand in hand with this question of stock, the almost equally important one of food occurs. With regard to this, much has already been written elsewhere, but there is no doubt that winter, or rather autumn heather-burning (with paraffin lamps as opposed to the old match box which would not catch hold), is going to revolutionise many Scotch and English moors. The writer knows one magnificent moor on which of late years three to five days' burning was the average, with the result that the heather was not properly burnt, great stretches of old rank growth predominating. Last season, by means of autumn and spring burning, over thirty days were obtained, and the young heather is showing up all over the place. This is a benefit to both grouse and sheep.

With regard to the latter, it is well known that they live on young heather shoots for ten months of the year; so do the grouse, only more so; therefore if a moor is full up with sheep, it cannot feed so many grouse, and it is a question for the landlord to make up his mind as to whether he shall limit the number of sheep, *and see that the number paid for is not exceeded*, thereby getting a larger crop of grouse, and therefore bigger shooting rent; or whether he shall play up entirely for the sheep farmer, and eventually suffer as to bad grouse crop or shooting rent. The writer believes that on big moors a *fair* number of sheep do more good than harm, but he strongly suspects that where Mr. McTavish, the sheep farmer, pays rent for, say, 600 sheep, more often than not from 1,000 to 1,400 are run on the ground, whereby the landlord and shooting tenant both suffer.

Now with regard to partridges. It has, till quite lately, been the custom on by far the majority of estates (Holkham, The Grange, Welbeck, and a few others excepted) to persecute these dear sporting little fellows in the most unmerciful and senseless manner. Ever since the writer can remember—and, alas! that is for some thirty shooting seasons—he has seen the partridge pursued with extraordinary vigour and disastrous perseverance by otherwise kind-hearted and apparently intelligent landlords.

If anyone dared to remonstrate, the argument always was, and in some cases still is, "Oh, the more you shoot 'em the better." The apostles of this doctrine have apparently forgotten the old and

true saying that *ex nihilo nil fit*; they seem to think that the partridge is like—

A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut tree,
The harder you beat 'em, the better they be.

When you come to think of all the enemies the poor partridge has to contend with, independently of bloodthirsty man, viz., foxes, cats, rats, hawks, hedgehogs, cattle and horses in the fields, stoats, not forgetting reaping machines in the young grass, late frosts spoiling the early eggs, thunderstorms just as they are hatching, drought and consequent loss of insect food later on, the wonder is that any considerable number survive. Why, then, pursue them so relentlessly? The writer knows a very good instance where a rational procedure has produced wonderful results, which are as follows:—

A certain estate of about 2,400 acres in the Eastern counties was purchased four years ago by a very keen sportsman who thoroughly understands every branch of the game. The estate, though small, is compact, well watered, and good partridge ground, with perhaps 120 acres of coverts on it. Up to four years ago a great many pheasants were hand-reared; the partridges were left to take care of themselves, as apparently were the rats and other vermin. N.B.—There are no foxes, as it is not a hunting country. Up to the time of this estate passing to the present owner, the best day's partridge driving, with a very good team of guns, yielded sixty-eight or seventy brace. The first year of the new owner's reign, the two keepers spent the whole of their time trapping vermin; no pheasants were reared, so their hands were free, and have been kept so ever since in that line; partridges were very lightly shot, eggs were exchanged with friends in different parts of England and Scotland, and put into the nests. 1903 was, as we all know, a poor partridge year, but owing to the thorough trapping, change of blood, and fairly large stock left, the following season yielded 116 and 118 brace for the first two days' driving.

Last year trapping was as relentlessly pursued, more eggs were exchanged, the season was a fair one, and the bag rose to 240 brace and 216 brace for the first two days, and over 600 brace for the season. A very large stock was left, calculated at 450 brace for the 2,000 acres of partridge ground. All the local authorities shook their heads, and said there would be disease and goodness knows what other disasters; but the owner went his way serenely, he *knew* of 416 nests, all of which hatched out except eleven; and in the middle of last October he had the satisfaction of getting 453 brace and 440 brace in his first two days, and will probably get another 150 brace per day. So much for leaving a good stock; but it would be

no use doing this if the trapping of rats and ordinary vermin were not strenuously pursued *all the year*. Now, the writer ventures to express his opinion that on the majority of shooting estates, besides an inadequate stock of partridges being left, about April nearly all the keepers' energies are given up to collection of pheasants' eggs, and their subsequent rearing, shifting coops, mixing food, night-watching, etc., whilst the poor partridges are left to shift for themselves, and the vermin to enjoy a sort of four months' Bank Holiday, and play—well, "mischief" all over the estate.

To quote another instance of a good stock producing invariably good results, look at Holkham. The partridges there are never driven until late in November, when the ground is nearly bare; there are no big root-fields or cover of any sort, and the November partridge is a very different bird from what he was in early October. At Holkham the ground is only driven once, everything is done to realise as much as possible when the shooting party is out; but however bad the day may be, and however large the stock may be that is left, they are never molested again. The consequence is that every season the bag is seldom less than 300 brace, and very often tops 500 brace in the day to seven guns; this in November!

The writer also knows two properties situated in strictly preserved fox-hunting countries. Of course mammoth bags cannot be expected where there are a lot of foxes (though Westacre, in Norfolk, is the exception which proves the rule). Still, in spite of from twenty to forty foxes known to be living on each of the above estates, bags have been consistently made of from 140 to 220 brace in the day for three days in succession. Here again the partridges are never disturbed after the first time over, as it is more important than ever that a really good breeding-stock should be left.

The question now arises, what is a good breeding stock? Very few keepers and fewer owners of shootings seem to have any but the haziest idea on this point, but the writer thinks that though, of course, it is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule, still one can get a sort of idea by the following calculation.

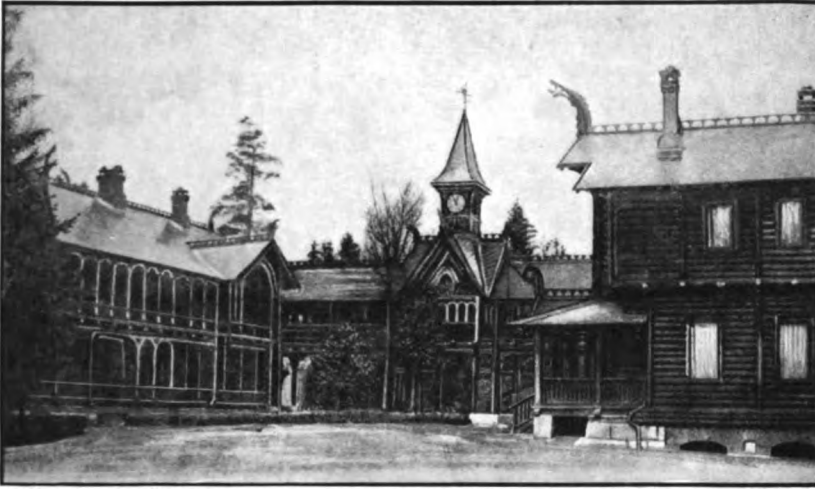
To begin with, no partridge should be shot after the first week in January, as the birds are just thinking about pairing then. The ground should be left as quiet as possible; and taking the ordinary partridge-driving beat at say 800 acres, and supposing that it is the ambition of the owner or lessee to kill 300 brace off that ground the following season, the keeper of the beat should be confident that he has at least 120 brace of birds on this ground. Of this 120 brace, the chances are that some 10 brace of cocks will be killed fighting, or find that they are without mates. This leaves 110 pairs. Allow 10 per cent. of nests being destroyed by vermin or misadventure,

such as cattle stepping on the nest, etc. (heavy thunderstorms must not come into this at all, as provided the storm is heavy enough and comes just at the wrong moment, *i.e.* when birds are either just hatching or have just hatched off, a whole beat may be practically destroyed for that season), this should leave 100 nests. Taking one season with another, an *average* of eight young birds per covey is, if anything, rather above the usual result. In very good years the average of young may be as high as 10 per covey—but let us say 8; that will give us 100 coveys $\times 8 = 800$ young birds + 200 old ones, *i.e.* 1,000 birds for the beat. Some of these will be sure to die from misadventure; let us allow 10 per cent., *i.e.* 100, being lost before the shooting commences. There should then be 900 birds on the ground. Given good weather and straight powder *and* good management, it will be quite possible to realise from 250 to 300 brace in the day; anyhow, the owner can calculate that he can afford to take that number off this beat, and leave 150 brace as stock for the next year; but many of these will be pricked birds which will die in the winter.

Where a larger bag is desired, of course a larger stock must be left; and where foxes abound, it is needless to say, a much greater number should be left. The writer is of opinion that every estate in England that possesses fair-sized fields, well-farmed land, and good keepers, can be made to yield the above bag four seasons out of five.

One word as to foxes. Many say, "Oh, you can't have partridges if you have many foxes!" This is *not* the case, provided your keepers are keen and worth their pay and allowances. It is true many nests will be taken, but if the keeper will just drop a rat, rabbit, pigeon, rook, or any other *fresh-killed* animal near the hedge where he knows he has several nests, the vixen or dog-fox which is foraging for her or his family away in the big woods will very soon find the rat or rabbit and trot off glad that she has come across something so easily to satisfy the hungry mouths at home; and when she goes out for a further supply she will probably hunt a different hedge and find yet another choice item for the family menu in the shape of a mole or, perhaps, a woodpigeon. By this means you may have a good lot of partridges for your shooting friends in October, and an equally fine show of cubs and old foxes for your equally good friend the M.F.H.

NOTE.—To bear out the above remarks as to leaving a good stock. At Holkham this year, *i.e.* November 7, 1905, Lord Leicester's party on the Warham beat obtained 804 brace of partridges without the pick-up. On the same beat last year 520 brace were obtained in a gale of wind and a very large stock was left. The guns on the present occasion consisted of Lord Coke, H.H. Prince Frederick Dhu eep Singh, Colonel the Hon. W. Coke, Major C. W. Loughb., Colonel Custance, Major Acland-Hood, Mr. W. Forbes, Mr. W. Barry. This is a record for this county. No Hungarians or hand-reared birds have ever been turned out on this estate. "CORNISH CHOUGH."



THE KAISER'S SHOOTING-BOX AT ROMINTEN
Showing on the left of the picture the wing added for the Kaiserin

ROYAL HOMES OF SPORT

XV.—HOMES OF SPORT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS OF PRUSSIA : ROMINTEN

(Written by gracious permission of Kaiser Wilhelm II.)

BY J. L. BASHFORD, M.A.

AN account of the Rominten Forest forms a suitable conclusion to the series of articles on the Hohenzollern Homes of Sport that have appeared this year in the *Badminton Magazine*. It is the Kaiser's favourite deer forest, and is one of the two, the Schorfheide being the other, that his Majesty reserves for his own exclusive pleasure. Of all those that I have seen I should unhesitatingly select Rominten as the place that furnishes a sportsman with the most imposing idea of forest life. This forest is in East Prussia, quite close to the Russian frontier, and is divided into four districts—Warnen, Nassawen, Szittkehmen and Goldap; and has an area of about 100,000 German Morgens, *i.e.* about 60,000 English acres. Each district has a Warden, or Oberförster, over it, with five foresters and several subordinate officials under him. The forest consists mainly of pines and Scotch firs—some of them up to 120 years of age, and of great height and bulk. There are also in the marshy regions (called Brüche) and in some other parts of the forest a good many deciduous trees—oaks, beeches, birches, alders and aspens. These "Brüche" are very numerous amongst the conifers, and supply soiling pools for the deer.

From a tower situated about 700 ft. above the level of the sea, at a commanding spot called Königshöhe, not far from Rominten village, an extensive view over the whole forest is attainable, and the eye reaches in an easterly direction far beyond the Russian frontier into Poland. Seen from here the varied autumnal tints of the foliage of these scattered patches of deciduous trees stand out with strikingly picturesque effect amongst the evergreen firs.

It has been said that the enclosing of the forest would cause the herds of deer to deteriorate, but this has not been the case at all, as was easily shown by the specimens of cast antlers that were collected last year. There is a good deal of grass in the forest itself where the browsing is all that could be desired. In strong contrast to the forests in the March of Brandenburg, at the Göhrde and at Letzlingen, we have everywhere at Rominten a splendid carpet, so to speak, of fresh moss and grass under the trees, with plenty of ferns and an exuberant supply of shamrock, of which the deer are particularly fond. And further, meadows have been created in all parts of the forest which not only serve as excellent browsing and rutting places, but prove themselves to be a very profitable investment. The herds are thus compensated for the inability to obtain browsing outside the forest, and the hay that is taken off these meadows is served to them as food in winter and spring. Part of the meadowland is leased to tenants who in return have to keep the rest of the meadow in order, and to cart the hay to the feeding places, where it is stored. Lupins and potatoes, etc., are also grown within the forest for feeding purposes.

In view of the capital browsing at Rominten very exceptionally good herds are to be found there, and the Wardens of the forest conscientiously devote all their energies to keeping up the stock to its highest level. The Rominten stags are only inferior in size to the wapiti of North America, the Hungarian, and, perhaps, the Persian stags. They have massive antlers of dark colour, far superior in shape and weight to any of the heads from the other royal preserves, and the stags weigh after gralloch frequently up to 380 and 400 lb. There is no foreign blood in the stock. The old Lithuanian stag that was found here long before Rominten became annexed to the Hohenzollerns always enjoyed a great reputation amongst sportsmen.

The Rominten Heide—the Rominten Forest—called in old maps the Romintener Heide or Romintensche Heide—derives its name from the River Rominte which flows through the middle of the forest, a stream formerly sung of in Lithuanian verse,¹ and

¹ In Lithuanian the word signifies "quickly hurrying along."

formed by the junction of four other streams which join each other in pairs—the Blinde (=sallow, *Salix caprea*, which grows there) and the Bludszer, and the Szinkuhner and the Szittkehmer, which meet a little more than a mile above the village of Rominten. All these streams contain trout; and special attention is now being paid by the Warden of the Rominten district to the breeding of this fish, some sixty of which were netted for the imperial table the day before the arrival of the Kaiser and Kaiserin on September 24. Four reservoirs for breeding purposes were being constructed in the



**THE KAISER AND HIS ATTENDANT LOADER WITH THE 44-POINTER STAG KILLED
IN THE ROMINTEN FOREST, SEPTEMBER 27, 1898**

(Photograph by Goltheil und Sohn, Königsberg)

forest near Szittkehmen by a specialist when I was staying there with the Warden in September.

This forest was an ancient region of sport, and the Teutonic knights who conquered Masuria and Lithuania as far as the Memel in the latter half of the thirteenth century hunted here. They were the pioneers of Christianity and civilisation in those parts, where they created the so-called "Wilderness," which was an almost impenetrable forest in which they allowed no roads or paths to be cut as a kind of protective girdle round the south and east of the country that passes now under the name of East Prussia. Few

ventured to traverse the forest except fisher-folk, hewers of wood, and tar-burners. The Teutonic knights hunted here the ure-ox (*Bos urus*), the elk, the bear, the wolf and the stag.

In the days of the Dukes in Prussia the Rominten Heide was spoken of as a resort for hunting, and George William, father of the Great Elector, frequently hunted here, even though in his days (he reigned from 1619-1640), which were those of the Thirty Years' War, there was not much leisure for field sports.

In order to reach Rominten, which is two hundred miles by rail from Berlin, you take the night train for Russia, leaving the Prussian capital at 11 o'clock p.m., travelling via Dirschau, Marienburg, Elbing and Königsberg to Insterburg. You can then change for Goldap and use the branch line to Gross-Rominten, or can continue on the main line to Stallupönen and travel to Gross-Rominten from the other end of this branch line. By the former route you reach Gross-Rominten at about 2 p.m. the next day, arriving at Rominten at about 4 p.m. after a drive of a little under two hours through the forest. Formerly the Kaiser used to cover the ground from the station to his shooting-box in a carriage drawn by four Trakehners from the royal stud of Trakehnen, which is not many miles distant. His Majesty now uses his motor-car.

From 1853-56 a portion of the forest was completely destroyed by that terrible forest plague, the *Liparis monacha*—called here the "Nonne"—which came from Russia. In the midst of a storm the whole Haff was covered by a dense cloud composed of this moth, and in one night, between the 23rd and 24th of July, 1854, the cloud fell over Königsberg, and subsequently invaded the country inland on July 29 and 30, covering sixty German square miles in the district of Gumbinnen—i.e. 420 square kilometres, or about 162 square English miles. Trees were destroyed representing 183,642,000 cubic metres of timber. The old portion of the forest consisting of pines was attacked—the Scotch firs and deciduous trees being left untouched. The ravages extended over a period of three years. Very probably the necessary precautions were not taken; anyhow, the trees either fell of themselves or were hewn down. An immense tract of forest was thereby completely lost.

The subsequent fresh afforestation of the soil lasted for twenty years. The work was carefully carried out; but it is interesting to note that in one part of the forest oaks, beeches, elms, ash, alders, birch and willow, with hazel-bushes as undergrowth, grew up wild indiscriminately and quite thick and close together. Instead of clearing this part and afforesting it anew it was left as it was, and is now known as "die wilden Jagen," or wild sections. They afford excellent covert for the game, especially as they are almost impen-

trable. The stags are fond of browsing here, and it is a favourite place for them for fraying their antlers. Stalking paths have been cut through for use during the rutting season.

One of the peculiarities of the Rominten Forest is that except during the rutting season the deer seldom show themselves. It is possible to wander for days about the forest at any other time of the year and only see a stray stag or hind. Hence it was a courteous act of kindness on the part of the Warden of Szittkehmen, when he heard that I was coming to Rominten with the gracious permission of his Majesty, to beg me to make my arrangements so as to arrive



GROUP ON THE SO-CALLED "NAVY MEADOW" IN THE ROMINTEN FOREST—
THE KAISER WITH 14-POINTER STAG

during the rutting season when the stags were roaring. He invited me to stay with him at Szittkehmen during part of my visit, and made arrangements that whilst I was at Rominten I should accompany the forester morning and evening when he went out to harbour the stags. I was thus enabled to have an insight into the Kaiser's mode of pursuing sport here. His Majesty generally goes out shooting in the early morning as well as in the afternoon. We used to start at 3 a.m., the forester's object being to harbour all the best stags and to obtain every available information about them. The roads are excellent, and the rutting places on the meadows, which are approached by paths, are provided with standings and so-called

"pulpits," or elevated places of observation, from which the movements of the stags and hinds can be watched.

When the weather was favourable—fine and crisp with no wind—the challenge of the rutting stags could be heard incessantly throughout the night. On the whole, the season was not good this year, and his Majesty's sport did not bear comparison with that of recent years. The weather was too stormy and sometimes too warm; and the finest stags did not show themselves. Moreover, it was quite clear from the aspect of the stems of the antlers, from the bay antlers on, that the stags had experienced the effects of the cold of the early part of the year. But similar complaints came from every forest this season. It was my good fortune to be able to stalk some of the best stags that afterwards fell to the Kaiser's gun.

One morning when I was at Rominten, when the stags avoided the meadows, the forester and I were able to stalk a fine 18-pointer within 40 yards, and later on the same morning, as we were passing through one of the small marshes close to a soiling pool, where the stag, which turned out to be a fine 14-pointer, had been enjoying a good roll and afterwards the freshly fallen leaves of the ash and alder, we sniffed his odour, and stalked him amongst the trees to within 30 yards. On each of these occasions we remained for some minutes watching the stags as they challenged in the neighbourhood of their hinds. There was a good deal of walking to be done, and we did not get home till between 7.30 and 8 o'clock, after having fully earned our breakfast. In the afternoon we started again, about half-past three, and remained out till long past dark.

The rutting season at Rominten is at its best from September 20 to October 6, and is of course influenced then by the prevailing temperature. The stags here are really imposing to behold, dark in colour, elegant and powerful of frame—truly noble monarchs of the forest—with fine swelling throats; and their challenge is deep-toned, much deeper than that of the Schorf heide stags. They fight with savage fury, and this season one fine young stag that would certainly have developed into something better was gored in one of his combats, and had to receive the *coup de grâce*. Sometimes the stags get their antlers interlaced during these fights, when they generally perish miserably. A year or two ago a 16 and a 14-pointer were found with interlaced antlers on a meadow of the Goldap district by the Warden; one was dead, and had been dragged by the other to the meadow from inside the forest. It was impossible to separate the two, so that the live one had to be killed. The two interlaced heads are now suspended in the Warden's drawing-room. Another pair of interlaced antlers was found by the Warden of the Rominten district.

Endurance, a good eye, and a quick unerring aim are indispensable in this forest, and the Kaiser has all these qualities coupled with an intense love for the sport.

The herds are fond of travelling, hence the stock in the summer and winter in a given district is not the same; and some of the districts on the frontier contain only male deer. The stags that get fed in the winter do not frequent the same parts during the rest



HEADS OF STAGS WITH INTERLACED ANTLERS FROM ROMINTEN FOREST

of the year, especially in the rutting season. A good supply of grass is to be found in the East Prussian forests, and this accounts for the excellence of the East Prussian heads, for all depends on the browsing. The massiveness of a head is of course the effect of good browsing, and the hardy type of the Rominten stag is also due to the severity of the climate. No weakling bird or beast can stand it. The climate is in general moist, and the summer short with many cold nights. In winter the cold is intense, and the thermometer

frequently registers 20° (Réaumur) of frost for weeks together ; indeed a spell of 30° of frost is not unknown. Snow lies here generally from November till the end of April, and in the middle of May drifts are often found unmelted.

In winter the herds all return to the conifers where they have shelter from the wind. There is moss below, and the pines with their covering of snow form a natural shelter. Where the twenty-year-old trees stand regular walls of snow about twelve feet high get formed, which are almost impenetrable, and with the snow pressing down the branches from above, a sort of snow house, constructed by nature, serves to protect the herds from the icy east winds that blow over from the Siberian steppes—winds that seem to pierce through the warmest fur. Except where it drifts the snow does not lie here very high. It does not fall in large quantities at once, as in the mountains, but very often for many days in succession. It becomes hard so that one can walk on it. In March the surface thaws in the sun ; but the night frosts turn it hard again, and this is then a dangerous time for the deer, for they are thus liable to get wounds in their hoofs, and as they cannot reach the browsing under the hard snow they are apt to die miserably. During the months when snow lies here—*i.e.* from November till April—only sleighs are used in the forests, of which the accompanying illustration gives a specimen.

This part of the country suffered a good deal from Napoleon's undisciplined defeated troops as they returned from Russia in 1812. Many a French soldier settled here too, rather than return to his native land. There are several French names still to be met with round about Rominten. Amongst the officials also there is a Voulième and a Formaçon. The retreating soldiery brought weapons with them, and poaching developed to a degree most disastrous to the stock of game, especially as the number of officials in the forest was far too small to properly supervise it.

Later on the stock of red deer was all but exterminated through the excessive poaching, so that in 1851 one of the Wardens, named Reiff, of the Nassawen district, reported that there were only thirteen red deer in the whole forest, amongst whom eight were warrantable stags. Reiff, who was subsequently murdered by poachers in 1867, applied in 1857 to King Frederick William IV. for a few hinds to be sent to Rominten from the Potsdam Wildpark, so that the Rominten stock should not completely die out. The King was vastly astounded on receipt of such a request from Rominten, the more so as in all the other preserves there were plenty of stags ; but he complied with the request and had five hinds sent from Wildpark, two of which died on the way. Every possible care was taken of the few

HOMES OF SPORT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS 619

remaining stags and hinds, and the personnel was augmented so that poaching could be kept down with the utmost severity. The stock gradually increased again. Reiff was informed of the King's astonishment, and he replied prophetically:—"I shall not live to see the day; but the time will come when the Hohenzollern princes will visit the Rominten Heide in order to shoot the strongest and largest German stags!"

The attractions of this place did not escape the notice of that keen sportsman, Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the father of the Duchess of Connaught, who secured the shooting there, practically exclusively, from 1868 to 1885. During that period he went to Rominten almost every year and shot some very fine stags, the



ROMINTEN FOREST IN WINTER

Baron Speck von Sternburg bringing home in his sleigh two wild boars shot in the forest

heads of which still hang in the château now occupied by his son at Klein-Glienicke, near Potsdam. He always put up at the forester's house.

Meanwhile, the attention of Prince William of Prussia (the reigning monarch) had been drawn to Rominten by one of the Wardens, and immediately after his cousin's death he induced his imperial grandfather to put a spoke in the wheel of those courtiers who, from their previous intimacy with Prince Frederick Charles, thought they had acquired almost the prescribed right of shooting at Rominten. The Kaiser accordingly gave orders that this splendid royal forest should be reserved for his grandson. The Prince ascended the throne himself three years afterwards, and nobody

else has been allowed to shoot here since then. By way of exception, his Majesty gave his eighteen-year-old son, Prince Augustus William, permission, on October 4, to shoot a stag, but he did not get a shot at one; and Admiral von Hollmann, one of his Majesty's constant guests at Rominten, was allowed the same day to kill a poor stag, an odd 12-pointer. The real first-rate specimens are reserved for the Kaiser alone.

His Majesty, who for some reason or another was prevented from visiting Rominten as Prince, went there for the first time as King of Prussia and German Emperor in 1890. There was no royal shooting-box there then, and his Majesty and his friend Count Dohna of Schlobitten, in East Prussia (now Prince Dohna), took up their residence in the village inn, which is by no means the "commodious Hôtel built for the accommodation of the Kaiser's guests," as it was described in a London morning paper at the time of Count Witte's visit to the Kaiser in Rominten. The present tenant of the inn affects to call his hostelry a "Hôtel"; but it is nothing more nor less than a modern village inn, with somewhat primitive accommodation. In 1890, when the Kaiser and Count Dohna occupied two of the front rooms, it was called Weller's "Lodging-House," and they spent ten days here. When I was there in September for the purpose of obtaining material for this article the "guests" consisted for the most part of the work-people engaged in the construction of the new bridge over the Rominte; but there is nothing to be said against the accommodation so long as one's claims are limited to what can be reasonably expected from a village hostelry. The beds are comfortable, the rooms clean, and the fare simple and wholesome. The forest hamlet of Rominten was formerly known under the name Theerbude, because it was inhabited by people called "Theer-Schweler" (tar-distillers), who extracted the tar from the pines, which up to the beginning of the nineteenth century were mainly used here for this purpose. There were a number of so-called tar furnaces in the village. It acquired in recent years a reputation as a summer resort for people suffering from weak nerves and anæmia; and Professor Naunyn, a well-known physician, built a villa here on a most idyllic and picturesque spot, situated on a ridge overhanging the Rominte, which meanders through the meadows below. The property was purchased by the Kaiser, who had the villa removed a little to the side in order to make room for a wooden house that was ordered in Norway. The forester who is on duty here now resides in the Professor's former villa.

Everything connected with the Kaiser's Norwegian shooting-box was carried straight from Norway, and Norwegian workmen came

over to set it up. They brought with them the timber and the bricks, and were astounded on arrival to find magnificent Scotch firs, a few yards from the site they were to use, quite equal to those of their native country; and bricks with which they could have constructed the Norwegian fireplaces! The new shooting-box received the name "Jagdhaus Rominten," and the name of the village Theerbude was changed by his Majesty into Rominten. The Kaiser took possession of the new house in the autumn of 1891; and in 1893 a little Norwegian church, dedicated to St. Hubert, was erected in the grounds close to the house, also in Norwegian style; but



ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL, ROMINTEN
(*Photograph by Gottheil und Sohn, Königsberg*)

the windows were arranged so as to let in more light than is customary in Norway. Thirteen years afterwards the Kaiser had another wing added to his house, exactly in the same style, and connected with it by a gallery, so that the Kaiserin could accompany him to Rominten with her ladies-in-waiting.

The Kaiser is now in effect the lord of the manor and proprietor of the picturesque little forest village, and all the buildings, the imperial post-office, the village school, the Children's Home, erected by the Kaiserin, where the little ones of the hamlet are specially tended whilst their mothers are at work, and the forest-labourers' dwellings are constructed in Norwegian style, in

keeping with the architecture of the imperial residence. His Majesty's shooting-box is withal quite a simple abode. The largest apartment is the dining-room, which is decorated with trophies of the chase, amongst which may specially be noted the famous 44-pointer herd and two fine 20-pointers, as well as a beautiful 24-pointer with cup-shaped crowns. On the wall hangs Richard Friese's humorous sketch commemorating the Kaiser's twenty-fifth jubilee as a sportsman, bearing the inscription, "1872—September 30—1892," and representing every kind of game his Majesty has shot, with his first pheasant in the foreground. From the balcony running past the Kaiser's bedroom and sitting-room is a lovely rustic view extending across to the village, and to the right stretches a wide meadow through which the Rominte meanders slowly after purling past the imperial residence that overhangs it. The background of the shooting-box is the forest itself, which immediately adjoins the grounds. There are magnificent and lofty pines and Scotch firs here, and the beautiful verdant carpet of moss through which the shamrock copiously penetrates runs right up to the very paths of the imperial demesne. From the tower of the Norwegian chapel the inhabitants hear the chimes that tell the hours of matins, noon and vespers.

In his Majesty's study stands a coloured photograph of King Edward in the uniform of the Blücher Hussars, and a photographic group taken at Sandringham on November 27, 1899, as well as a photograph of his Majesty's yacht *Meteor* winning the Queen's Cup at Rothsay, R.N.Y.C., July 11, 1896.

The stock of deer in the Rominten forest in the spring of this year (1905) was:—

Royal and warrantable stags	247
Staggards, stags, harts, etc.	345
Brockets	136
Old hinds	464
Hearsts, <i>i.e.</i> two-year-old hinds	182
Calves	295
Total			1,669

The Rominten stag, of which the Kaiser and all Prussian devotees of venerie are naturally most proud, is the old 44-pointer killed on September 27, 1898. It was an exciting stalk to get it. The stag was known to be an abnormally strong one; but nobody had any idea of the enormous number of points. To arrive at the standing in the Nassawen district his Majesty had to wade through some very marshy ground, and when the standing was reached it

was discovered that the stag had pulled it to pieces with his antlers. However, before the herd was scared his Majesty managed to get a shot at 120 paces distance, and to hit his quarry high behind the shoulder-blade. When it was discovered to be a monarch of the forest with 44 points, bearing antlers with plate-shaped crown, his Majesty's joy knew no bounds, for no stag had been killed throughout the nineteenth century in Europe with so many points. This same stag had disappeared from view for some years, and had only



HEAD OF 44-POINTER STAG SHOT BY H.I.M. THE KAISER IN ROMINTEN FOREST,
SEPTEMBER 27, 1898, IN THE NASSAWEN DISTRICT

been harboured the day before. Its measurements are as follows:—length, 7'31 feet; height, 4'46 feet; length of right stem, 2'432 feet; length of left stem, 2'368 feet; right brow antler, 1'312 feet; left brow antler, 1'120 feet; the right plate-shaped crown has 19 points, the left one 12 points; circumference of stem below the tray-antler, 6'299 inches; circumference of stem above the tray-antler, 6'05235; circumference of burr, 8'66 inches; span of antlers, 3'7 feet; weight, 367 German lb. before and 306 lb. after gralloch. This head was exhibited at Berlin in January 1899. Like the others mentioned

below, it hangs in the dining-room at Rominten, and under it is an inscription on a shield :—

Das ist des Jägers Ehrenschild,
Dass er beschützt und hegt das Wild ;
Waidmännisch jagt, wie sich's gehört ;
Den Schöpfer im Geschöpfe ehrt.

(It is the huntsman's scutcheon to protect and preserve his game ; to hunt in sportsmanlike fashion, as is fitting so to do ; to honour the Creator in the creature.)

Hitherto only one head had been heard of before in Germany with a larger number of points—namely, the historic 66-pointer killed by one of the Kaiser's ancestors, Elector Frederick III. of Brandenburg (King Frederick I. of Prussia) in 1696 in the Jacobsdorf Forest, not far from Fürstenwalde and Frankfurt-on-Oder, just two hundred years before the 44-pointer fell to Kaiser William's



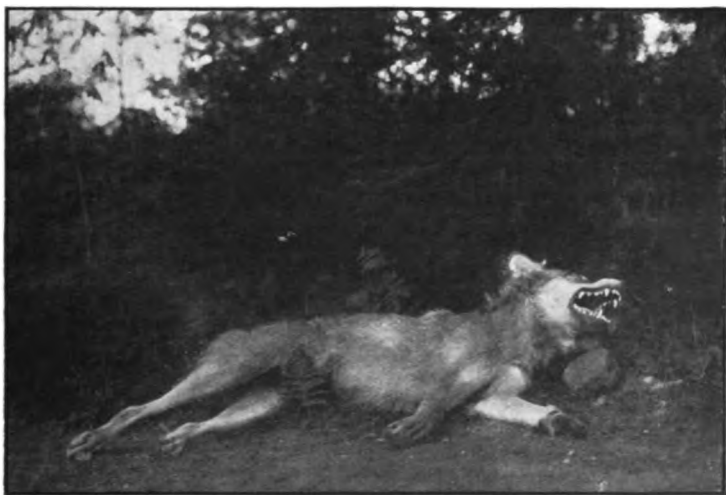
28-POINTER STAG KILLED IN THE ROMINTEN FOREST ON OCTOBER 1, 1904

gun. According to tradition King Frederick William I. made a present of this head to the Elector of Saxony (King of Poland) in return for a company of giant Grenadiers. Anyhow, it still hangs in the Moritzburg, a royal Saxon home of sport near Dresden.

Another Rominten head of interest is the so-called Jubilee-head, or 12-pointer, that his Majesty killed on the Lasdenitze meadow, near Szittkehen, on September 30, 1897—the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day when he shot his first pheasant at Wildpark, Potsdam. On October 1, 1904, a capital 28-pointer also fell to the imperial gun in the Bludszen section of the Rominten district. The Kaiser gave a dinner that evening to all the head officials of the forest ; and in remembrance of the occasion his Majesty inaugurated a fund of 28,000 marks (about £1,400)—1,000 marks for each point—for the relief of needy widows and orphans of the forest officials of the Rominten Forest. In recog-

dition hereof the officials erected a stone on the spot where the stag fell. This head also hangs in the Rominten dining-room. Finally, I may mention the very fine 20-pointer which was killed in September 1903. His Majesty had stalked this stag twelve times during the season of that year, and only managed to secure him by having recourse to 4,000 mètres of sewels—13,120 ft. long—on the last day. Whilst tracking him over boggy land in order to find blood after the second shot, the Kaiser and his attendants nearly sank in and disappeared completely! This was in many respects the largest German stag the Kaiser has ever secured. The head is an ideal one, and weighed 19 German lb. when clean.

Between 1850 and 1905 forty-nine wolves were shot in the



WOLF SHOT IN ROMINTEN FOREST IN NOVEMBER 1901

forest. They all came from Russia. Lynxes were found here in olden times; the last was killed in 1862, and the last but one in 1831—curiously enough both at the same spot. Most of the wolves that were shot between 1882 and 1897 were killed within the boundaries of either the Nassawen or the Rominten districts—in the latter in the neighbourhood of Szittkehmen. In 1891 two summer wolves tore two sheep to pieces, and did a lot of harm amongst the game. The last wolf shot at Rominten was in November 1901. It was stuffed, and hangs at the shooting-box at Rominten. None have been seen since. If Isegrim comes in winter, when the snow is on the ground, he can be received on more or less equal terms, for a good deal of pleasure is experienced from the excitement of hunting him. But if he selects any other time of the year for his visit,

especially the rutting season, he is a real nuisance. It is difficult to get at a wolf in so large a forest unless snow is on the ground, and meanwhile he does an immense amount of damage. This was experienced by the Kaiser in 1901, for the wolf visited the rutting meadows and scared the hinds off them. He goes for the hinds, and is in the habit of killing a larger number than he really requires for satisfying his appetite. A forester receives thirty shillings as a reward for destroying a wolf.

Around Szittkehmen the white hare (*Lepus variabilis*), whose home is Siberia, North Russia and Finland, is occasionally seen. The white eagle and the golden eagle are frequently met with here; and of rare birds I may mention the crane, the black stork, the roller (*Coracias garrula*) and the woodcracker (*Nusifraga caryocatactes*). The black woodpecker and the honey-buzzard are very common.

Woodcock are seen in large numbers during the spring and autumn flights, and they breed here also. Plenty of wild duck and a few snipe are also found. There are a few roe and fallow deer, some of which I came across; and wild boar are also known, but they are not numerous. In 1796-97 the severe winter almost entirely annihilated the then existing stock, which suffered from the dearth of acorns in the previous autumn. In 1894 the Tsar sent a present of 24 boars, and the number has somewhat increased since then. The hazel-hen is found here, and shot as it plays on the ground. Blackcock are now rare. Capercaillie, which were very numerous up to the beginning of last century, were completely exterminated by the poachers who held sway in the forest for many years at that time. One of the foresters now living remembers when the last capercaillie was shot. They are to be found, however, in the neighbourhood of Gumbinnen.

Elks used formerly to frequent the Rominten forest in large numbers; and when digging takes place in certain districts one often comes upon their antlers. People thought recently that they were dying out in East Prussia; but as a matter of fact they are spreading in these parts, and are met with a good deal in the Memel delta about Tilsit. The Kaiser has an elk forest at Tawellningken in the Tilsit region. One morning last year, in the rutting season, his Majesty had been unsuccessfully stalking a 26-pointer in the Goldap district of the Rominten forest, when a messenger came from Szittkehmen announcing that Baroness Speck von Sternburg, the wife of the Warden of the Rominten district, who is known as well for her knowledge of everything connected with forestry as for her skill in the saddle, had noticed the track of an elk, and had heard him in the immediate neighbourhood of her house. He had frequently been seen before. His Majesty imme-

diately drove off to Szittkehen. The track was hit off leading into some marshy land. Sewels were fetched, and drivers sent in to drive him towards his Majesty. The elk, which was a fine young stag, got away, however, having evidently been scared, and having crept under the sewels. This year also, on September 29, he was supposed to be in a certain marshy tract not far from the Kaiser's own residence. His Majesty and every available person, including the Kaiserin and Princess Victoria, with the ladies-in-waiting,



BARON SPECK VON STERNBURG WITH TWO WILD BOARS SHOT IN ROMINTEN FOREST

repaired to the spot, which was carefully drawn, but in vain. Whilst I was staying at Szittkehen traces of the elk were repeatedly observed.

The Kaiser is fond of guiding his actions by special maxims. In all his shooting-boxes there hangs a special motto of Admiral de Ruyter, already cited in this magazine. At Rominten we also read the following, which hangs within view of his writing-table:—

“Starksein im Schmerz, nicht wünschen was unerreichbar oder werthlos, zufrieden mit dem Tag, wie er kommt, in Allem das Gute

suchen, und Freude an der Natur und an den Menschen haben, wie sie nun einmal sind.

“Für tausend bittere Stunden sich mit einer einzigen trösten, welche schön ist, und aus Herz und Können immer sein Bestes geben, auch wenn es keinen Dank erfährt; wer das lernt und kann, der ist ein Glücklicher, Freier und Stolzer, und immer schön wird sein Leben sein.

“Wer mistrauisch ist, begeht ein Unrecht gegen Andere und schädigt sich selbst. Wir haben die Pflicht, jeden Menschen für gut zu halten, so lange er uns nicht des Gegentheil beweist.

“Die Welt ist so gross und wir Menschen sind so klein, da kann sich doch nicht Alles um uns allein drehen. Wenn uns was schadet, was wehe thut, wer kann wissen, ob das nicht nothwendig ist zum Nutzen der ganzen Schöpfung?

“In jedem Ding der Welt, ob er todt ist oder athmet, lebt der grosse weise Wille des Allmächtigen und Allwissenden Schöpfers, uns kleinen Menschen fehlt nur der Verstand um ihn zu begreifen.

“Wie Alles ist, so muss es sein in der Welt, und wie es auch sein mag, immer ist es gut im Sinne des Schöpfers.”

[“Be strong in pain; desire not that which is unattainable or worthless; be content with the day as it comes; look for the good in all things; and take pleasure in nature and in men as they are.

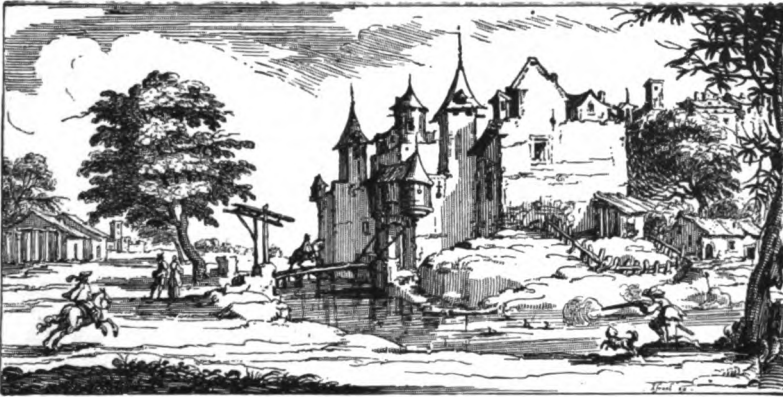
“For a thousand bitter hours console thyself with a single one that is beautiful; ever give heartily and of thy best, even when repaid with ingratitude. He who is able to learn to act so is a happy, free and proud man, and his life will always be beautiful.

“The man who is distrustful commits an injustice against others and injures himself. It is our duty to consider every man good as long as he does not prove that he is the contrary.

“The world is so large, and we human beings are so small, that everything cannot be arranged to suit us. When something injures or pains us, who can tell whether it is not necessary that it should be so arranged for the good of the whole of creation?

“In everything in the world, whether dead or breathing, lives the great, wise will of the Almighty and Omniscient Creator: we small human beings, however, have not sufficient sense to comprehend Him.

“Everything in the world must be as it is; and be it as it may it is always good in the sight of the Creator.”]



STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

X.—THE BACKNEY HUNT POULTRY FUND

BY FRANK SAVILE

"YES," said Lord Terence Searle, as he cantered easily along, "I like the country, the hunt servants know their business, subscribers pay up what they promise, and there's next to no wire. There's only one drawback: the tenants—or perhaps I should say, some tenants—are the biggest graspers for poultry damage in the three kingdoms. They are all my near neighbours, too, and good fellows on the whole; but the number of geese and fowls, not to mention turkeys, that they profess to lose in a twelvemonth is simply miraculous; and, considering how decent they are in all other points, I hate to be 'scrapy' with them. But it's almost past a joke."

Charley Sneyd, his bosom friend, raised his eyebrows.

"You are a new man to the country—it's your first season. I expect they are getting at you," he hazarded.

Searle shook his head.

"No," he answered. "I went into the matter thoroughly with Elgar, the manager of the poultry fund. He says it has been so for the last three seasons; and all the claimants being, as I say, most reputable people in every way, he sees no reason to doubt their word. The absurd part of it is that it is immediately round this district, within a mile or two of the kennels, that the damage is done and five-sixths of the claims are made."

"Is the country absolutely littered with foxes then?" asked Sneyd.

"Quite the contrary," said Lord Terence. "There's not too much cover between here and Essington, and in a good deal of what there is I am not allowed to cub. None of the shooting tenants are absolute blackguards, but I wouldn't trust half a dozen of their keepers in the same spinney with a fox till, at any rate, the first shoot of the season was over. At least, I wouldn't insure the fox except at extra-hazardous risks."

"And yet it is round here that all the damage is done?"

"Within a three-mile circle of my own door," said Lord Terence. "We are on our way to interview one of the claimants now."

"Farmer?"

"A poultry farmer, who rents a bit of land I took with the lodge—a woman. She has another grudge against me besides the fox damage."

"Women tenants are the very deuce at times," said Sneyd, feelingly. "What is the trouble?"

Searle laughed.

"It arose from my being an Irishman, and she the most British of British matrons, I suppose," he answered. "I tried a mild joke upon her. She came to tell me that one of her breeding pens had been unroofed in the last gale, and that the rain had collected on the floor—which was in a bad state I'll own—and drowned the half of a young brood of chickens. I asked her what was to prevent her keeping ducks? She went away fuming!"

"Never jest with the English agriculturist," said Sneyd. "Is this a journey of penitence and propitiation you've dragged me out upon?"

"Well, I felt I should like a little backing under the circumstances," grinned Searle. "Here we are."

Sneyd looked up to see a long, low, thatched building, confronted by a gravelled yard, which was filled with pens and wired-in runs. In these fowls and turkeys of various sizes and ages disported themselves, while in the adjoining field a mob of hens scratched and pecked at some weedy-looking stubbles. A very tucked-up looking old nag mare gazed solemnly over the gate of an orchard, and under a lean-to stood a rickety market-cart. The horse, and a lurcher chained up in a barrel beside the door, seemed all the live stock in evidence besides the feathered folk.

"Signs of a great prosperity are not exactly thick upon the ground," said Sneyd. "Is this all she has for a livelihood?"

"And a dashed good one she gets," retorted his friend. "Her poultry is known far and wide. She goes into Hollerton behind

that old mare every market day and sets up a stall in the market place. She drives a roaring trade. Report has it that she is worth her hundreds."

Sneyd looked round him a trifle incredulously.

"Then she must be an exceedingly wily old bird herself," he vouchsafed. "I suppose that is the good lady, getting up steam to receive you?"

A woman, clad in a somewhat dirty print gown and a sun-bonnet, had come out on to the doorstep, and was looking at the two riders from beneath a shading hand. The afternoon sunlight beat upon a very weather-beaten face and two rather aggressive black eyes. The chained lurcher began to bark furiously.

She sent it back into its kennel with a hearty cuff before she remarked, with a distinctly distant and huffy air—

"Good afternoon, me lord."

"Ah, good afternoon to you—good afternoon, Mrs. Grimes," said his lordship, cheerily. "I've just come to see you about that poultry pen and one or two other little matters."

"It's not too soon, either, me lord," said Mrs. Grimes, sourly. "There's enough rain collects on that pen floor to water a herd of bullocks."

"Quite so, quite so," agreed Lord Terence, hastily. "I'll take your word for it, my dear madam. I've already told the Hollerton mason to come and put it right for you. I assure you I've every desire to give you satisfaction."

"Then you'll have the lean-to thatched at the same time, me lord," interposed the good lady, quickly. "It's a disgrace to have to put my good cart under such a contraption."

"Well, well, if you'll provide the straw, Mrs. Grimes, we'll——"

"How could I have straw, me lord, me being but a poor woman with nothing but my two hands between me and the workhouse?"

"Tut, tut! I suppose I shall have to see if I can get a load from Farmer Gooch."

"Farmer Gooch hasn't any straw to be called straw, me lord. It's all twitch, and charlock, and——"

"Very well, very well," said his lordship, desperately. "It *shall* be thatched with *good* straw *not* from Farmer Gooch's; but I just want a word with you about your poultry claim. You have sent in an application for fox damage for sixty-eight pounds fourteen and six! Now, my very dear Mrs. Grimes, I put it to you frankly— isn't that just a bit too thick?"

The good lady drew back a step with a snort of indignation.

"Thick?" she said, blinking her black eyes at her questioner.

"Does your lordship mean too much? I'll tell your lordship this: it's very nigh to beggary your foxes have brought me **with** their thieveries. If I had me rights, it's *one hundred* and sixty-eight **pounds** I'd be asking, and not less than the half of it!"

Lord Terence laughed uneasily.

"Now come, come, my dear Mrs. Grimes," he expostulated. "I only want to be reasonable, but I like fair treatment **myself**." He made an expressive gesture towards the paddocks and **feeding** pens. "Do you honestly mean to tell me that there's the **worth** of anything like sixty-eight pounds in that!"

Mrs. Grimes's eyes blazed.

"I'd have your lordship know that there is not a week **in** the year that a hundred pounds would buy my stock!" she cried. "My black Minorcas alone are worth the money; my geese **can't** be bought under ten shillings apiece!"

Sneyd pointed his whip to a rusty-black rooster which was pacing meditatively down the yard. Like not a few of its brethren its feathers drooped; a melancholy glint was in its eye. Its **aspect** spoke most convincingly of "pip."

"Is that one of your *guinea* fowls, then?" japed Sneyd, flying in the face of his own lately expressed convictions.

Mrs. Grimes rose at the poor attempt at a joke like a trout at a may-fly.

"It's all very well for you and the likes of you to come **here** flinging your insults at a widdier woman what can't protect **herself**!" she declaimed. "I'm asking no more than my rights, and **them** I'll have, if I have to write to every paper in the country. I'll **see** ^{as} people know how you treat your own tenants, me lord, **not** ^{to} mention the scores of others that are robbed of their living **by your** mangy foxes. There's not a poultry yard in the district that **hasn't** lost a five-pound-note's worth nigh every month of the ^{year.} There's *lambs* gone as well as chickens, and my neighbour, Farmer Long, will take his affidavit to your lordship that he surprised a vixen and six cubs chasing his best foal to death in the long paddock if he hadn't happened along to——"

Lord Terence held up a propitiatory hand before he hastily climbed back into the saddle.

"My good Mrs. Grimes—my dear Mrs. Grimes," he interrupted, "that will do; and the less you see of Farmer Long the better. The fever in his imagination might be contagious, and things are bad enough as they are. I'll get the Poultry Fund Committee to investigate your claim thoroughly, and you may be sure you shall be justly dealt with, though I cannot promise you that you will receive all you think you are entitled to. Er—good morning!"

Mrs. Grimes's reply was voluble and emphatic, but the two friends had put spurs to their horses and fled out of ear-shot in disordered rout. The victory of the afternoon lay most certainly with the lady. Sneyd having forcibly refused to be taken to interview any other plaintiffs of Mrs. Grimes's calibre, their horses' heads were set towards Essington Hall, the residence of Mr. John Elgar, Lord Terence's principal supporter and loyal right-hand man in the Backney Country. But here, though they received sympathy, they got little consolation. Over the poultry claims Elgar could only shake his head.

"Mrs. Grimes is a regular Tartar, I know," he acknowledged. "Her recriminatory powers are notorious through the country-side, but I have never heard her honesty impugned, nor that of any of the other claimants. James Farrow, of this parish, keeps a deal of poultry, and I would stake my life upon his honesty. He came to me almost shamefacedly with his claim, which he told me didn't represent anything like his real loss, and yet it amounted to five-and-thirty pounds!"

Sneyd made an exclamation of incredulous amazement. Lord Terence threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"But where, in the name of all that's preposterous, are the *foxes*?" he cried. "There isn't a cover within five miles that we don't draw blank three times in four. If it was over beyond Essington I shouldn't be quite so staggered at it—the country there is rank with foxes. But here—here in Backney parish! it's monstrous—it's unbelievable."

Elgar shrugged his shoulders.

"I have my own testimony to the truth of the matter to give," he said, ruefully. "Twice when coming home from cubbing early have I seen a great dog-fox loping across these very meadows, and on each occasion with a fine cochin-china from Farrow's farm—apparently—in his mouth!"

"I wish to goodness I could get fifteen couple on the rascal's trail," said Lord Terence. "As likely as not it's one and the same great savage that's doing all the harm. We must live in hopes. Let me get him in the open, a mile or two from his own cover, and I'll give him more to think about than poultry stealing."

Little encouraged by this interlude the two set off home. As they rode out of Elgar's hospitable gate Lord Terence turned in the saddle. "It's only a kennel meet to-morrow, as you know," he shouted; "but if the frost *should* give I'll let hounds have a breather. Come over on the chance!"

From the doorstep Elgar waved his hand in acceptance of the invitation.

As luck would have it the following morning the stiff north wind which had held the country frost-bound for over ten days backed to the west and south. The sun shone brilliantly, and the M.F.H. and his friend, as they dug inquisitive heels into the lawn before the door, agreed that in another hour—or say by two o'clock—the country would be not too murderous for either pad or hoof. They agreed to see what ten or twelve couple could find in some of the home covers. Soon after midday Elgar arrived to buttress this good resolution with enthusiasm.

No other member of the hunt had appeared by the time they started, so it was a small enough field which turned up the lane which led upon Buntington Gorse. Butcher boots and bowlers, and for the hunt servants the third best pinks, were the order of the day, and no one had the aspect of taking matters seriously. Tom Slick, the whip, cantered off to take up his position at the far side of the cover where the gorse dwindled out among the scattered firs of a young plantation. Hounds went feathering in.

Sneyd brought out his cigar-case.

The next instant he had slipped it back into the pocket with a snap. A piercing yell had come from the direction in which Slick had disappeared. He pranced into view, his cap whirled up on the end of his whip. Almost at the same moment a burst of melody came from the hounds as they closed up upon what was evidently a minute-old scent. Led by old Galloper, nose to stern they threaded smartly through the rabbit paths in the gorse and bracken and burst in full cry into the open.

Elgar and Sneyd followed them in time to see Lord Terence charging the first fence, a stake-and-bound, side by side with the huntsman, Dick Donovan. Elgar gave a whoop of gratified excitement as he saw them. "It's going to be a run and a half!" he exclaimed. "Not more than twice in the last five years has a fox taken that line by Buntington Ford. Once over the brook there is no chance for him for six miles or more. He must make for Portsell earths, and those were stopped the week before last, and it's ten to one they are stopped still. We're in for a fifteen-mile point, my friend!"

Sneyd gave a nod of satisfaction, though he felt a piercing qualm of regret that he had mounted himself on one of his "three-leggers" for the afternoon, keeping his two brightest and best for the first official meet after the thaw. However, the nag under him, if not absolutely sound, was warm and willing. For the next two miles he sailed along in great style, going great guns over sound pasture and quick fences or post-and-rails. It was not till they had passed a strong field of plough that the hounds began to make

ground from the horses and Sneyd's old warrior started grunting his distress. And then Chance, who many people think is over-kind to the "late division," smiled upon him benignantly. There was a check.

But not for long. Donovan's first cast picked up the scent beside a fence. Galloper whimpered, faltered, whimpered again, and finally hit off the line with a deep-throated joy. Clustering to him the eager pack echoed the one long note into a chorus. Off went hounds, spreading, but not spreading over-wide, upon the scent, and Elgar's chuckles were ecstatic. "The run of the season!" Sneyd heard him muttering to himself. "Poor beggars! poor beggars!" Sneyd did not find it hard to understand that this commiseration was directed to the address of all the keen hands in the hunt who were missing such opportunities of bliss. He galloped along musing on the contrariety of things in general. Fancy a kennel meet providing the most sensational of spins, from a country, too, where blank draws, it was evident, were the rule and not the exception! "The run of the season!" He wondered if that was really likely to be a true bill.

It proved so, though not exactly in the sense in which Sneyd imagined. Hounds ran, checked again twice, recovered their line with marvellous quickness, and finally ran from scent to view. There was a strenuous ten minutes at the last in which Sneyd's aged though indomitable champion failed to live with the others. He cantered up ten minutes after the kill to find Lord Terence and Elgar congratulating themselves and Donovan with beaming faces.

"An hour and ten minutes. Three checks and a kill. A good old-fashioned hunting run," he commented. "What's the distance?"

The huntsman looked at the Master. Then he cocked his eye at the sky, which was rosy from the sunset.

"It's only five miles home from here, m'lord," he submitted. "But there's a frost coming up. We'd better hurry if we're going to save hounds' feet."

Lord Terence nodded.

"We'll go the road. There's plenty of good grass edging all the way," he decided. "I don't care to get pounded, and to have to smash half a dozen fences in the dark."

Donovan nodded his approval, collected his hounds, and jogged for the nearest gate. The whips followed, expatiating to each other on the unexpected glories of the day. Searle and his two friends halted to put a match to their cigars. Sneyd got off to ease his horse. The light of the moon-rise shone pale over the horizon.

The horses of the huntsmen and whips clattered out on to the road, the ring of the iron telling that the prophesied frost was well on its way. Suddenly Donovan's voice was uplifted in a vehement exclamation.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" cried he, his words carrying distinctly in the crispness of the evening.

"Hulloa!" cried his master; "Hulloa! What's the trouble?"

He cantered on towards the gate. Sneyd mounted hurriedly, and followed with Elgar. The three hunt servants had come to a halt in the middle of the road, the hounds clustering unconcernedly around them. Sneyd meditated that what he saw might be accounted for by the wan light of the half-risen moon but he confessed that he had seldom looked upon a face as white as that of the usually ruddy huntsman. Lord Terence had evidently marked it too. He hustled towards his man demanding explanations, excitedly.

"What's the matter—what's the matter?" he shouted. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

Donovan swallowed and choked, apparently incapable of reply.

It was Slick's voice, high-pitched and faltering, which answered:

"If you please, m'lord, *we have!*"

Lord Terence turned towards him wrathfully.

"You great blockhead!" he thundered. "What the devil d'you mean?"

The whip touched his cap sullenly.

"We all three seen it with our own six eyes, m'lord," he said. "You can ask Mr. Donovan or Sam here. There weren't any mistake about it, I'll take my solemn oath."

"Oh, you very egregious asses!" bawled his master, crimson with exasperation. "Any mistake about *what!*"

"About that there fox," said Slick, doggedly.

"A fox—a fox? There's no mistake we've just killed a dashed fine one," joined in Elgar. "What's wrong with it?"

Donovan had found his voice again.

"There's n-n-nothing wrong with that one, m'lord," he stammered. "Here I have his mask and brush all right," he added, touching his saddle. "But it's the other one—the one that jumped into the road just now, and went padding off down it *with a great white ball in his mouth!*"

"What!" chorussed all three gentlemen—"What!"

Donovan nodded his head decisively.

"It's just as I tell you, m'lord," he continued. "We just got into the road. I was here, Slick he was 'gentling' the hounds through the gate which Sam was a-holding open. Something

turned out of that there field opposite and bounced into the road. I ain't telling no sort of lie. We could all see it as plain as plain. It was a fox, but no sort or kind of ordinary fox, *for the hounds never took the leastest, tiniest piece of notice of it!*"

Searle stared at him as if the man was a new and startling specimen of the human freak.

"Oh, get out, you idiot!" he snorted.

Donovan touched his cap in his turn.

"Very well, m'lord," he said, morosely.

"If there was a public-house within six miles I'd swear you were all three drunk," declared his lordship, forcibly. "As it is I suppose you're dreaming."

The three men sat in their saddles with wooden, offended faces, without attempting any reply.

"Eh?" said their master, fiercely.

"I didn't speak, m'lord," said Donovan, icily.

"Then why didn't you?" cried his lordship. "Do you think I'm going to swallow an impudent yarn like that without worrying the truth out of you. What d'you think I'm made of?"

A new voice broke into the silence. Sam, the second whip, was moved by the desperation of his colleagues' needs into speech.

"If you p-p-please, m'lord," he stuttered, "d-d-down to W-w-warwickshire, where I was born, there was an old party, Betty Mucksy by name, as could change herself into any sort of cat or dog or what-not. A witch, she were, and a proper wicked 'un. I'd allow as this is summut o' the same sort."

"Oh, you very preposterous lunatic!" foamed Lord Terence; "you'll tell me the brute flew off on a broomstick next!"

"No, m'lord. She didn't do no such thing," continued Sam, stolidly. "She trotted off a-down the road as proper as could be."

"The fox!" screamed his master.

"Yes, m'lord."

"And these hounds—these hounds of *mine*, with some of the best noses in England—didn't so much as whimper, you dare to tell me?"

"Never twitched, m'lord. That's what's the witchery of it."

Lord Terence's cheeks swelled. He gasped. Then he shook his head sorrowfully.

"It's no good," he confessed. "There are no words in the dictionary to tell you what I think of you. But we'll put this matter to the test quick enough. The line is down the hard, high road, is it?" He cantered forward along the grass edge, blowing his horn. "We'll put hounds along it," he cried, "and if I'm not mad, and you haven't been having nightmare, and the hounds

haven't become Maltese terriers, they'll own to a fox that has passed not three minutes back. Come along!"

The procession started. Sam, indeed, was heard to mutter that they'd all be doited, like as not, if they meddled with such a customer as a witch vixen, and Donovan's expression vouched for the fact that he more or less shared his underling's opinion. But the three servants could hardly disobey their master's explicit orders, and they took a certain comfort from the fact that they were not being hustled into the adventure alone. They had, they mused, three of the gentry to share with them the perils of the unknown.

Hounds gambolled along cheerily. The horses had their second wind and had got over their distress. The pace warmed up, but the hounds were obstinately dumb. Lord Terence cantered upon the crisp grass, glaring ahead along the white riband of the road, his two friends close behind him. For several minutes there was no sound but the thud of hoof, jingle of curb, and the slight noise which Sam's cob, a whistler, always made.

Suddenly the leader surprised his followers by an emphatic oath.

"There is something padding down the road!" he added.

The two behind looked up.

The moonlight was vivid upon the macadam. They rubbed their eyes. Yes—there was no sort of doubt about it. A small, dark object was scudding swiftly and silently along, eighty yards ahead. And—they rubbed their eyes—was it—no, it couldn't be—but the fact remained that there was a very evident white lump where the thing's head should have been!

Lord Terence gave a mighty view holloa and sent the spurs into his horse's flanks. Hounds, surprised out of their apathy, lifted up their heads and gave an unconvincing yowl or two. The whole concourse sped along with increasing animation.

They gained upon their quarry hand over fist. They were only fifty yards away by now, then thirty, then only twenty. They had a view of it that put all doubts out of the question. They were pursuing a fox, and one which carried an Aylesbury duck in its mouth! And hounds were as unmoved as if they were on the kennel benches!

Finally old Galloper put the gilded roof upon the mystery. He sidled up alongside his natural enemy and made a half-hearted snatch at the burden which it carried. The brute simply made a cur-like vicious snarl between its closed teeth and trotted unconcernedly on. Galloper drew aside with a crestfallen, shamefaced air.

Lord Terence put up his hand to his head and looked wildly about him. The rest of the pack had closed up by now, and the quarry was padding along in the midst of the hounds, who made a sort of a circle around it, yet without offering to draw nearer than a yard or two! The M.F.H. absolutely pinched himself to see if he was alive! Then, with a sort of desperate air of incredulity, he released the thong from around his whip-stock and lashed at the mysterious apparition! The brute flinched, squealed in a sort of muffled way through the feathers in its mouth, and then, darting through the hounds, leaped upon the low wall to the right and dropped into the pasture. It made a bee-line across it.

Lord Terence reined in his horse, put him at the wall without a word, and bucked over. Hounds, after a moment's hesitation, answered to the horn, and bundled over in their turn. The servants followed, Sam keeping most obviously to the rear. The gleam of the white duck led them directly for a big ox-fence at the far side of the meadow. The next moment it had disappeared as its bearer slipped through a gap. Still without a word, Lord Terence turned his horse, came back eighty yards to get steam, and thundered at the obstacle in the best Leicestershire style. Sneyd, careful of his wearied mount, sidled along the ditch till he came to a negotiably thin place beneath a tree. Hounds, horses, and men reassembled by various methods on the far side of the massed thorn bushes. The field in which they found themselves was dotted about with trees.

A loose horse cantered up to them. Sneyd looked at it with a spasm of doubtful recognition. He stared around him. Suddenly, wide to the left, he caught the gleam of whitewash. Yes—he told himself that there could be no doubt about it—it was from this paddock that the old horse had contemplated them on the previous day. This was Mrs. Grimes's orchard, and that long, low, white-washed edifice was her dwelling.

For an absurd instant Sam's gloomy prognostications were vivid in his memory. Was it possible—no, his common sense swiftly assured him that it was not. But, all the same, it was in a state closely resembling stupefaction that he saw the white gleam of the duck's breast pass on into the gravelled yard.

Close behind this most audacious fox Lord Terence flung open the orchard gate. The brute wheeled round the corner of the house, halted, shook itself, dropped the duck upon the threshold, and then deliberately disappeared into the barrel which stood beside the doorstep. Sneyd waited with conviction for the battle royal which surely must ensue between invader and invaded. Nothing was heard save the rustle of an animal settling itself down into a lair of straw.

Lord Terence, muttering strange and inaudible things, flung himself from his horse. He marched up to the barrel—he stooped. A low growl greeted him from within.

He drew back, searched his pockets, and produced a match-box. He struck a vesta and held it flaming in the kennel mouth. He put out his gloved hand towards the inmate.

A snarl and a baring of white teeth followed, then the brute flew out at him!

With a quick instinctive motion Lord Terence whirled round the crop in his hand and brought the heavy top smartly down upon the fox's head.

It gave a squeal and rolled over. Its limbs moved spasmodically once or twice and grew still. There was a panting breath, and then silence. The five other men felt a sort of stupefaction. It was as if priests condoned a sacrilege. Under their very eyes a fox had been foully done to death, and its executioner was no less a wretch than a Master of Foxhounds! They gasped as they realised it!

Lord Terence stooped, gathered up the corpse, and began to examine it with a sort of remorseful wonder. At least, thus the watchers explained his action to themselves. But his next words rather destroyed this illusion.

"Sam," he said, peremptorily, "bring your knife!"

Sam tottered forward. His master pressed the body into his hands. Sam leaped back as if he was stung!

"You fool!" said the M.F.H. forcibly—"Skin it!"

"S-s-s-kin it!" gurgled the second whip. "M'lord, I d-d-daren't!"

Lord Terence threw back his head, and his laughter echoed and re-echoed among the breeding-pens.

"Then *unbutton it!*" he shouted, holding his sides and rocking to and fro with emotion. "It's the *lurcher!*—Mrs. Grimes's damned, thieving, roost-robbing *lurcher!* *In its new foxskin suit!*" His emotion overpowered him. He leaned against the wall of the house. His mirth found vent in peal upon peal.

"That old woman!" he cried. "That old hag with her woes and her sixty-eight pounds damage, and her thatch, and her lean-to—and *she's* at the bottom of it all with her confounded gipsy tricks. She trained the brute, stuck him in this disguise, and sent him out raiding. No wonder hounds wouldn't own to the scent. She smothered the pelt in carbolic!"

Sam snatched up the body. He turned it this way and that; he probed into the dragged fur. Along the belly and chest he quickly discovered a neat row of hooks and eyes. With trembling

fingers he loosened them, held up the empty skin, and flung the limp body of the lurcher upon the ground.

There was a clang of bolts from the door. Suddenly it was drawn open, and the prosperous figure of Mrs. Grimes stood outlined by the lamplight.

Sam gave a strangled cry, stooped, picked up the corpse, and flung it straight at its mistress's head.

Mrs. Grimes slipped as the body struck the doorpost. She stooped, peered at it, and then cast a swiftly apprehensive glance at the men and horses in her yard. One look was sufficient. Stepping back into the passage she slammed the door and crashed the bolts into the sockets most emphatically. The game, as a much weaker intelligence than hers could understand, was most decidedly up.

Lord Terence, still panting under the stress of his emotions, beat upon the panels with the butt of his whip.

"All right, my dear madam," he admonished her, "all right for to-night! But I'm coming round to settle that little poultry claim of yours in the morning."

"Well," said Elgar, as he climbed upon his horse and followed the Master out of the yard, "I said it would be the run of the season! I don't think I made a bad guess."

* * * * *

But the satisfaction which Lord Terence had promised himself in interviewing Mrs. Grimes on the following day was denied him. He was early at her door, but not quite early enough. In the hours of darkness she had taken herself, and her horse, and her cart, and her poultry, into regions unknown. She has never been traced. A policeman in a neighbouring county, indeed, made note of the fact that a gipsy camp had received recruits in the shape of one old woman and one old horse, but did not make report of this insignificant piece of intelligence in time for the fact to receive weight in the quarters where Mrs. Grimes was being sought. She has departed and taken her peculiar methods with her. Poultry damage is an insignificant item in the debit column of the Backney Hunt Funds once more. But to every M.F.H. let me close with a word of warning :

If complaints of poultry-eating foxes in your district become too extravagant, make search diligently in your midst. And if you find a round, leathern-faced, black-eyed, aggressive looking old lady who keeps lurchers, if possible annihilate her!—she is Mrs. Grimes.



FLYING THE BROOK

A SCHOOL ACROSS COUNTRY

BY LILIAN E. BLAND

THERE are various methods of training horses, and everyone has his own ideas on the subject. No doubt in some parts of England it would be impossible to take a youngster for walks across country, because you could not get over the thick thorn fences on foot; but Ireland is eminently adapted for this sort of work, as the banks and ditches are generally jumpable for an active person. The young horses that illustrate this article belong to a dealer who hunts them all and races them at local meetings if they are fast enough. Most of them are home-bred, and they run wild over a big stretch of land on the shores of Lough Neagh until they are three and sometimes four years old. Then two trained horses are ridden up to the lake and a herd of seven or eight youngsters driven back to the farm, where they occupy big roomy boxes, and the training begins.

There is never much trouble with them. Sometimes they object to the cavesson: the black horse, for instance, lay down when he first had it on, tore up the earth with his teeth, and squealed with temper; but after they have been thrown once or twice they generally let you do anything you like with them, and in three or four days the boys are riding them. I can imagine people who take a

fortnight to drive them in long reins asking "What about their mouths?" Wonderful to relate, they turn out as a rule with fairly good mouths and manners. Of course at first they are ridden on a straight bar-bit, and I know no better bridle for a "green 'un" than a rein which is all one with the martingale, and runs through the snaffle ring, the other rein fastened as usual on the snaffle. It requires hands, certainly; but with this bridle you can oblige a horse to carry his head in the right place, he cannot bolt, and you can make it unpleasant for him if he kicks, bucks, or rears.

I like a horse to have plenty of character (if it is not of the wrong



TOO KEEN TO LET YOU LAND IN SAFETY FIRST

sort); but one has to be very careful with young ones, for they are only too ready to pick up bad tricks, if they are not firmly but kindly dealt with. Horses, like ourselves, have temperaments of their own, and what is good treatment for one might ruin another; a sulky brute who refuses through sheer temper and obstinacy is all the better for one real good thrashing—of course after all other means of persuasion have been tried; but then there is a vast difference between a refuser of this sort and one who declines a fence from nervousness and lack of confidence.

Here, I think, lies the whole secret of giving them a taste for jumping: only send them over small places they can manage easily without being frightened, let them take their own time, never

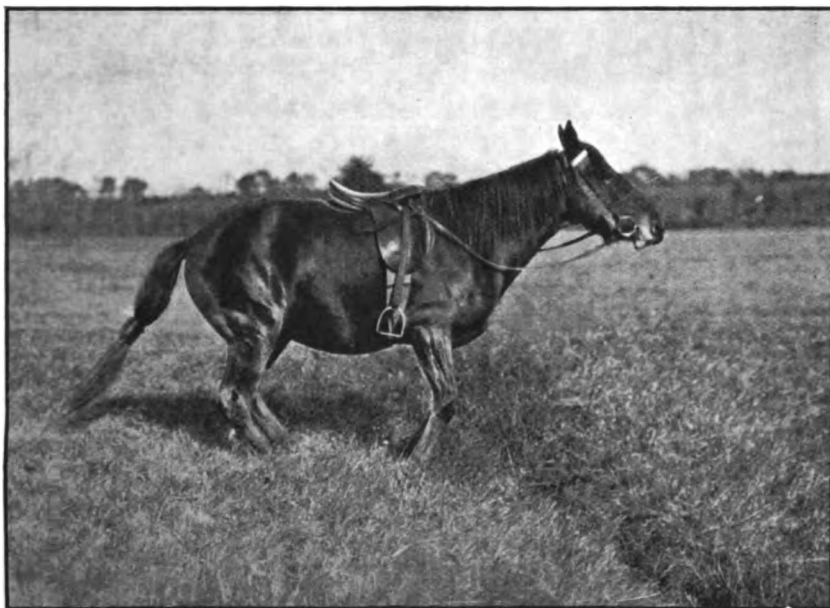
touch them with a whip, pat and make much of them when they have done well, and it is wonderful how quickly they take to the business. A colt will watch you choose your place in a fence, and is often so keen to be over after you that he hardly gives his pilot time to land safely first. A young horse does not apparently depend on his sight alone for judgment; at the first few fences he likes to put down his nose and smell, more especially if they are little open ditches; having snorted loudly, he jerks up his head and backs away, only to return full of curiosity and go through the same process again; then, having made up his mind that he will have to go over, he bends his



TRYING TO GET DOWN INTO A NARROW DITCH BECAUSE HE OBJECTED
TO THE FENCE

knees as though he were going to prostrate himself devoutly (his instinct is to bend his knees), and remains in that position, not quite realising the next move; finally he springs off and gives a tremendous jump over a two-foot drain.

The first colt we took out was a black horse by Barrington, who is the sire of the others also. All his stock seem to be natural jumpers. The colt was very clever, and having jumped several small things nicely, we took him down to the Blackwater, a brook, I suppose, 6 ft. or 7 ft. wide, with sound banks but a very soft bottom. He went over well, and I snapped him with my last plate; then he had a jump back, to return to the stables, and—he fell in; my rage



BENDING HIS KNEES IN A DEVOUT ATTITUDE BEFORE A SMALL DRAIN



LANDING OVER THE BLACKWATER

at not having a plate left can be imagined! The colt floundered about, of course sinking deeper at each plunge, and we had to get him along to a place where the banks were lower. It must have been a funny sight: the colt snorting wildly, only his head and shoulders out of water, Jimmy the boy holding on to his head on one side of the brook, my friend the dealer hanging head downwards over the bank on the near side to get hold of his tail to pull him up by, and myself holding on for dear life to the dealer's boots to prevent him from slipping in head first. After frantic plunging, our united efforts enabled the colt to scramble and roll out the same side that he fell in; and it says a good deal for his nerves that he



THE BLACK COLT WAS A NATURAL FENCER AND VERY CAREFUL OF HIMSELF

had to go half a mile round across country, and did not once refuse the eight or nine fences he had to "negotiate."

The next day we had two thoroughbreds out, but they declined to fall, although they flew the banks, and were not what you might term careful jumpers. A farmer then came out and joined us with a "useful" three-year-old. One photograph shows her jumping out of a river bed, and, of course, the moment after I had released the shutter she fell and rolled over into the field, her hind legs having slipped back over the edge of the bank; fortunately (for me) she fell again over a bank and rolled into the ditch. A horse nearly always falls on the landing side, unless it be a case of coming over backwards; but there are no high stone-faced banks in county Antrim; the fences are all small, trappy, and often rotten, generally



THE BLACK COLT JUMPED INTO THE WATER, "SAT THERE LIKE A BROODIN' HIN BEFORE CONDESCENDING TO COME OUT"



OVER A BANK

with ditches on one or both sides, and hedges on the top of the banks. It takes a really clever horse to do them neatly. I know that out with the various hounds in this county I have seen more falls in one day than you would see in a whole season in the south of Ireland where the fences are larger.

The natural position of a horse's head when he rises at a fence is down near his knees; when he is landing he throws it up and the weight back. If you will take the trouble to jump a fence carrying some weight on your back, as I frequently do with my heavy camera, you would at once realise the difference it makes to your balance, and



**JUMPING OUT OF THE BROOK, THE MARE FELL A MOMENT AFTERWARDS AND
ROLLED INTO THE FIELD, HER HIND LEGS HAVING SLIPPED BACK**

it illustrates the feeling the horse must have with a bad rider in the saddle. I think the only time to use your hands at a fence is in making your steed take off at the right moment, and in giving any necessary support on landing; when actually jumping horses' heads should be perfectly free. A youngster does not know when to take off at first, as these illustrations show plainly; in one the colt went into the ditch and jumped out of it; another time he used his nose as an extra leg, and got right under the fence. When a horse makes a mistake or falls, his nose often plays a prominent part in the programme.



SLIPPED ON THE BANK AND FELL INTO THE DITCH



WITH ONE EYE ON THE MAN BEHIND HE MEDITATES WHETHER HE
WILL HAVE IT OR NOT

Horses are as intelligent as you care to make them ; they can be taught anything ; only most people do not train them properly, and leave them shut up in the stable the best part of twenty-four hours. It is just as interesting to take your horses for a walk as it is to take out your dogs, and much better for the horse than standing idle in his stall, even if he has been exercised already. The more he is in the society of a sympathising owner, the better chance he has of developing his intelligence. I am sure that a young horse adopts the character of the person who rides him, in many ways ; a bold rider will make a flippant fencer, a cautious man a sticky one, and everybody knows how instantaneously a



RISING OUT OF THE DITCH

nervous person communicates his thoughts to a horse, even although the rider may not appear nervous to the onlooker.

I think hunters are treated much too artificially. A certain dealer in England turns his young hunters out every night, even in snow, all through the winter ; they have a covered shed in the field, get as much oats as they can eat, and he never has a cold or cough in his stable. Of course they are not clipped, but they are more hardy and fit than their more pampered brethren. Without going to those extremes, however, it is always easy to see that windows are kept open day and night, especially with young horses off grass. Some grooms are fearfully obstinate in trying to keep fresh air out, and the simplest plan is to break all the window panes ; that generally settles the question.

Everyone who has made young horses will realise the interest of the work, and the honest pride one feels when one's pupils do one and themselves credit in the hunting field. Then as soon as they are really a pleasure to ride, they change hands—the best of friends must part—and you begin all over again on the next lanky rough-haired colt, who with a few months' good feeding, grooming, and work, will not be recognisable as the same animal.



NEATLY TOPPED



SOME MOTOR PROBLEMS

BY MAJOR C. G. MATSON

IN regarding the motor-car movement as a whole, one of the most remarkable features appears to the uninitiated outsider that everybody concerned in it has complacently, apparently, arrived at the conclusion that "the self-propelled vehicle is now nearly perfect," that "finality is practically reached," and even at the late great exhibition at Olympia the most notable innovations "were more in the nature of refinement in matters of detail, than novelties necessitating radical alteration in general design." At least, so said the majority of writers both in the technical and lay press; but the present scribe would just crave the boon of a little space, in order for a brief period, not for a moment to "crab" the modern motor car, but merely temporarily to assume the rôle of *advocatus diaboli*, as is the invariable custom when any saint is proposed for "beatification." The automobile of 1905, or, as the trade would term it, of the "1905-1906 model," appears to be "blessed" by all and sundry. May a humble amateur be permitted for a few brief moments, not exactly to "anathematise" it, or even parts of it, but just to stand as it were apart from the exulting throng, and gently ruminate over what the self-propelled vehicle *might* be, compared with what it really is?

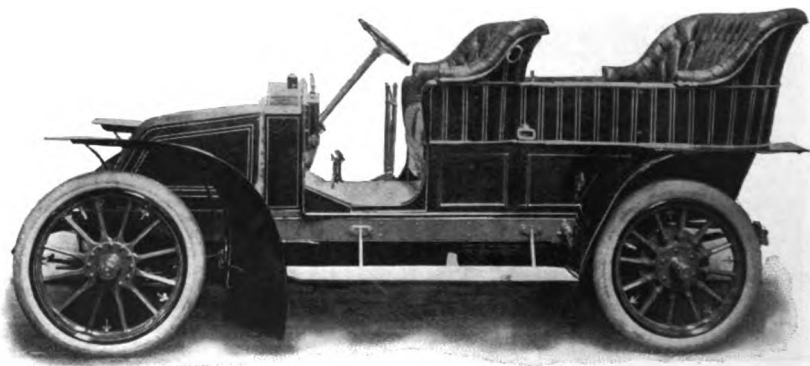
About seven years ago I was intimately acquainted with the $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Benz, which cost about £160, the present selling price being somewhere about £16. It was a good little machine in its way, and many of the type are still running about the country. It was then *the* motor car. What has it developed into? What have we got in less than ten brief years in exchange for it? It was in

effect a rough-and-ready horizontal gas engine, mounted on a sort of "four-wheeled tricycle." All sorts of weird and even exciting events occurred. The high-tension current would at times leak away from the badly-insulated wires and give one violent shocks through the medium of the steering handle; belts would slip and break, and the car would run downhill backwards; there was always plenty of thrill, but as it ran on solid tyres it "got there," it usually got back again, and if it did not it could anyway always be pushed or even towed. Nowadays, however, the really high-toned modern automobile may cost, say, another "o," that is £1,600, is propelled by the most perfectly finished and costly machinery that can be devised, is quiet, graceful to look at, with a powerful engine which is "supple," "flexible," "elastic," and which propels it at high speeds, and is only *possible* as a "vehicle in being" because of the fact that it has interposed between it and the road, on the rims of its wheels, in order to deaden shocks of all kinds, hollow tubes made of canvas and rubber, and filled with compressed air. Many fine cars weigh over a ton, they carry five fine people weighing perhaps half a ton more, and all this "little lot" is to be supported on the aforesaid tubes over good roads and bad, in mud and slush, for thousands of miles! Is this "business"? Is this "finality"? The modern motor car *stands or falls* by the pneumatic tyre; without this fitment it is altogether impossible, with it it is simply a makeshift until something better is invented. I am no fanatical worshipper of solid tyres. I consider putting a soft and friable material like rubber on the flint roads in order to push the car along to be a barbarism that cannot last until the end of time. Moreover, the "live axle" needs the pneumatic tyre, or road shocks would soon disintegrate it entirely. Most cars have "live axles," and so we have the pneumatic tyre, by means of which, and which only, the machine is enabled to do its work at all.

For a good many years I stuck to "solids," but at length I was tempted and I fell—into *what* depths? Nine-tenths of the pleasure of driving gone, and one's mind continually occupied in thinking of the miserable tyres. Is the road too bad for them? Will that near front one "hold up" till we get home? And then the "catastrophe" when it does come!—as come it certainly must: it is merely a question of time. Who but a semi-lunatic would be content to get down, perhaps in the dark and in the rain, to "fume and fret, to swear and struggle and sweat," over a muddy and refractory outer cover, which perhaps when it is off is found to be past repair altogether? The theory has been, "*because we have the pneumatic therefore let us build a motor car exceeding magnifical to use with it.*" Multitudes of folk by reason of the comfort and smoothness of running

are forced to put up with the vagaries of the air-tube tyre; but to say that all this is "finality" is merely playing with words, and the real truth is that the final practical vehicle which is to oust the long-suffering and ever-threatened horse is not only not visible, but apparently not even under consideration. To be exact, *the motor car is not yet invented.*

Look at the motor 'bus. Here we have such avoidrupois that nothing in the nature of pneumatic tyres is indicated in connection with it in any shape or form, and for it the solid rubber tyre of very large section, and mostly of the "twin" type, is a necessity. This answers fairly well for a time on the smooth asphalt and wood pavements of the metropolis, but the "cross-country" omnibus which "is going to abolish the electric trams," and (*inter alia*) "sweep all other horse-drawn passenger traffic off our roads," I



A TYPICAL MODERN FRENCH CAR ON PNEUMATIC TYRES—THE 20-30 H.P. RENAULT
WITH ENGLISH BODY

regretfully surmise has not yet materialised. I know what the motor 'bus looks like, sounds like, and smells like, even after a few short, fleeting months of constant use; but no one living can possibly tell if it will be a "payable proposition" or not, for the simple reason that this knowledge is as yet hidden from us. The secretary of the London General Omnibus Company recently told his shareholders that the new departure might pay, as compared with horse traction, or it might not; time alone could show. It depends, I conceive, on how much repairs are going to amount to, added to initial cost, both as regards machinery and also tyres.

In the ordinary horse-drawn omnibus the wheels often have to be locked by the brakes in order to stop the vehicle, owing to exigencies of traffic, and a very little of this sort of treatment applied to even a solid rubber tyre will soon tend to

tear it away from its rim and ruin it. We all wish the motor omnibus well, but I have a sort of conviction that, for the heavy weights with which it has to deal, and the comparative slowness of its progress through the streets, as in the case of various vans, steam traction will eventually be found to be more suitable than a high-speed explosive engine with the driving wheels geared to a low ratio. Driving a motor 'bus is, I take it, something in the nature of driving an ordinary motor car which is always on the lowest gear. Is it also, as some of our motoring enthusiasts aver, really true that our streets would be as delightfully fragrant as they fondly imagine, when crowded with *nothing* but motor cars? I trow not, neither would they be so quiet as they are now. The £500 pleasure carriage certainly makes but little noise; but a motor lorry hauling stone or iron is one of the noisiest vehicles in the world. Personally I don't think I should care to speculate in the shares of motor omnibus companies, but I certainly think that the makers of them, and in a still larger degree the repairers, should derive extremely handsome profits in the not too distant future.

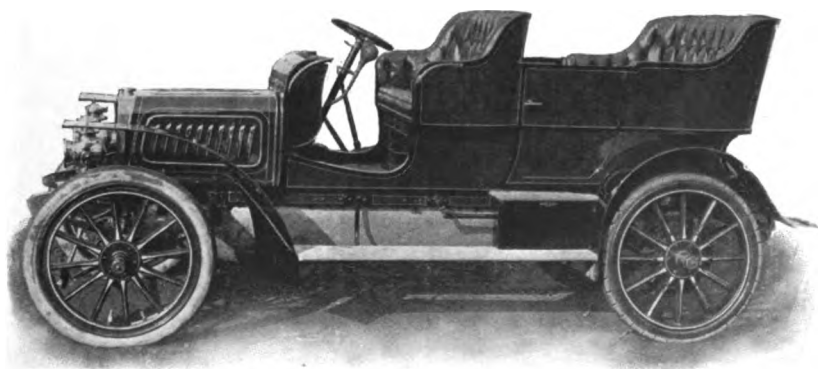
One is often asked, "What does it cost to run a motor car?" and it is a very difficult question to answer, even taking a "motor car" to be a vehicle to seat four or perhaps five persons. Since I have had a modern and up-to-date French car of the type that I naturally conceive to be the best (otherwise I would not have invested in it, after having had years of trying to make up my mind when driving comparatively slow vehicles shod with "solids"), I have come to the absolutely definite and unalterable conclusion that it is all a question of tyres, and nothing but tyres. The maker's number of my vehicle is 3693, and in the matter of engine, clutch, gears, ignition, and the "live axle," which is so "stayed" and "trussed" that it seems as if nothing ever could happen to it (and, as a matter of fact, nothing ever does), a *sort* of finality is apparently reached, and so long as the tyres hold up, and no longer, is it "all right," after which it is "all wrong." I use my car in a reasonable sort of way, and although nothing else has cost a farthing, yet in six months for tyres alone I have spent £40, while a neighbour of mine who has a heavier car, 16 h.p., built to run on solid tyres, has paid nothing either for engine or tyres as yet, although he has had it for a year, and it weighs more than mine. He can on the other hand only go twenty miles an hour, but owing to his horse-power (16, as against my 10-14) he gets up hills faster than I do on low gears, and "arrives" there almost as soon as I do, and free from all nervous prostration to boot. The speed craze is nearly over now, except for beginners. People see that it costs more money

to go fast, and this weighs greatly with many of us, especially those who, like myself, are of Scotch descent. I now find that I very rarely touch the accelerator pedal when I am on the top gear; one likes to talk and be sociable, and enjoy the scenery, which one can never do for one moment when flying through the air "all out." In motoring more than in any other walk in life may one softly murmur, *Chi va piano va sano e lontano*—that is to say if one has any regard for filthy lucre at all. So the big expense is tyres.

The widest difference of opinion exists as to "re-treading," which means the fixing of new rubber to the canvas fabric of the tyre, if the latter is in fairly good order itself. This costs about 35s., and is supposed to make the tyre as good (and some aver better) than new. My own experience is that out of three tyres so treated, two appear to indicate that the old tyre and new tread have but little mutual affection for each other, as they intend evidently to separate, while the third seems to be as good as ever it was. How this comes about I cannot say, possibly owing to carelessness in affixing, perhaps merely owing to my having "struck a bad egg." Who knows? I meditate often over the "advts." of the tyre-repairing people, and think wistfully of the old adage, "Things are not always the same on the dish as they are on the menu," especially in the motor-car world. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that tyres are not worth the expense of re-treading at all. Personally, I am of opinion that tyres so treated do very well for front wheels (which merely roll), but not for the driving wheels (which have to push). The other day the local postman arrived with a fairly good pair of tyres which had been discarded by a large car on coming to a halt in this neighbourhood, the owner being of opinion that they *might* puncture if left on much longer, so he had simply left them by the roadside as being of no further use to him; but this sort of "motoring" is perhaps of a little too gorgeous a tint for most of us, being suitable for multi-millionaires, pork-packing magnates, or Sultans from oriental climes only. A friend of mine is firmly persuaded that the real advantage of being a wealthy man would be to put down a new Haskell ball for each hole; my own notion of being rich beyond the dreams of avarice would be to have all tyres renewed every morning, just after breakfast.

Engines do not trouble us much now—all are pretty nearly of the same type; there isn't such feverish excitement over "automatic carburettors" as I once remember witnessing; but the thing to look at, to "haver" over, perhaps even to purchase, is the "non-skid band" of some make or other. It mostly consists of chrome leather coverings to the normal tyre, and is studded with steel rivets, which prevent the car "taking charge" and floating about

aimlessly on the greasy mud of our towns, as it is often inclined to do when shod with plain rubber, to the horror, dismay, and even danger of the occupants, being, as it is in such a contingency, absolutely uncontrollable, when it may, and often does, proceed sideways or even backwards, until it bumps up against something hard. These "non-skids" are practically a necessity if one contemplates driving in all weathers, and besides preventing the car from slipping they are also almost non-puncturable. In nearly all of them the leather covers the whole of the exterior surface of the tyre, and is continued with it down under the rims, thus not only protecting the tyre itself against injury, but also keeping away from the rubber the excess of oil. This has a tendency to leak through every form of live axle, and has such a particularly deleterious effect on the rubber that it causes it to perish. The difficulty, I am informed, is that to vulcanise rubber satisfactorily a temperature of 240 degrees is required, which is on the other hand a greater heat than leather



16 H.P. CAR WITH SOLID TYRES ON DRIVING WHEELS—THIS IS A VERY
SUCCESSFUL VEHICLE

should be submitted to. In any case an ordinary tyre with a leather non-skid band attached should be kept inflated always, absolutely hard, for even a few miles' running on a badly blown up tyre will soon cause the band to come away from its seating. Moreover, the "fierce grip" which the rivets or studs exercise on the road makes the tyre become hotter than if it was left *au naturel* or "naked," with the result that the inner tube soon gets so unduly heated that patches which have been "solutionsed on" to mend "punctures" will not adhere, and they have to be vulcanised by someone who has the necessary plant, all of which costs money. However, non-skids are in very general use, and I know a man who has run a pair of "Pullman's" 2,100 miles on a quite heavy car, part of which distance was run on the far from

Y Y 2

good roads of North Wales. So here is *something*, at any rate, in the right direction.

Some years ago in the columns of this magazine I raised a passionate appeal that "someone should give us a non-puncturable non-skid tyre *as a whole*, and have done with it." Both the Michelin and Continental tyre-makers have done this, and we are beginning to see others take the same line. The really practical tyre is being slowly evolved, but it is not here *yet*, and when it is here it will take a year or so before its virtues are universally acknowledged.

All sorts of inventors are busy on "spring wheels," and it is here that salvation may eventually be found.¹ I am constantly the unwilling recipient of newly patented designs of this nature. *All* of them "make the pneumatic tyre a thing of the past and revolutionise motoring generally," but I have so constantly seen "motoring revolutionised" that it does not astound me as it did. Most of them have "moving parts" which "run in mud," and as I *know* this to be wrong "stock, lock, and barrel," I stodgily file the intricate designs away, and try not to dream of them. But I have recently seen a model of a spring wheel in which there are no moving parts at all, which I think may *possibly* answer, and for which posterity may eventually bless my friend the inventor; but somehow in motor-car matters one cannot bother much about posterity (which has never done anything as yet for us). What we need is something now, in order that we may at any rate have an alternative to the great dragon which lies in wait for all of us, and into whose fell clutches we are all bound to fall sooner or later—*i.e.*, the Puncture Fiend.

Some people have the most extraordinarily good luck, however, in avoiding him for a time. By buying the very best and thickest tyres it sometimes happens that they may run, say, 2,000 miles without anything going wrong whatever; but in order to obtain the best and most lasting results the tyres require a good deal of attention. First of all they should be kept properly inflated to the pressure directed by the makers according to the total weight that is to be put upon each wheel; and this is only to be arrived at by constantly testing each tyre by applying to it a pump which has a thoroughly accurate pressure-gauge as part and parcel of it. Next, they should be washed after each run and thoroughly examined, and all cuts in the rubber cleaned out and *probed*; in most cases where there is a cut there is something at the bottom of it, usually a piece of sharp flint, and this, if left alone, will gradually cut its way right through the main fabric of the tyre till the inner tube is penetrated.

¹ This is an opinion from which many experts emphatically differ.—Ed.

I find that the best material to plug these cuts with is a sort of "tyre putty." It gets hard in about twelve hours, and keeps out all wet which would otherwise rot the fabric, and thus lay the foundation for a "burst," which is a far more serious affair than a mere "puncture." All other information about tyres can be found in the ordinary handbooks published by the tyre-makers, but the tip about "tyre putty" I have not come across elsewhere as yet, and it certainly *does* prolong the life of the tyre itself very considerably; but then again it means the taking of an immensity of trouble, and whether it is worth this trouble or not is a matter which each motorist must settle for himself.

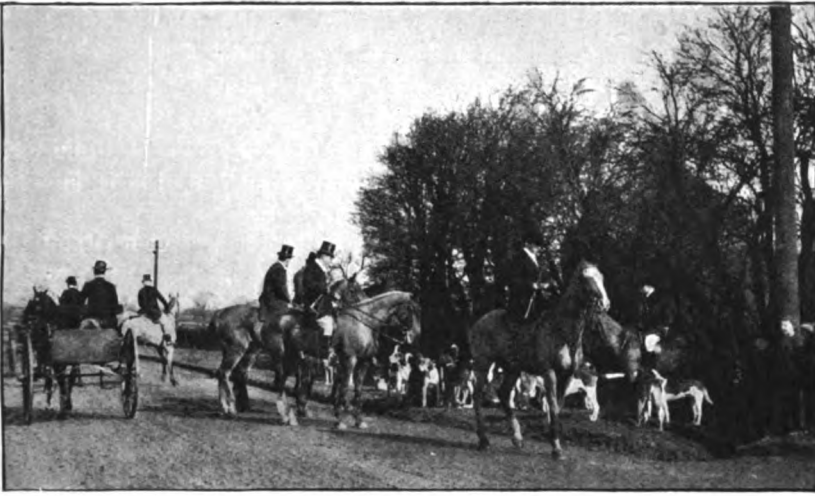
But by far the most important point in connection with the whole matter is the *size* of the tyre used—that is to say, the diameter, which also largely affects the thickness of the walls and tread.

As a general rule, where a price is quoted for the car complete (especially in the case of "light" cars) it will be found that the tyres fitted are far too small. It is really much more businesslike only to buy the *chassis* complete, then to have a body built by a really good coachmaker according to one's requirements, and finally, when the total weight to be carried is ascertained, to have absolutely suitable tyres fitted. For instance, it is a common thing for a light four-seated vehicle to be sold complete as it stands with tyres measuring 800 by 85. This is in reality about the size I would specify were I ordering a "two-seater," or at any rate for a four-seater only intended to accommodate one lady in the tonneau, and she of the most "airy fairy Lilian" type of beauty. When one sees a small car literally "stuffed" with burly folk of both sexes, as one often does, how one's sympathies go out at once to the suffering tyres! My conviction is, that for a car of any "lightness" which is intended at any time to carry four people, the very minimum size should be 810 by 90, and for preference a size larger. The larger the tyre (in reason) the longer not only will it last, but the *ratio* of its lasting properties rises accordingly. Have a good, big, fat, strong tyre. This is the soundest advice I can give to beginners; and, moreover, choose tyres of the proved good makes. I find that a tyre of 810 by 90 will outlast nearly two of only 800 by 85, and this conclusion may possibly give some point to my remarks to the thoughtful in these matters.

All the rest of the talk is now about "bodies," and "demned, moist, unpleasant ones" some of them are, as Mr. Mantalini used to remark. The open "tonneau" is a purely fine-weather pleasure carriage, and the tendency is now certainly going in the direction of solid comfort. People are becoming "fed up" with getting wet through day after day, and even a hood is more or less of another

makeshift, growing extremely dirty and dusty when down, and admitting a great deal of wind and rain when up, so everybody who can afford it is going in for a covered body of some sort or other, as the most casual glance at the late show will bear out. The "landaulette" with covered seats for two is very popular, but any covered body is heavy, and this means bigger tyres and greater wear on them than if the total load were to be lighter—and in motoring parlance weight is money, as previously set forth.

One of the ills from which the "movement" is only just recovering is that at the beginning it fell into the hands of very ignorant people. The simple fact was that there were no English-made cars to speak of, so foreign ones were imported and sold "like hot cakes" as fast as they could be made. The sewing-machine retailer, the cycle dealer, and a few pushing "syndicates" who knew nothing of the self-propelled vehicles, and cared less (realising that in the matter of "commissions" and "discounts" there was a "good deal of fat on them"), bought and sold cars in the most reckless manner, and this country soon became the dumping ground of all sorts of rubbish, which cannot find purchasers at any sort of price secondhand, as all motorists are aware; and when these freaks came to be repaired, which in many cases was in a remarkably brief period, chaos set in, as in the first instance there was no one capable of repairing them, and if there had been the cars were not worth it. This is, however, only what was to be expected, and now things are just beginning to "straighten out." By borrowing French and German experience our makers can build very splendid vehicles, fit in every way to compete with the foreign article, if money is not the chief consideration; but it must be a stern chase for us, as the others had such a long start. English coachbuilders are beginning to grasp the fact that there will be an enormous market for coachwork—if not for our own, at any rate for the foreign *chassis*. Repairers are materialising who are really capable of adjusting high-class engines, and altogether the outlook for "the industry" is hopeful. The modern combustion *engine* is practically perfect; development should proceed in the direction of greater comfort in the carriage-work for all cars, and as a last word the main question hangs upon the ever-present problem, which is the bugbear and *bête noire* of the whole system (except in the case of those whose pockets are abundantly lined), Tyres, Tyres, and yet once again Tyres.



SOME LADIES WHO RIDE TO HOUNDS

BY MRS. STENNARD ROBINSON

IN the limited space of an article it is impossible to name all the women who ride straight to hounds. Such a task needs a volume all to itself—an "Who's Who" in hunting. My pen therefore will only deal with those of whom I have some personal knowledge, which I hope will prevent my making such inaccuracies as one sees now and then in certain of the papers, such as calling a woman "a fearless rider always in the front," when, as a matter of fact, she is extremely timid, and *never* anywhere but at the covert side. Again, because one member of a family happens to ride well, some scribe takes it for granted that her sisters and sisters-in-law are equally good to hounds.

It is a curious fact that a great many people go straight to hounds who are not good riders and who have no knowledge of hunting, or really of riding. They sit on their horses and let them go as they like. The number of people who go out though quite ignorant of the science of hunting is astonishing. Very often, too, they would not even know their own horses again if they saw someone else riding them. But, having had my little grumble, it is satisfactory to be able to say that women to-day are less helpless in the field than they were fifteen years ago, and can

open gates for themselves, which very few of them could formerly. A large proportion ride better nowadays; but there are still only a few who can really gallop and stay on to the end of a long or severe run.

A charming little sportswoman who deplores the present state of fox-hunting writes me her views, which are so pregnant with suggestion that I record them in her own words:—

“There is no doubt,” she writes, “that year by year the fields increase in size in the majority of hunts, but in spite of this the number of true sportsmen and sportswomen is on the decrease; and it would not be a bad plan, if the standard of hunting is to be raised to what it was fifty years ago, to make it necessary to pass both a practical and theoretical examination before being allowed to become a member of a hunt. This might easily be done during the cubbing season, when there is not so much going on as during the hunting season proper. The practical examination could be effected by means of a ‘drag’ over a medium country, and a fair average decided upon. The theoretical should include the etiquette, as well as a fair knowledge, of hunting, and also give instruction in the appearance of the different grain fields, so that no excuse could be made for trampling over winter oats or young wheat, which I have heard described as last season’s grass. A most necessary branch of instruction would be that of cover-hunting, which would prevent the frequent disaster of ‘chopped’ foxes. In this way there is no doubt that a great number of undesirables would be eliminated from the hunting field, and the system would be absolutely fair, as those who passed the examination would be accepted on their sporting merits alone.”

There is a fairly large contingent of road riders who would really not be affected by these rules, and just in the same way that a meet is open to all comers—either driving, riding, or on foot—so those who were in the habit of keeping to the roads and getting a peep of the run now and then would not be interfered with, and only those who essayed to ride across country would need to pass the test beforehand. We should not hear so much about broken-down fences, gaps, and trampled grain. And when one thinks of it, hunting is the only sport in which a novice dares to enter untrained: in no other is it possible. At how many shooting parties would one be allowed who had never held a gun? Yet many and many a time have I seen those who have never before followed the hounds dashing through fences, cannoning others at a gap, regardless of all laws of etiquette and caution, and in their blind excitement actually jumping on to those who are just landing. I commend this suggestion of a test examination to those Masters who have to fight their

way out of a covert through a chattering, thoughtless field. There are, thank heaven! a few hunts left where nearly all are sportsmen and sportswomen, where are to be found the hardest and straightest riding farmers in England. My mind goes back with tender recollection to the Ledbury, where all is good comradeship, and where rank takes second place to riding. Good luck to you this season, sporting little Ledbury!

One would think that forty years of hunting would tire one of the sport, but that such is not the case can be seen any day at Melton, where that veteran and intrepid sportswoman, Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton, goes out with the hounds twice a week and riding as well as ever. She has also been cubbing this season, a fact that proves her health quite as much as it shows her energy and love of the sport; for cub-hunting means rising before daylight and covering many miles before breakfast. Wonderful! During her forty-eight years of sport with the Quorn, Belvoir, and Cottesmore, Lady Wilton, who is called by those who love the chase the Queen of Melton, and her husband, Mr. Prior, entertain a great deal at Egerton Lodge, Melton Mowbray, which house of theirs they are very fond of, as are also their many hunting friends, who find it the great social centre of that most favourite hunting country. The changes that Lady Wilton has seen in the Quorn may be better understood by mentioning that there have been in her time about fifteen different Masters. The famous hunter who carried his mistress safely to hounds up to his extreme age of twenty-eight years was named Willoughby, and was, without doubt, one of the most perfect horses that ever hunted over Lincolnshire. Lady Wilton's introduction to that country was on her marriage to the late Earl Wilton, the pink



MRS. T. H. R. HUGHES, M.F.H. NEUADD FAUR
FOXHOUNDS, ON BATH BUN

of sportsmen, whom Bernal Osborne sketched in some of his hunting verse—

Next, on his switch-tailed bay, with wandering eye,
 Attenuated Wilton canters by.
 His character how difficult to know—
 A compound of psalm tunes and Tally Ho !
 A forward rider, half disposed to preach,
 Though less inclined to practise than to teach ;
 An amorous lover, with a saintly twist,
 And now a jockey, now an organist.

Lady Wilton was a daughter of the second Earl of Craven.

From the age of five, when she began cub-hunting, Lady Gerard has been a regular follower of hounds. The chief point about her riding is its wonderful unobtrusiveness and determination. Fearing nothing, she rides straight, sits splendidly, and knows every inch of the Leicestershire country. Mounted on a powerful thoroughbred of 16 hands (she never rides any but big horses), she is invariably found in the first flight. Moreover, she can make her hunters. She has hunted with Lord Galway's, Bramham Moor, the York and Ainsty, Leicestershire, North and South Cheshire, Lord Zetland's, South Durham, and in Ireland and Wales. Lady Gerard is a charming personality, and very popular in the Quorn. This season she has taken Cold Overton Hall, Earl Cowley's hunting lodge. The Gerard family date back to the time of Henry I., and in 1611, when the English baronetage was created, a member of the Gerard family was in the first list. Her daughter, Baroness de Forest, has very little time now for hunting, as she is mostly yachting with the Baron. Lady Gerard thinks the best hunting country is the Meath, after Leicestershire, to which she remains most loyally devoted.

The accomplished wife of Sir Gilbert Greenall, Master of the Belvoir, began riding at the baby age of three years, and in her girlhood had so much practice on her father's horses that it is said, with no exaggeration, there is nothing Lady Greenall does not know about a horse. She is exceptionally clever at "bitting" horses, is a first-class judge, and most capable in stable management. Lady Greenall hunted in Cheshire (a county she knows very thoroughly) before her marriage, her uncle, Captain Park Yates, being Master of that hunt for nineteen years. Lady Greenall is very popular with the Belvoir Hunt, and has forgotten more about hunting than some people ever know.

No lady of the present day rides better to hounds than the Duchess of Beaufort, who earned distinction in the first instance when she was the Baroness de Tuyl. Her interest now lies of course with the Badminton, a country so wonderfully diversified that the

horse that carries one safely over its fences and brooks, over its scent-carrying vale, or the firm fallow fields and stone walls lying between Long Tree Barn and Trouble House, its delightful woodlands which skirt the Sodbury Vale, can carry one to any hounds in the world.

Lady Southampton is one of the most enthusiastic of contemporary sportswomen, and since her husband took over the master-



LADY GERARD

ship of the Grafton—a pack his father before him was Master of for some twenty-eight years—she has shown her sporting activity in rising as early as 3 a.m. to go out cubbing with him. This genuine love of the hunt, which shirks no discomfort, tending to develop the sport she understands so perfectly and enjoys to the full, began at a very early age, when she learnt all there was to learn with her father's, Lord Zetland's, pack. It was astonishing, her friends say, how quickly she displayed judgment and nerve; and later, during

Lord Zetland's lieutenancy, when as Lady Hilda Dundas she followed the best packs in Ireland, her fame as a straight and hard rider was known everywhere. Lady Southampton's experience of the hunting field is very large. She has hunted with many packs in such different countries that nothing now comes amiss to her. Some of her strangest and most exciting hours have been, perhaps, in the old Muskerry country, which she hunted in the first years of her married life at the time Lord Southampton's regiment, the 10th Hussars, was quartered close by and owned its own pack of foxhounds.

Mrs. Forester, wife of Captain Forester, the new Master of the Quorn, strange to say never rides to hounds, an odd thing to those who know her grandfather was Master of the Bedale for twenty-five years, and her father, Sir Powlett Milbanke, Master of Radnorshire and West Hereford, of which hunts her brother is the huntsman. Mrs. Forester, however, is very keen on all hunting matters, and drives after the pack every time the Quorn go out.

"A fearless rider with splendid seat and hands" is the reputation of Her Grace of Newcastle, who as a little girl followed the hounds with the Quorn, and enjoyed subsequently many a good day on her mother's thoroughbred chestnut, Rob Roy—a hunter the beautiful Empress of Austria wanted to buy from the Hon. Mrs. Candy, who was offered 500 guineas for her. Few women know how to cross a county better than the Duchess, and many a time she has distinguished herself with the Quorn, Mr. Fernie's, or the Cottesmore. She is also known to visit the Warwickshire country occasionally. Her Grace started the Clumber Harriers in 1895 as a private pack of which she is Master. Of her horses one need only say she rides the best. Among those whose names I can recall at the moment, one, a black horse with three white feet, named Neville, was a grandson of Hermit. Then she had a wonderful jumping mare, an extraordinary galloper, called Good Girl; also a Tipperary mare whose name I have forgotten—the chestnut with a white blaze formerly owned by the Master of Tipperary Hunt—I mean the winner of the Gold Cup and the Kildare Hunt Cup.

Lady Warwick—one of the first ladies to wear pink in the hunting field—not only is among the best hunting women, for her performances in the field are too well known to need much mention in these pages, but she is a wonderfully clever handler of horses. Whether in harness or bridle she exercises exceptional control; few horses disobey the mistress whose sympathy with animals so readily understands their wishes and intentions, and every horse in her stable whinnies an affectionate greeting at her approach.

As for her ponies, they follow her about like tame cats. I have heard a well-known West End jobber of horses say that Lady Warwick was as good a judge of horses as any man in England.

The Dowager Lady Yarborough, who has also officiated as Master, is a wonderful rider for her age. She is always well mounted on thoroughbreds, and is a true sportswoman. Miss Naylor hunts occasionally with the Cottessmore, and is as good a rider as Mrs. Lawson, than which no praise can be greater—or more said. Lady Aline Beaumont, sister of the Marquis of Londonderry, a good rider to hounds, is devoted to hunting, and generally contrives to have four days a week. She has hunted principally with the Tynedale, Bicester, and Graf-ton.

The richer Australian woman, unlike her American sisters in this respect, is invariably a fear-

less rider, understanding horses and their management—even to breaking in young colts—very thoroughly. This comes of their riding from infancy bareback all over the squatter's sheep pasturage, most excellent training for making a clever equestrian. Whether motors have taken the place of the saddle horse up country in the backwoods of Australia I am not aware, but



LADY GREENALL (WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE BELVOIR)

in the days when I was in Victoria and New South Wales the only way to visit one's friends whose habitat was miles off was by riding over. We thought nothing, as girls, of running a horse in from the paddock, feeding and bridling him, and cantering twenty or thirty miles to afternoon tea, nor of galloping sixty miles to a dance, with our ball-dress in card box fastened on the saddle. After dancing for six hours, while the horse was feeding and resting, we then cantered back to breakfast and our daily duties. From such an education in horsemanship it comes easy for an Australian to go out with the hounds in England, and being ready and quick to take hints she rapidly learns fox-hunting. Among Australian women



LADY AUGUSTA FANE

who have the reputation of riding straight to hounds, none is known more popularly than Lady Huntingdon, wife of the fourteenth Earl of that name, whose ancestry dates back to the Normans. She is a daughter of the late Sir Samuel Wilson, whose acres of Australian sheep-runs made him a millionaire. Lady Huntingdon's initiation to the hunt was at Melton, with the Quorn and Cottesmore. This

was shortly after her marriage, and she quickly made herself recognised as an excellent sportswoman and a good rider. This season, Lord Huntingdon being Master of the North Staffordshire, they are residing at Madeley Hall, which is situated in the best of the country.

Lady Augusta Fane, always beautifully turned out, goes out on Monday and Friday with the Quorn, on Tuesday and Saturday with the Cottesmore, and Wednesday with the Belvoir, these being the best days of each of the packs mentioned. Lady Augusta, a daughter of the second Earl of Stradbroke, learnt to ride when quite a child, galloping daily about the park of Henham Hall, Suffolk, where her parents resided. Her first fox-hunt, however, was with

the Bramham Moor, when she was about fifteen or sixteen; she came in for a real fast thirty-five minutes, and the Master gave her the brush, to her intense joy. Never, she tells her friends, shall she forget the wild excitement of that day. Lady Augusta always rides on a Mayhew saddle, as she thinks the pommels enable the rider to sit absolutely straight, and give a firmer



THE HON. MRS. WILFRID LAWSON

seat than the ordinary narrow pommels. After a year's absence abroad, Lady Augusta Fane is looking forward to some keen enjoyment this season at Melton, and we shall doubtless find her pen active once again.

With the Quorn, Belvoir, and Cottesmore the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Lawson is always to the front; she takes her own line, and is a magnificent horsewoman. She rides big thoroughbreds, and if they

are often difficult does not appear to mind in the least. She, and her little daughter, who began hunting at the age of six, have been out cubbing with the Quorn and Belvoir, but are not hunting this year at Melton. Miss Lawson rides quite wonderfully for her age (sixteen), and no horse comes amiss to her; but she inherits capacity from both sides—at least, her father won military steeplechases. Last year she rode a very big chestnut, 16.3, a good horse, now bought by Mr. John Grettan of Stapleford.

The Hon. Mrs. Gifford, of Boothby Hall, Grantham, has not been allowed to hunt during the last two seasons on account of her health, but hopes another year to enjoy a run, as her nerve is as good as ever, and her love for the sport undiminished. Meanwhile she attends the meets in a motor-car, a vehicle not objected to now out hunting, except in Warwickshire, I believe. The horses are growing more used to motors every year. It is quite a common sight to see a lady getting on to her hunter from the step of a motor-car, and it must certainly be a real luxury to spin home after hunting instead of riding a weary horse in the dark, which for a woman is the most tiring part of hunting. Mrs. Gifford learnt to walk and ride simultaneously; Frank Gillard's "Reminiscences" tell us that she was blooded in the cubbing season of 1891, and on November 24 of that year it is recorded in her father's diary "that she got a fall with no damage done except to her new hat." Mrs. Gifford has hunted with twelve separate packs. A most interesting incident is worth recording that happened in connection with the birth of her little son. When Master Gifford was a fortnight old, the Belvoir pack assembled at Boothby Hall, and he was duly introduced to his guests, dressed in a red coat with the hunt buttons and a black velvet hunting cap. His health was then drunk, as the youngest member of the hunt, to the toast of "An open country, a good line of grass, and a hundred years' point."

Though it is improbable that Mrs. Laycock will be seen in the field for some time—if ever again on horseback—owing to her tragic accident in Paris early in the year, no mention of the Quorn would be complete without her name being recorded as one of the distinguished riders of her day. The niece of Lord Listowel made her mark hunting with the Royal Meath, the premier Irish pack, where every woman rides so hard and pluckily as to have earned for it the sobriquet of the "Amazon Pack." To merit praise in such a bevy of quality is praise indeed, and tells much for the style and quality of Mrs. Laycock's riding form. Mrs. Laycock will be sadly missed.

No mention of the Quorn could be complete without reference to Lady Lonsdale, who is one of the most popular of hunting

women, though she does not go out so much as formerly. She enjoys sport, and has managed a pack of beagles for herself, as also a pack of dachshunds, which she hunted some years ago at Penrith. Her interest in everything connected with the Quorn equals that of her husband, Lord Lonsdale; and when he was Master, Lady Lonsdale took great pride in presenting the Quorn collars as a special gift from herself. Lady Lonsdale is always mounted on the best, and rides fearlessly well, as in fact do most of her family, of which Lady Elena Wickham, who hunts with the Fitzwilliam, is one.

Another popular hunting-woman is the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther; perhaps, indeed, no lady goes straighter. Owing to delicate health she is not allowed to hunt as much as she would like to do. Her two young daughters, clever little riders, however, contribute to her enjoyment by their keenness and their happy recapitulations of their day's sport. Mrs. Lowther is the sister of Sir Berkeley Sheffield, and is married to Lord Lonsdale's brother. One of her favourite



MISS MARJORIE LAWSON
(DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. W. LAWSON)

mounts—a perfect jumper—was an Irish horse named Irish Jig, quite an appropriate name for a jumper.

Mrs. Bagnall, of the Worcester, is another lady who must not be omitted. Out constantly and in all weathers, she has seen some exciting runs, and one she tells of so well that I cannot do better than give her relation in her own words:

"Thanks to the horses under me, I've been in some real good runs in my time, and still hope to see some fun before the 'final kill.' The best run I ever had was with the Ledbury some four years ago. It was an historical run. Cubberly the huntsman and I and two

more cleared an ugly bit of timber out of a lane at Limbery to start with (the take-off a bog), so we had the advantage of those who rode down the lane for a broken place. For an hour and ten minutes we raced along over the finest country in the world (to my belief). At the first check the hard-riding farmers said it was fourteen miles as the crow flew, and the Ledbury farmers are not only the hardest riders, but the finest sportsmen I ever came across. Well, we changed our fox and ran on for some miles more, but didn't kill, though one of the whip's horses died—only just put in a stable before he dropped, and Mr. Wilson mounted himself and his men on the

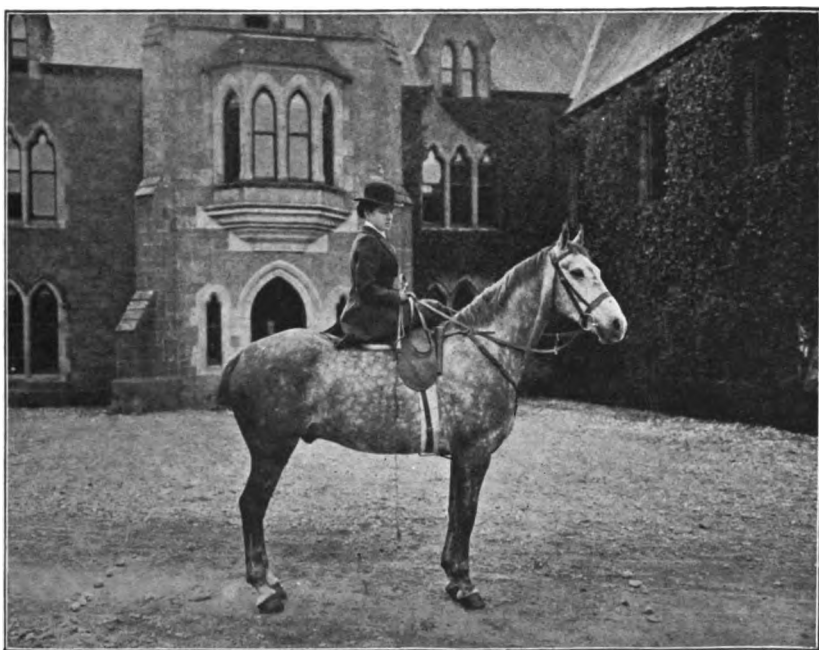


MRS. BAGNALL ON HER FAVOURITE HUNTER RAINBOW, WINNER OF
NINE PRIZES IN THE SHOW-RING

very best. I was on an ugly-looking mare I had just bought. No one else seemed inclined to have her, but she was A 1—nothing came amiss to her. The finest day's hunting I ever had was with the Crome: it was the day of our dear old Queen's death (but she did not die till the evening), glorious weather, an enormous meet at Malvern Hills. We'd three runs that day, and each one was a feast for one horse. The last run was one to remember, over *such* a good country; but we had to whip off for dark; we went till we could hardly see in front of us, and the last hedge looked so black I preferred jumping the gate, which, when my mare was clearing, I saw had a plough at the other side; but my good mare (the same

that I rode in the Ledbury run) never touched gate or plough. At the finish there were the two hunt servants, and three of us all told, and I believe I am telling the truth when I say *I* was the only one who *rode* home; the others had either to 'put in' or get off and drag their horses after them. We are having a real good cubbing season with the Croome, and every prospect of another good season."

Mrs. Bagnall's picture is taken on her favourite Rainbow, who, besides being an undeniable hunter, has won nine prizes in the show-ring, ridden by its owner.



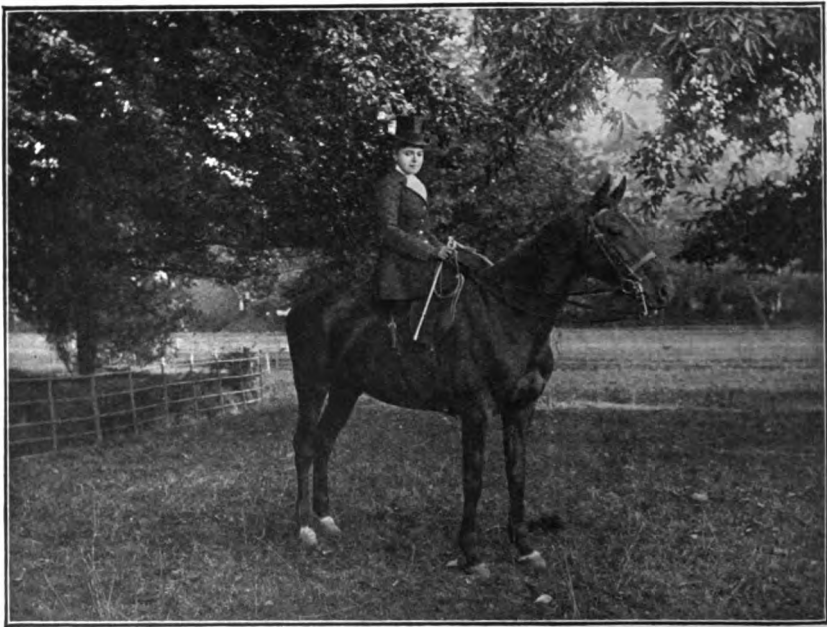
MRS. LANGRISHE (WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE KILKENNY HUNT)

Mrs. Langrishe, wife of the Master of Kilkenny Hunt, goes out with the hounds regularly four days a week. Some of the meets she attends are a very long way off, over twenty miles, whilst others are at her gates, so to speak. The country is practically all grass, and famous for its scent-carrying properties; but it requires a good horse to get over it, as the fences are very varied. Mr. Langrishe has greatly improved the pack since he became Master, and personally superintends everything. Mrs. Langrishe rides thoroughbreds, and owns a beauty this season named Record, a perfect fencer, with pace enough to win a race; but he was bred in Kilkenny and has

Z Z 2

never been out of it, so that explains his ability to deal with the county he was born in. Kilkenny has always been famous for its straight-necked foxes and its long runs. The hunter in the picture of Mrs. Langrishe, taken outside Knocktopher Abbey, is called Good Luck.

Miss Ethel Talbot is a notable figure in the Worcestershire Hunt, where she may be seen on the best type of hunter. The bay mare Roxane has carried her now for four seasons; a little hasty, her mistress says, but it takes a good one to catch her when hounds really run. Miss Talbot rides hard, takes a line of her own, and is



MISS ETHEL TALBOT ON ROXANE

an all-round good horsewoman, knowing all there is to know about hunting.

Mrs. Tilney—better known to outsiders who remember her as Miss Hylda Paget, with a wonderful jumping pony called Daisy—is the most charming type of English hunting woman. Her love of horses and her daring and fearless riding have no doubt come to her as a birthright from her father, Sir Ernest Paget.

One of the best of girl riders is Miss Dorothy Chandos-Pole, daughter of Colonel Chandos-Pole, one-time Master of the Cattistock. Beginning to hunt at the age of six, she has since been out

regularly each season for sixteen years, and her experience covers many different packs. Miss Dorothy has, for the last eight years, hunted in the Meynell country. The horse she is photographed on she considers the best she has ridden. The Colonel, her father, has always bred horses, and most of those ridden by Miss Chandos-Pole are of his breeding. Her favourite mare is named Buio, and has



MISS DOROTHY CHANDOS-POLE ON HARDCASH

carried her mistress now four seasons. The Warwickshire country can also boast two other lady riders of conspicuous form, viz., Mrs. Jock Trotter and Mrs. Wilfrid Holden.

Miss Wilson of Rancely Hall, who hunts with the Belvoir, has a quiet way of getting about the country that is a model for the rising generation. The daughters of the late Mr. Heathcote of

Folkingham—a very old Lincolnshire family—now all married, are perhaps the best-known followers of the Belvoir on their side of the country. They have all ridden since childhood, they can take good care of themselves, and they thoroughly understand hunting. Mrs. M. Thorold, of Honington, never misses a day whatever the weather. Miss Muth, who lives near Sleaford, is another excellent horse-woman who can make a young horse and understands everything connected with horses. She has fine hands, and can hold her own with the best over a country. Miss Brockton goes specially well with the Belvoir; all horses seem the same to her, and no place is too big; when hounds run she takes her own line and is hard to beat. Mrs. Griffith, whose husband acts as Field Master for Sir Gilbert Greenall, has a wide knowledge of hunting and seldom misses a meet with the Belvoir. Mrs. Tenison, who lives in Grantham, hunts always three or four days a week. She knows the country and rides small well-bred horses that can get about very quickly and enable her to see everything. Mrs. Lindsay Smith, of Grantham, seldom misses a day, and is always to be seen holding a good place during a gallop. Mrs. Schwind, Mrs. Ellison, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Reid, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Everitt, are out regularly, and all of them ride well, in fact Grantham can compete favourably with any other town in its proportion of hard-riding women. From Melton comes Mrs. Sherriffe, who as Miss Vickers was well known as a rider to hounds.

The fashions in habits have not altered: the long loose coat and safety skirt prevail, but some ladies (the Hon. Mrs. Lawson is one) wear swallow-tail coats, close-fitting, with white or leather waistcoats.





BRIDGE

BY "PORTLAND"

EVERYONE who plays Bridge ought to know something of the theory of probabilities as applied to the game. It is not necessary to be a mathematician, and to be able to calculate out the chances of this or that distribution of the cards to four places of decimals; but we ought all to have some idea as to the likelihood of our finesses succeeding or failing, for without this knowledge we cannot tell whether to finesse or not, and are necessarily at a disadvantage in the play of the cards.

The following are some simple cases in which a consideration of card chances is important in determining the correct play:—

When the dealer holds, in his own hand and dummy's, nine cards of a suit including all the Bridge honours except the queen, it becomes a question whether he should finesse with the knave, or lead out ace and king in the hope that the queen will fall. Generally speaking the latter course is the more likely to prove successful, for while it is even betting whether the adverse honour lies to the right or left, it is a shade of odds against its being doubly guarded in either hand. Most people who have had much experience at Bridge are aware of this, but what they do not always remember is that if three or four cards are marked in one adversary's hand, while the other's is entirely unknown, the chances are considerably affected by this fact. When this is so it is odds on the queen—or whatever the card may be which we wish, if we can, to catch—lying with the player whose hand contains the greater number of unknown cards, and other things being equal it is right to finesse against him. It frequently happens, however, that whereas the one hand is marked

with the long cards of an established suit, the other has no card to put him in with, and in these circumstances one must ignore the probabilities and finesse against the hand in which the danger lies; or, if that is impracticable, play for the "drop." It does not do to be too great a slave to the doctrine of chances.

Again, suppose that the dealer holds in the two hands ten cards of a suit headed by the ace, queen, knave, etc., the king being the only high card against him. With this combination some players appear to think that there is as good a chance of catching the king by putting on the ace first round as by finessing; but this is entirely wrong. If a small card is led up to the hand containing ace and queen, and the second player follows with a small one, it is approximately an even-money chance that the king lies to the right, but it is 3 to 1 against its being caught unguarded on the left. Hence the more advantageous way of playing the suit is to take the finesse. We are speaking of the no-trump game, of course, because with a suit declaration there would be too much danger of a ruff for the finesse to be thought of, unless all the trumps were out.

The reason why it is 3 to 1 against dropping the king by putting on the ace first round may be explained as follows: As soon as the second in hand has followed, there remain only two cards of the suit to be accounted for, the king and a small one. Now it is approximately even betting whether either of these lies to the right or left, but for the third player to clear his suit without finessing he must find the king to his left and the small one to his right. He is thus in the position of a man who makes an accumulating bet on two horses, each of which stands in the betting at evens, when, as everyone who goes racing knows, the proper odds against the double event are 3 to 1. For it to be an even chance whether the king falls or not it must be the only one left in—that is to say, the dealer and his partner must hold eleven cards of the suit between them.

The dealer's expectation of bringing off a simple finesse has been described as approximately an even chance, because it is not, as a matter of fact, exactly so. When the second in hand has played to the trick his remaining cards are fewer by one than his partner's, and thus, assuming that no cards are marked in either's hand, it is always a shade of odds against the finesse succeeding. This disparity between the chances is very slight at the beginning of a hand, and may be ignored; but in the last few tricks it is often sufficient to make a finesse in the highest degree inadvisable. To take an extreme case, let us suppose that dummy's last two cards in a no-trump hand are the 3 and 2 of hearts, the dealer's the knave and 9, and that the 10 and 8 of hearts and the two last clubs are

divided between the two adversaries, but there is no indication as to their distribution. Dummy leads the 3 of hearts, and the dealer's right-hand adversary puts on the 8. Now everything depends on his last card. If it is the remaining heart the dealer can win the last two tricks by finessing, and if it is a club he can do so by putting on the knave. But as there are two clubs and only one heart left in it is obviously 2 to 1 in favour of its being a club, and thus the dealer's best chance is to refuse the finesse. This he should accordingly do, quite apart from the score, and from the fact that in this way he makes certain of the twelfth trick, which is sometimes an important consideration. If there were another small heart left in and only one club, whichever way he played the odds would be 2 to 1 against his winning both tricks.

Lastly, let us take an instance which affects the play of one of the non-dealers. Suppose that your partner's opening lead at no-trumps is the 7 of spades, of which suit you hold the queen, 9, 4, and dummy the knave, 3, 2. If dummy puts on a small one, ought you to play the queen or finesse the 9? It is a well-established maxim of Bridge that you must never finesse against your partner, but this, nevertheless, hardly concludes the question, because when there is a card upon the table which you are endeavouring to defeat by playing a lower card than your best you cannot be said to be finessing against your partner alone. And, maxim or no maxim, you have to take the best chance of helping him to clear his suit.

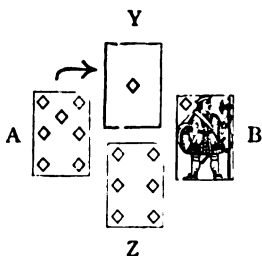
The position is not an easy one, because if you put on your queen and the ace or king comes upon the top of it, the knave will be good for a trick later, and in all probability your partner's suit will never be cleared. If, however, you finesse the 9 and the dealer wins the trick with the 10, you will certainly hear about it at the end of the hand. Now assuming that your partner is a fourth-best leader—which, let us hope, is not paying him too extravagant a compliment—it is clear that he holds three of the four unseen spades higher than the 7, and that the dealer holds the fourth. The dealer's only high spade, therefore, is the ace, king, 10, or 8, and it may just as well be one of these as another. If it is the ace or king, you draw it cheaply by finessing the 9, and your partner's suit is at once established. If it is the 10 you make the dealer a present of a cheap trick, and may be throwing away the one chance of saving the game. If it is the 8, it is immaterial whether you put on the queen or 9. The chances are, therefore, 2 to 1 in favour of the finesse, and although it has the disadvantage of misleading your partner as to the position of the queen, it would certainly be the correct play if one had so good a hand as to feel confident of regaining the lead at no remote period.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND

A and B are partners against Y and Z. Score : Love all ; Z deals and declares no-trumps. Y's and B's hands are as follows :—

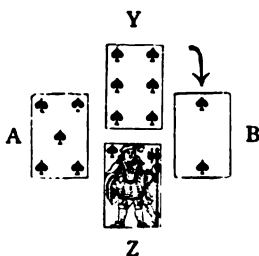
Y's hand (dummy).				B's hand (third player).			
Hearts	K Q 9 8 5 4	Hearts	Kve 7 6
Diamonds	A 3 2	Diamonds	Kve 4
Clubs	6 5	Clubs	Q 4 2
Spades	6 4	Spades	Q 9 7 3 2

TRICK 1.



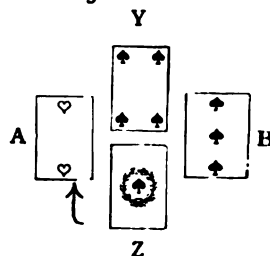
Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 2.



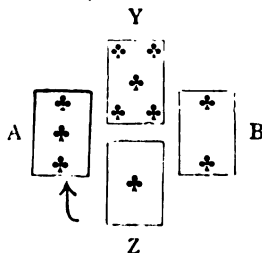
Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 3.



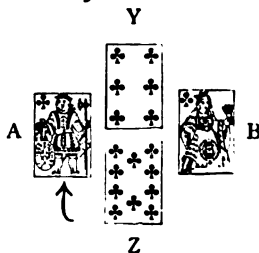
Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 4.



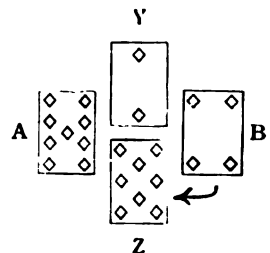
Tricks : A B, 0 ; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 5.



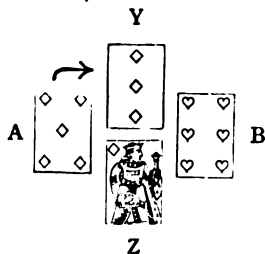
Tricks : A B, 1 ; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 6.



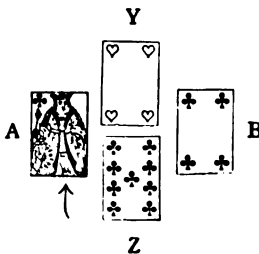
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 4.

TRICK 7.



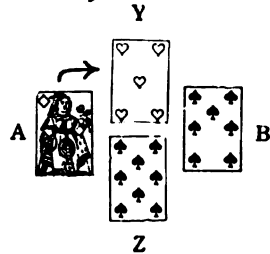
Tricks : A B, 2 ; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 8.



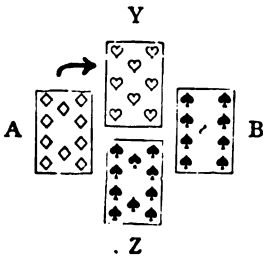
Tricks : A B, 3 ; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 9.



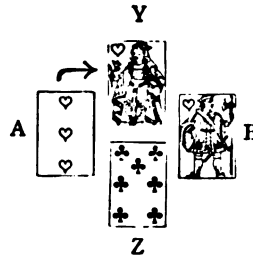
Tricks : A B, 4 ; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 10.



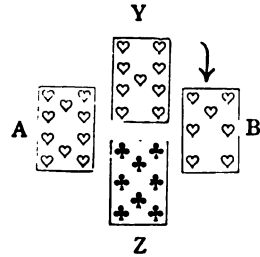
Tricks : A B, 5 ; Y Z, 5.

TRICK 11.



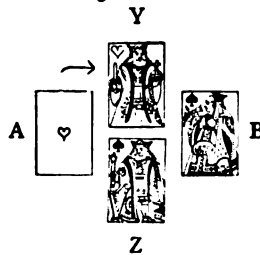
Tricks : A B, 5 ; Y Z, 6.

TRICK 12.



Tricks : A B, 6 ; Y Z, 6.

TRICK 13.



Tricks : A B, 7 ; Y Z, 6.

Thus A and B win the odd trick.

Remarks :—

Trick 1.—B throws the knave of diamonds in order to avoid blocking A's suit. Z may hold four to the king, 9, in which case it is very important that B should be able to return a small one.

Trick 5.—B may just as well take over A's trick and return the diamond through Z. He cannot hope to win the third round of clubs with the queen.

Tricks 9 and 10.—B can safely discard his spades, for it is clear from Z's play that he holds no hearts. A therefore holds the ace, 10, 3, and wants the support of B's remaining hearts to win two tricks in the suit.

Trick 11.—B must throw the knave or he will spoil A's tenace, and be forced to lead his losing spade. B plays throughout for his partner's hand.



BOOKS ON SPORT

THE MAMMALS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By J. G. Millais, F.G.S. Illustrated. In Three Vols. Vol. II. Longmans, Green & Co. London, New York, and Bombay. 1905.

The previous volume of this huge and remarkable work we have already noticed, cordially bearing testimony to the fact that nothing could be more complete and more admirable ; and the second volume, just issued, is not less worthy of eulogy. For the student of natural history all the works of nature should be equally tempting of investigation, and seeing that rats and mice come into the scheme of creation they are here properly dealt with ; though to multitudes of persons there is nothing more loathsome than the brown rat, of which Mr. Thorburn's coloured picture is so realistic that not a few people will be unable to look at it without a shudder. It is little short of appalling to read of a rat weighing two and three-quarter pounds and measuring 20 inches. As for the manner in which the horrible creatures swarm in some districts, this is shown by the fact that one frosty evening in 1900, walking home from Rusper, Mr. Millais declares that he met more than 5,000. In one field he shot over a hundred with a small rifle. In every way the brutes are dangerous. They disseminate the plague ; and just a year ago a six weeks old child was gnawed to death by rats at Lewisham, the mother returning to find the child dead, part of his head having been eaten away. Tramps lying by the roadside and sleeping in rickyards, it is averred, have been killed by rats ; and Mr. Millais says much about them, but not enough about the best way of getting rid of the pest.

Perhaps the chief attraction of this book will be found in the excellent chapters on the Otter and the Badger. The percentage of inhabitants of England who have ever seen an otter or a badger in a wild state, a badger particularly, must be curiously small, and this perhaps adds to the interest of reading about the creatures. Many people will be surprised to learn that the otter, so much of whose life is passed in the water, has a great dislike to lying down wet, and will roll and dry itself on the turf before going into his holt. In 1903 an otter was killed at West Grinstead during a day's covert-shooting at a place quite two miles from any water, and it is said that they have

been found on Dartmoor as much as ten or fifteen miles from the nearest stream. It is reported, indeed, that the young otters take at first very reluctantly to the water. Mr. Millais's chapters are full of surprising facts. One of the quaintest anecdotes is of a farmer who, walking by the riverside near Llanwrtyd Wells, "observed a great commotion in the water close to the edge of some thick ice; on going nearer he found it was caused by an otter which, strange as it may appear, was firmly frozen by its tail to the ice. Probably the otter had for some time been sitting on the edge of the ice in wait for a passing fish, and on plunging in to secure its prey found itself in durance vile. The poor beast's nails were quite worn to the flesh by scratching against a rock, and its teeth broken by biting the ice in its vain attempt to free itself. The otter was secured and taken home by the farmer, but died the same night."

Concerning the Badger, it is noted how many towns in England are apparently named after it under its old appellation of "Brock": Brockhurst, Brockenhurst, Brockenborough, Brockford, Brockhall, four Brockhamptons, four Brockleys, and several others; and the crest of the Brocklehurst family is a badger. A charming picture is painted (verbally) of what may be called the Badger at Home. The observer is recommended to take up his position on a fork of a tree, as most animals, badgers included, never look up.

"In meditative silence you look and listen as sounds of daily life gradually die, and the voices of the evening float through the surrounding landscape. When you have climbed to your perch, the cuckoo is still uttering his monotonous call, the wood-pigeon cooing, and the turtle-dove purring to his mate. The farm-boy sings in his raucous voice as he is driving the cows home from pasture, and all nature is preparing itself for rest. Bang goes a distant gun, and you see a wave of scudding rabbits making for the cover. Soon the swallows are gone to roost, and you listen and wonder where the swifts are going to, as their screaming voices sound fainter and fainter away up in the clouds. They have gone, too, and the first notes of the nightingale and the long-eared owl tell you that night is coming on. An hour has gone since you first climbed the tree; you can still see in the hazy landscape the long line of feeding rabbits, for their fears are once more set at rest, when looking towards the 'set' you notice the clean white head with the two black lines that you have come to see. Another head looks out, and yet another, and then with a short run the old badgers are out and sitting down to listen. They are soon followed by the youngsters, who start a game of romps as their elders gradually wander away to forage among the nettles and the foxgloves." When they go home they are very careful to "wipe their feet on the mat," as they will

not take into their earth the mud that clings to them after a wet night—the mat being, in the particular case where this circumstance was observed, a silver-birch tree that overhung the entrance to the “set.” It is agreeable to find reference made to “a most interesting article which appeared in the *Badminton Magazine* in 1903” on the subject of badgers. The creatures are recommended as most amusing pets, and are easily tamed if taken young.

Another quaint beast of which little is known is the Marten. The wonderful jumping powers of this small animal are described—a leap of ten feet is nothing to it, and it scrambles in and out among the branches with what the author happily describes as a “delicious boneless grace.”

The book is full of surprising facts which dwellers in towns—and indeed many dwellers in the country—would never have suspected; such as that “the Pole-cat is a fine bold swimmer, though no better than the Stoat, and is said to be capable of diving and taking food from the bottom of a stream.” That these are extraordinarily ferocious little beasts is well known. Pole-cats and weasels have been known, for instance, to rush without provocation and attack men. There is an anecdote of a ferret being put to an entirely new use. A doctor had sent a sick man some leeches, and when he inquired the results from the patient’s wife she replied, “Those little worm things were no good, so I got a ferret and put it on him, and that did him a power of good.”

It would seem incredible were the fact stated on less authority than here given that a stoat weighing under 12 oz. should be able to move the dead body of a rabbit weighing 3 lb. 5 oz. for what is described as “a distance of two gun-shots,” which may be taken to mean sixty or seventy yards. The stoat had killed the rabbit about a hundred and twenty yards from some gorse, into which it wanted to drag its prize. By taking the rabbit by the neck and wriggling its little body underneath, it just managed by stupendous efforts to move its victim a few inches at a time. It took forty-five minutes to complete the distance mentioned, and then a charge of No. 6 interrupted its labours. Yet a doe rabbit in defence of her young will actually attack and chase away a stoat, and an instance of this marvellous maternal devotion is quoted. Among the pictures which will give many readers an entirely new idea of animal life are some of stoats turning somersaults, rolling themselves into balls, and performing other quaint antics in order to rouse the curiosity of birds and rabbits, the little beast’s idea being thus to decoy them within striking distance.

It is impossible in the limits here available to do anything like justice to this beautiful book. Besides Mr. Millais’s photogravures

and uncoloured plates, there are eighteen superb coloured pictures by Mr. Archibald Thorburn. Messrs. H. Grönvold and G. E. Lodge have also been pressed into service. The third volume is announced for next May. The completed work will be a monument to the enterprise of the publishers, and to the author's extraordinary knowledge of animal life.

HALF A CENTURY OF SPORT IN HAMPSHIRE. Being Extracts from the Shooting Journals of James Edward, Second Earl of Malmesbury, with a Memoir by his great-grandson, the Fifth Earl. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. London: George Newnes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The fact that the second Lord Malmesbury kept a careful record of every shot he fired during forty years was first published in one of the "Shooting" volumes of the Badminton Library, and that work has been so frequently quoted that to not a few readers the subject will doubtless be quite familiar. The second Earl was born—or, as it pleases his great-grandson to say, "commenced his existence"—in August 1778; and the first volume of the journals begins twenty years later. He fired in all 54,987 shots, gathering 38,454 head, and consequently scoring 16,533 misses. Blackgame in his time frequented the neighbourhood of Heron Court, and he accounted for 81. In these days, on an estate where preservation is carefully carried on, it is pheasants that chiefly swell the list; but during Lord Malmesbury's forty years he killed 6,320 of these birds against 10,744 partridges. Hares totalled 5,181, rabbits 7,414; 1,080 woodcocks and 4,694 snipes are included, with 16 bitterns, and only 6 golden plover. Readers of this magazine will remember the late discussion on "Difficult Shots," and the general consensus of opinion that in certain conditions a pheasant was the hardest bird to kill. The only bird that Lord Malmesbury missed oftener than he hit was snipe, but it will of course be understood that pheasants and partridges in his day flew very differently from the driven birds and rocketers which try the skill of contemporary gunners.

With reference to the swimming power of stoats, commented on in the preceding review, Lord Malmesbury notes that in 1813 he "shot a very large stoat in the act of swimming across the Stour." It is evident that the weather did not deter him, and one feels curious to know something of the severest day he ever experienced. January 23rd, 1823, was "nearly" the severest. He notes that a bird which fell in the river, and the dog who fetched it out, were instantly frozen over on quitting the water, and that his handkerchief froze hard in his pocket. On a severer day than this it must

have been quite cold! Shortly before this frosty episode he had good sport with wildfowl; though he failed on one occasion. "A hooper," he writes, "came and pitched within forty-five yards of me. I fired both barrels at him, but I might as well have spit at him. He appeared to be of a large size, and 'hooped' as he sat in the water, and bore a very beautiful and majestic appearance. He was afterwards shot at with ball near Christchurch. The man missed him and killed a cow."

The book is full of interesting details, and has special value, as enabling sportsmen of the present time to contrast their shooting with what took place at the beginning of the last century.

AN AUSTRALIAN CRICKETER ON TOUR. By Frank Laver. Illustrated by photographs. London: Chapman & Hall. 1905.

Mr. Laver's friends told him that it was a pity the world in general had not an opportunity of reading the diaries he kept during his travels; and, of course, as a member of the Tenth and Twelfth Australian Teams which visited England he was in a position to record much which appeals to cricketers. For those portions of his volume which deal with mere travel we must candidly say that we do not much care. In several places his narrative is disfigured by what it would be almost a compliment to describe as a lack of refinement, and some of his stories were not worth telling. With regard to the cricket a little more detail would have been welcome; but the scores of memorable matches are worth preservation, and his "Opinions and Comments" and "Remarks on Captainship" come, of course, from an authority.

A GAY DOG. Pictured by Cecil Aldin. London: William Heinemann. 1905.

This is the third of Mr. Aldin's dog books. It deals with a bull, and is not unworthy of its predecessors. One of a litter of three, he became the property of a young man of fashion, and his adventures are portrayed. He was mischievous, as a matter of course. On a certain occasion he had to appear in some theatricals, to rescue his mistress by flying at the villain, and one of the drawings shows how he upset the scene by refusing to go on, in spite of pressure from the wings. He went abroad, also on a visit to the country, where he made the acquaintance of a cow, unaware of the circumstance that cows toss dogs. Mr. Aldin leaves him before he has recovered from his experience of that to him painful discovery. The artist has long been recognised as a humourist, and the fact is once more demonstrated.

A FISHING CATECHISM. By Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson.
London: Edward Arnold. 1905.

The author truly remarks on his second page that "Fishing has been eagerly followed from the very earliest period in the history of the world," and on his first page that "Fishing, now the most popular of sports, has only taken its high position in the affections of the multitude within the recollection of men who are not yet past middle age." These two statements appear rather to clash. There are more anglers now than there were formerly because there are more men living, and facilities for getting about the country are greater than they used to be; but that fishing was always exceedingly popular (to speak in the superlative and call it "the most popular" of sports is of course open to question) is proved by the number of books that have been written about it for centuries past, and by the facts which the authors of them record. Colonel Meysey-Thompson, a member of the Council of the Trout and Salmon Association, is an expert of wide knowledge. Why he has put his information in the shape of a catechism is not clear. Pages of questions and answers make fidgety reading, and we fail to see what is gained by the method; but all that he has to say strikes us as thoroughly sound, and he discusses fish and fishing of all descriptions.

THE FIGHTING MAN OF JAPAN. By F. J. Norman. Illustrated.
London: Archibald Constable & Co. 1905.

We think it will be safe to assert that no Englishman has so extensive a knowledge of Japanese methods of offence and defence as is possessed by Mr. F. J. Norman. Readers of this magazine are acquainted with his work and will recognise his peculiar competence for the task he has here undertaken. Recent events in the Far East give interest to the chapters on "The Commencement of Japanese Military History"—we should have preferred "Beginning" to "Commencement," but that is a detail—and on "The Education of the Japanese Military and Naval Officers." Of late, moreover, much has been heard and not a little seen of "Sumō" and "Jujutsu" (so Mr. Norman spells the latter word, and he is an authority of the first rank), and these forms of Japanese wrestling are here described, together with "Kenjutsu," or Japanese fencing. The book is illustrated with photographs, some of which we have already published in Mr. Norman's articles.



BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

THE questions of pattern and penetration are, of course, the leading considerations in the choice of cartridges. For a long time past Messrs. Curtis's and Harvey have advocated the use of a one-ounce charge in preference to the usual $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz., and have demonstrated that the lighter load is as effective as the heavier, whilst its advantages are manifest, especially to those who are inclined to suffer from gun headache. These celebrated makers, however, have now gone one better, and are strongly recommending their "Feather Weight Smokeless Cartridges," containing $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. shot. The secret, if secret it can be called, is, of course, in the description of powder used in the manufacture, the composition differing materially from the 42 and 33 grain varieties, which could not be advantageously employed for this light load of shot. When such a firm as Messrs. Curtis's and Harvey stake their reputation, as it were, on what they advise their customers to use, that advice may be safely followed.

* * * * *

In the battle of mechanical piano-players the "Angelus" easily holds its own, to no small extent in consequence of the ingenious idea contained in the employment of the "phrasing lever" which is peculiar to this invention. The Orchestral Organ Combination is another feature of the instrument. Attention is drawn to the "Angelus" at the present time by reason of the fact that Sir Herbert Marshall, of Leicester and 233 Regent Street, was the recipient of a knighthood in the recent King's Birthday Honours List, the distinction having been conferred upon him in consequence of the services he has rendered to music.

* * * * *

A good new round game of cards is the more welcome by reason of its rarity, and "Quits" (Parker Bros., Lovell's Court, E.C.) certainly comes into the category. The game is played by three, four, five, or six players, with special cards, some of which are called "Quits," and when thrown down check the series which is at the time in progress, enabling the player who has disbursed a "Quit" to lead what he likes, the object being to get rid of his cards. It is childishly simple, though at the same time there is scope for much calculation.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the December competition will be announced in the February issue.

THE OCTOBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the October competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. Graystone Bird (two guineas); Mr. T. E. Grant, Leytonstone; Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham; Mr. D. M. Stone, Cricklewood; Miss Archer Houlton, Hallingbury Place, Bishop's Stortford; Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County; Mr. R. A. Silk, H.M.S. *Amethyst*, Atlantic Fleet (two guineas); and Mr. Carl Rubow, Copenhagen.



THE LADIES' PLATE, BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Photograph by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



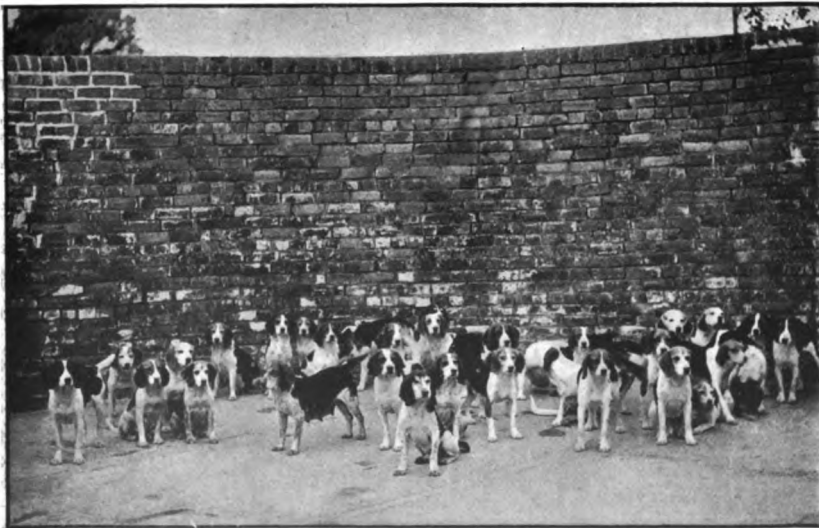
SHOOTING AT BRENT, SOUTH DEVON—WAITING FOR THE OTHER GUNS

Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, South Devon



**FINISH OF THE OPEN 100 YARDS RACE, POLYTECHNIC HARRIERS' MEETING
AT PADDINGTON**

Photograph by Mr. T. E. Grant, Leytonstone



NEW COLLEGE AND MAGDALEN BEAGLES, OXFORD

Photograph by Mr. George Blacklock, Thurlow Place, London, S.W.



CHELLENHAM HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE, OCTOBER 4, 1905.
"THE CHIEF" LEADING

Photograph by Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham



FRENCH PARTRIDGE SITTING

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



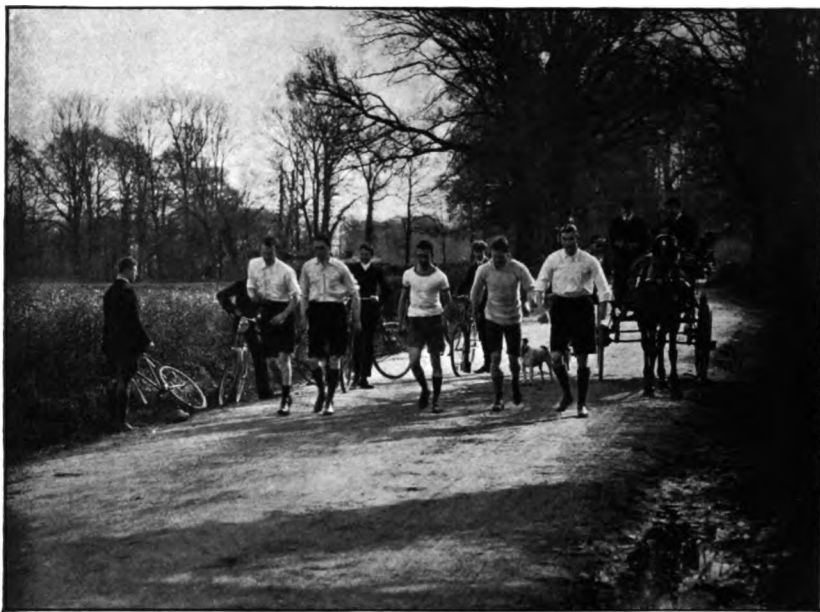
THE WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP, UNITED HOSPITAL SPORTS AT STAMFORD
BRIDGE, 1905

Photograph by Mr. D. M. Stone, Cricklewood



MR. N. C. SWAN'S BEAGLES

Photograph by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln



WALKING RACE AT DOWNTON COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, The College of Agriculture, Downton, Salisbury



RETRIEVER PUPPIES—A PROMISING FAMILY

Photograph by Miss Archer Houblon, Hallingbury Place, Bishop's Stortford



MAIDEN PLATE £500, PUNCESTOWN, 1905—MR. LUCAS'S RED LAD TURNS
HEAD OVER HEELS AT THE WALL

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County



DIVING BOYS AT MADEIRA

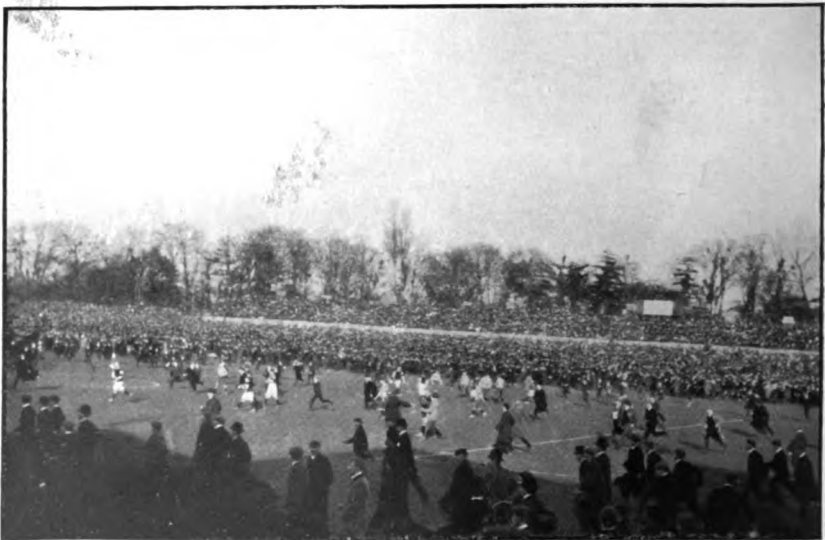
Boy coming to the surface after securing the coin. He is at a depth of 12 to 13 feet. To verify the fact of the depth, there is not a ripple left on the water of the splash of the dive

Photograph by Mr. R. A. Silk, H.M.S. "Amethyst," Atlantic Fleet



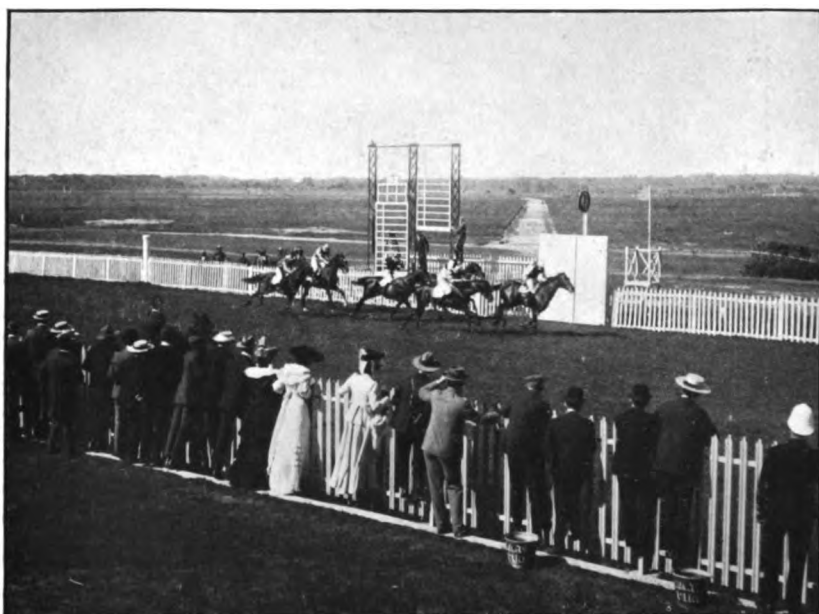
CURLING AT ST. MORITZ

Photograph by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, Taynton, Gloucester



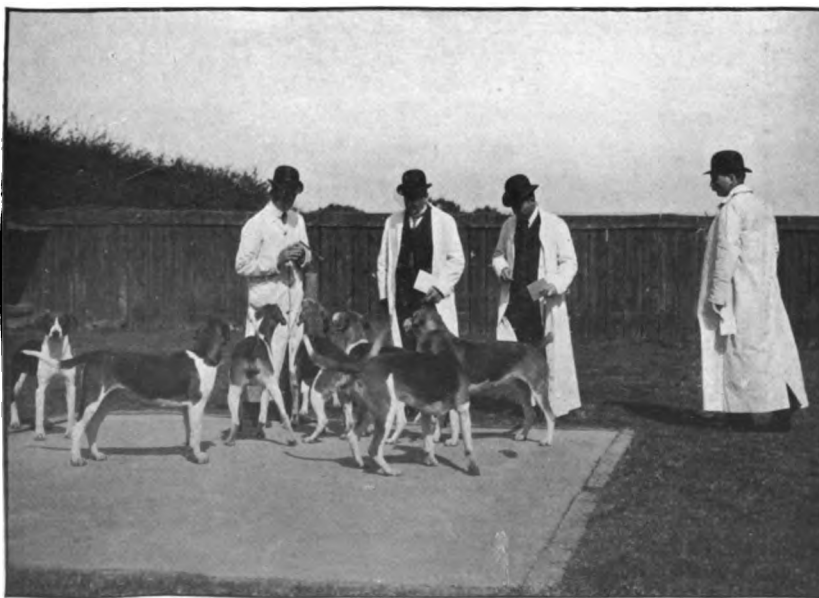
FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP TIE FINAL AT CRYSTAL PALACE, APRIL 15, 1905,
BETWEEN ASTON VILLA (WINNERS) AND NEWCASTLE UNITED—RUSH TO SEE
THE CUP PRESENTED

Photograph by Miss Vide Hay, Knowle Hill Park, Cobham, Surrey



SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB MEETING AT KENILWORTH—MR. J. RAWBONE'S
BURLESQUE WINNING THE OCTOBER HOLIDAY HANDICAP, VALUE £500

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town



THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S FOXHOUNDS—WEEDING OUT

Photograph by Mr. A. Macgregor, Kelso



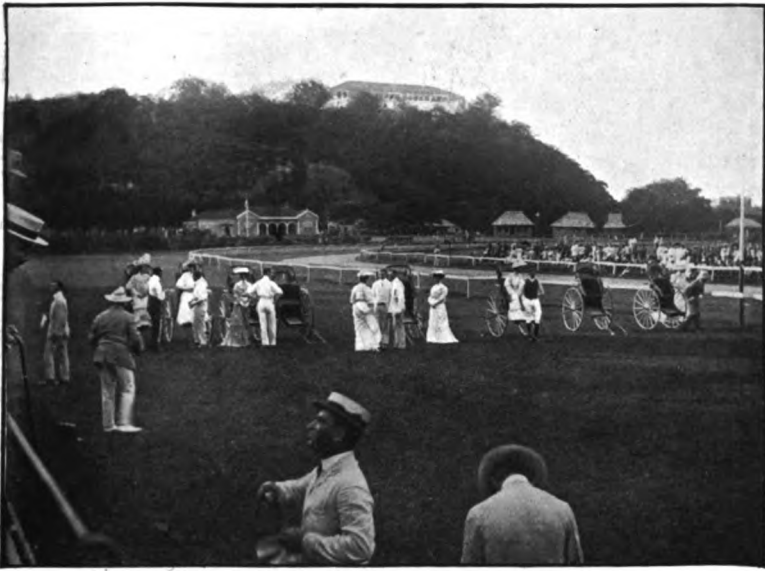
THE SEASON ENDS—MANITOBA, WINTER 1903-4

Photograph by Captain H. T. Munn, Wilmer, British Columbia



A NEAR THING—AMATEUR RIDING CLUB RACES, COPENHAGEN

Photograph by Mr. Carl Rubow, Copenhagen



RICKSHAW RACE, HONG-KONG GYMKHANA—MISS ROOSEVELT, ONE OF THE COMPETITORS IN THE HAT-TRIMMING COMPETITION, IN THE ENCLOSURE

Photograph by Mr. W. B. Elwes, Hong-Kong



LONG JUMP, UNITED HOSPITAL SPORTS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE, 1905

Photograph by Mr. D. M. Stone, Cricklewood



FOXHOUNDS BOUND FOR COLOMBO, ON BOARD S.S. "STAFFORDSHIRE"

Photograph by Mr. O. Cawley, Berrington Hall, Leominster, Herefordshire



A TRACTABLE PONY

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



